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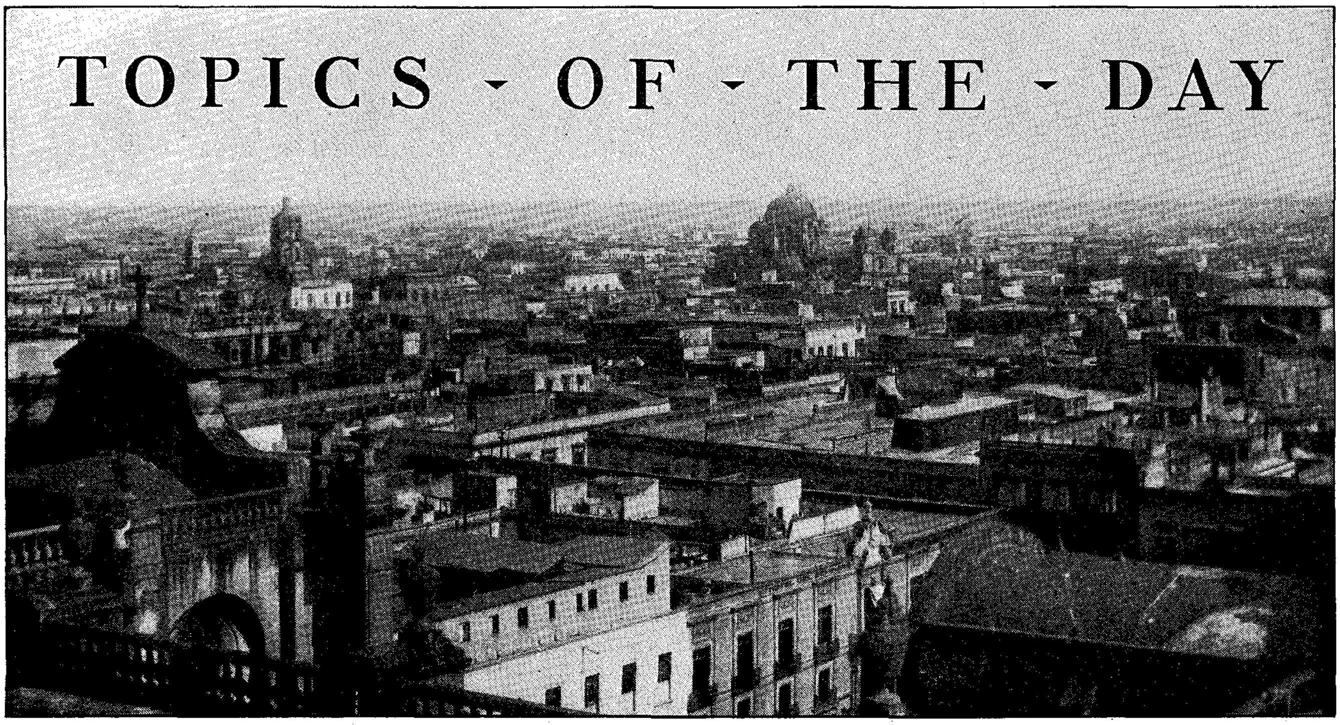
TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY



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MEXICO, THE CITY OF TRAGIC POSSIBILITIES.

MEXICO'S DARKENING OUTLOOK

DISTURBING REPORTS of conditions in Mexico City and ominous rumors of worse things imminent remind us sharply that our problem in Mexico is still unsolved. "There is no room for doubt that another crisis has been reached in our relations with that distracted country," declares the Baltimore *News*, and the New York *Tribune* characterizes the situation as "more desperate than it has been at any time since Madero's assassination." Almost the first act of the Zapata troops, who succeeded Carranza's forces in the control of Mexico City, was the murder of an American citizen, John B. McManus, while defending his own house over which the American flag was flying. This incident, remarks a Washington correspondent of the New York *Sun*, "has supplied whatever was lacking to convince Washington of the hopelessness of the Mexican situation." Even apart from the crisis confronting foreigners in Mexico City, notes the Cleveland *Leader*, Mexican affairs have been going steadily from bad to worse; and the New York *Journal of Commerce* thus summarizes the situation:

> "Practically there is no Government or national authority in Mexico, no system of revenue and public expenditure, no real finance, and an utterly disordered and hopelessly depreciated currency. Industry and trade are disorganized and demoralized, and the people appear to be drifting into anarchy and destitution, with no power to rescue or relieve them."

Word reached our State Department last week that General Obregon, Carranza's general in command at Mexico City, having cut off communications with the outside world, depleted the food-supply, and incited the starving populace against the foreign residents, intended to withdraw his forces from the city and leave the 26,000 foreigners, including some 2,500 American citizens, to the mercy of the mob. Newspaper rumor even went so far as to say that all foreign diplomats were leaving the capital and that the Powers were preparing to send a joint military expedition to save the foreign population from massacre. Tho denial followed promptly on the heels of some of these rumors, it became definitely known that our Government had sent to Carranza a peremptory note of warning, protesting against the "intolerable" conditions in Mexico City, insisting that free communication be maintained between the capital and Vera Cruz, and making it clear that Carranza himself would be held responsible for outrages against the foreign population. At the same time a number of United States war-ships, including the battle-ships *Georgia* and *Delaware*, and the cruisers *Washington*, *Des Moines*, and *Tacoma*, were ordered to Vera Cruz.

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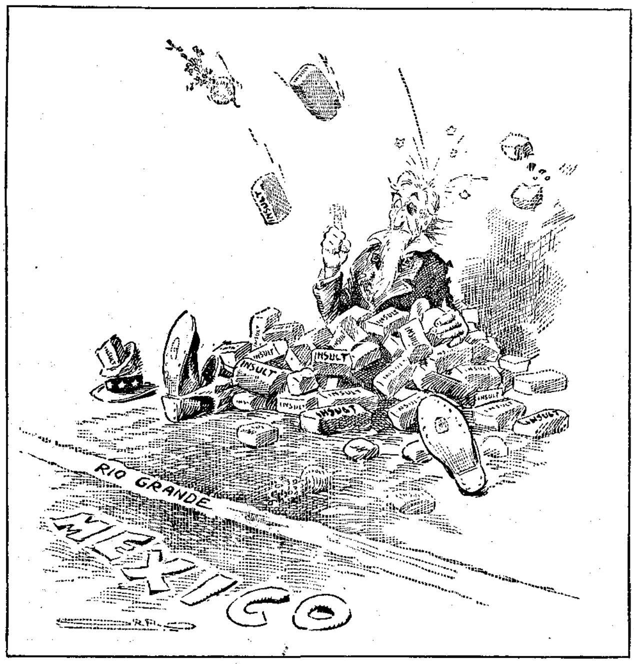
Mr. Bryan also reminded Americans in the Mexican capital of the State Department's earlier advice that they leave the country until the return of more settled conditions.

Carranza's reply to our protest is a denial of the charges against General Obregon, a suggestion that all foreigners leave Mexico City, and an acknowledgment of "the obligation on the Constitutionalist Army to safeguard the lives of foreigners." Addressing President Wilson personally, Carranza says, in part:



"BETTER NOT GO TOO FAR, I MIGHT LOSE MY TEMPER."
—Orr in the Nashville *Tennessean*.

> "I take this opportunity to state in an earnest and emphatic way that General Obregon has never intended to incite the hungry populace of the City of Mexico to commit outrages of any character. He has not prevented in any way the entrance of food-supplies into Mexico City, but, on the contrary, has facilitated such importations. He has not wilfully created the distressing conditions which prevail at present in Mexico City, but has done everything in his power to alleviate them.
>
> "Such a situation is the consequence of a painful but unavoidable state of war in which we are and which for the first time really has reached Mexico City, but it has been aggravated by the conduct of the merchants, who were openly defiant and with concert of action closed their commercial establishments in moments of greatest public distress as a protest against the humanitarian relief tax which General Obregon imposed. . . . .
>
> "Perhaps a last effort is now being made by reactionaries to bring about complications which may cause the failure of the Mexican revolution. After having encountered and disposed of other and much more difficult and embarrassing situations in the past, when there were a large number of foreign residents scattered all over the territory of Mexico, it will prove to be most unfortunate, if now, when Mexico City alone is involved, a situation shall arise which will destroy the hopes and purposes of the Mexican people.
>
> "Because of this consideration, permit me to repeat the hope elsewhere express that foreign residents may be induced to save your Government and the Republic of Mexico from embarrassments by temporarily leaving the City of Mexico."

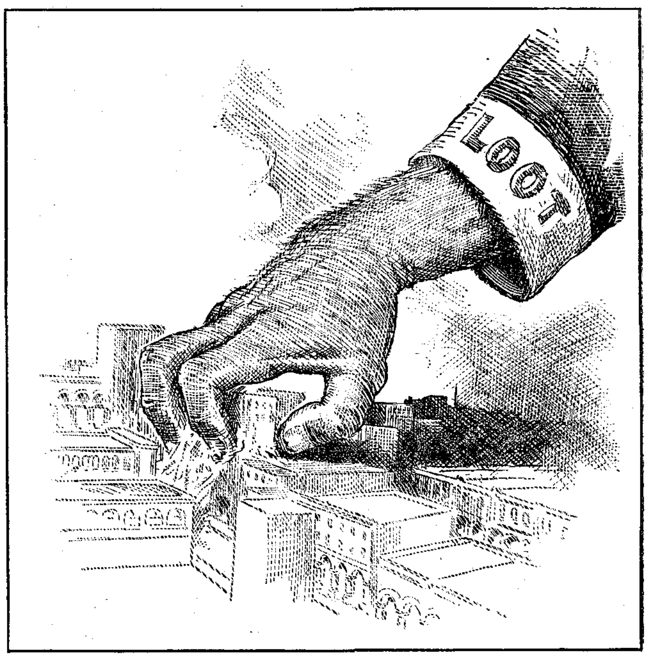
This reply, according to a Washington dispatch to the New York *Sun*, did not satisfy the Administration, which immediately drafted another "sharp note of warning." About the same time information reached Washington from official sources that four Spaniards and one Swede had been killed in Mexico City, and that looting had been under way in the suburbs for some days.

While our newspaper observers nearly all agree as to the gravity of the Mexican problem, they differ widely as to the best way to solve it. Among the papers which hold that the problem has been aggravated by President Wilson's policy of "watchful waiting" are the New York *Evening Sun* (Ind.), *Press* (Prog. Rep.), *American* (Ind.), and *Tribune* (Rep.), Buffalo *Express* (Ind. Rep.), and Washington *Post* (Ind.). To the Brooklyn *Times* (Rep.) and New York *Tribune* it seems that the moment for some form of armed intervention is very near. And in the Chicago *Tribune* we read:

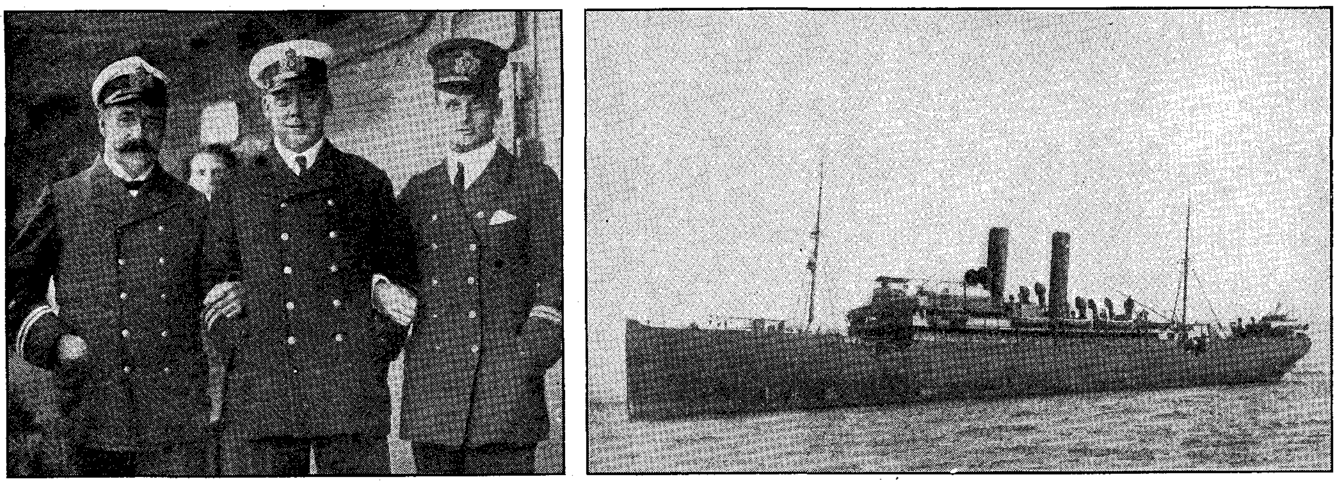
> "The responsibility is a heavy one. Inaction is still, compared to action, easy. But the consequences of inaction may not be easy to face. The President is at one with the American people in his desire to let the Mexicans work out their own salvation. But as time goes by there is no sign that the Mexicans are getting any nearer to salvation. There is less coherence among the contending forces than before. There are more factions, it seems, rather than fewer, and no sign of any crystallization of party principle or the formation of any public opinion. Only rival generals, and confusion worse confounded. Mr. Wilson has said that his thought was not 'for the dominant few who have ruled in Mexico, but 'for the 85 per cent. who never have had a look-in' at government. The course of events seems carrying this 85 per cent. no nearer to self-government, and meanwhile their condition is growing steadily worse. It is to be doubted that the state of Belgium and Poland is worse at this time than that of Mexico, altho the loss of life has been greater in military operation.
>
> "Yet if we have no impulse to save the Mexicans from themselves and are free from external pressure to take action and for a while let chaos prevail, what is to be our policy when, after the European War is ended, we are confronted with the alternative of restoring responsible government in Mexico or permitting others to do it?"

The idea of a joint intervention by the United States and the leading South-American Powers appeals to many of our papers, among them the Boston *Herald*, *Christian Science Monitor*, Columbus *Dispatch*, and Sioux Falls *Press*. Says *The Monitor*:

> "It has long been the conviction, not only in the United States, but in some of the larger republics to the south, that the Mexican problem would sooner or later call for solution through Pan-American intervention. It would seem that circumstances have now ripened for action along this line. The United States has hesitated, and wisely, in the matter of assuming the whole responsibility for intervention. President Wilson's policy of non-intervention has met with the general approval of the nation. The 'A. B. C.' conference appeared to offer a means whereby Mexico could be pacified, and it was not altogether a failure, since it established a precedent for just such action as seems to be demanded now. If the allied Powers of these continents should unite in Mexican mediation, there would no longer be room for suspicion either in Mexico or among its neighbors as to the disinterestedness of the United States."



POOR MEXICO!
—De Mar in the Philadelphia *Record*.



GERMAN RAIDERS—AT THE END OF THE VOYAGE.

When the former North German Lloyd liner, now auxiliary cruiser, *Prinz Eitel Friedrich*, slipt into Hampton Roads on March 10, she completed a cruise of seven months at sea, during which time she had disposed of eleven merchantmen and eluded British, French, and Japanese cruisers in the Pacific and the Atlantic. Her captain showed no hesitation in seeking safety in an American port, tho on January 27 he had sunk in the South Atlantic an American sailing-ship, the *William P. Frye*, carrying a cargo of wheat from Seattle to Queenstown. This incident is being investigated carefully by the President, with a view toward reparation or satisfactory explanation. The three figures in the double-breasted jackets are, from reader's left to right—Captain Mundt, who commanded the *Prinz Eitel Friedrich* in her merchantman days; Captain Thierichens, of the German Navy, her present commander; and Lieutenant Brauer, aide to Captain Thierichens.

Archbishop José Maria Mora y del Rio, head of the Catholic Church in Mexico, adds his testimony that order in the southern Republic can never be restored from within. Interviewed by a representative of the New York *World* in New Orleans, he said in part:

> "Until the European War is ended and the nations take concerted action against the barbarians who are misruling Mexico it is useless to ask temporal aid.
>
> "Ninety-nine per cent. of the 16,000,000 people of Mexico are at peace. They do not want war; they have not mixed in any of the revolutions; all they want is opportunity to live and work in security. Yet the remaining 1 per cent.—barely 160,000 men under arms—have terrorized the country until, in a fashion, they control it."

Asked why the 99 per cent. did not take matters into their own hands, the Archbishop replied:

> "Because the 1 per cent. has deprived the 99 per cent. of all their arms and made it impossible for them to obtain more. Everything with which resistance could be made has been confiscated, and if peace comes to Mexico it must come from the outside. Meanwhile, the United States is selling arms to the 1 per cent. of anarchists and socialists who have practically destroyed the country."

Nevertheless, the policy of "watchful waiting" has by no means lost all its friends. "The people of this country don't favor intervention," declares the Savannah *News*, and the New York *Times* affirms that President Wilson's "determination not to be drawn into a conflict by persons who feel that their own pecuniary interests in Mexico would thereby be bettered has the approval of the whole country." In similar vein the New York *World* remarks:

> "The Mexican war problem is much less burdensome to the United States than the European war problem. The European War has cost us dollars where the Mexican War has cost us cents. If Mexico were as strong in military resources as Germany, there would be no sentiment in favor of American intervention. . . . . . .
>
> "President Wilson has made every effort short of war to end the deplorable conditions in Mexico, and he has even made war in a way. Thus far all his hopes have been frustrated by the folly of Mexicans. . . . . . .
>
> "Intervention in Mexico would be a calamity to the United States, and is not to be undertaken except as a last desperate resort. Bad as the situation may be, we have not yet reached that stage."

SCENTING WAR-GRAFT

THE PLAGUES of graft and contract thievery which, like the vulture, inevitably follow war, are being discerned by some observers as evil influences exerted upon this country by the European conflict. We are told of the edict of the Russian Grand Duke Nicholas to the contractors: "Him who steals I hang!" But that the Grand Duke is powerless outside his own realm is shown by the statement of a Russian merchant in the United States, who, after some private investigations, confides to the New York *Sun:*

> "England is financing her purchases through the house of J. P. Morgan & Co. Russia, on the other hand, sends over here various bureaucratic officials and military and governmental officers who know nothing whatever about American business methods.
>
> "I understand that Russia has already spent $100,000,000 for war-purchases in this country. More than $20,000,000 of this sum has gone to pay for a costly lesson in buying. One manufacturer said these agents had bought shrapnel-shells for $15 apiece when the customary price is only $6. Another manufacturer told me that we are paying 50 per cent. over the price for guncotton."

Another New York exporter, commenting through the columns of *The Times* upon the results of his own investigations during the last three months, finds an excuse, also, for the manufacturer who has not delivered goods of the quality desired. General McClellan is quoted as characterizing such men as guilty of "one of the crimes for which a man should be stood against a wall and shot," but this exporter, blaming the careless buying-system, finds some extenuating circumstances:

> "The military agents know little of business, and many of them do not speak English. They deal with the American manufacturers through a most circuitous route. The natural result is that the manufacturer, who must subtract so many commissions from the total he is to receive for his supposedly best-grade goods, supplies goods of a very inferior grade instead of the goods bargained for, thus allowing himself a large profit in spite of the commissions."

Suspicions aroused by such statements as these, and the even more inflammatory assertion of a Chicago dealer that a ring of New York middlemen are drawing illegitimate fees on practically all the buying in this country, are largely discounted by the unperturbed silence of many editors on the subject and the optimistic view of others. It is true that there have been reported some indisputable instances of heavy charges, but there is an evident hesitation to call such charges graft. Cases have been cited where a manufacturer has been compelled, when faced with an urgent demand for his products, to build a new factory or order new equipment on a large scale, which, after the war, must in all probability stand idle.

While there may be many circumstances of a suspicious nature, there are, too, "on every side," in the opinion of the Atlanta *Constitution*, "indications that the era of huge private graft from war is at a close." To this the Springfield *Republican* gives testimony in the statement that "except in one isolated and as yet unproved instance in the French Army, the European War has disclosed no such monstrous graft" as in former wars.

COMPLAINT OF THE WESTERN ROADS

LITTLE DIFFERENCE is seen by some observers between the case of the forty-one Western railroads now arguing before the Interstate Commerce Commission for an increase in freight-rates and that of the Eastern roads which obtained relief from the Commission last December. There is the same story, as the New York *Tribune* notes, of "increased investment in plant and equipment, larger cost of operation, and steadily falling income." The roads ask for an advance in freight-rates on a number of commodities, including grain, live stock, meats, coal, hay, fruits, and vegetables. This, they say, will give them about $10,000,000 more annually. Counsel for shippers oppose the increase on the ground that these roads are, considering the depression affecting all business, as prosperous as ever in their history, and aver that the proposed advance would be approximately 10 per cent., and would mean from $75,000,000 to $100,000,000 of additional yearly income.

One widely quoted railroad spokesman is Judge James W. Lusk, one of the receivers for the Frisco. Judge Lusk told Commissioner Daniels, who is conducting the hearings in Chicago, that the present conditions had been brought about

> "by a rise of 100 per cent. in taxes per mile in the last ten years; of 32 per cent. in wages in the same time, and about 36 per cent. in the cost of materials and supplies, while in the same time passenger-rates have gone from 3 cents down to 2 cents, and there has been a considerable decrease in commodity rates. . . . . . .
>
> "The present earnings are punishing innocent people—business men, employees, innocent bondholders, noteholders, and others. Employees are being dropt off the pay-rolls, business men are not getting their orders for supplies, and bondholders are not getting payment on either principal or interest."

Some of "the outlines of this story of punishment and poverty were made candidly clear" by certain figures presented at the hearings, says the very sympathetic Boston *News Bureau;* "they frame a striking picture of a declining prosperity in the past fourteen years" of these forty-one roads, operating 98,000 miles west of Chicago. As the Boston paper summarizes:

> "Between 1901 and 1914, these roads increased their actual property investment by 69 per cent.; their net income, however, increased only 35 per cent. The necessary result was that the return on the investment shrank in the interval from 4.77 per cent. to 3.81 per cent. . . . Federal courts have considered 7 per cent. a fair return on capital."

One railroad attorney reminded Commissioner Daniels that in 1910 the Interstate Commerce Commission, in denying advances at that time, had said that if the then fears of the carriers should be subsequently realized, the Commission "will not hesitate to give its sanction to increases which will be reasonable." These fears, he declared, had been "more than realized."

Many editorial writers, both East and West, observe a growing friendliness to the railroads on the part of the public. The Portland *Oregonian* agrees, but takes the occasion to offer this word of blunt counsel to railway officials:

> "It is as much due to the apathy of honest railroad men, who fail to set themselves apart from the dishonest by giving aid to the law in bringing the offenders to justice, as to the crimes of the dishonest and the clamor of the demagogs that the public confounds the good with the bad and is deluded into hostility to its own prosperity.
>
> "We find at one extreme dishonest railroad men, at the other extreme demagogs who blame all railroad men for the sins of the few. Between the two are honest public men and the great mass of the people who wish to punish only the guilty and to give the innocent a clean record. But we find honest railroad men making common cause with the dishonest, denouncing clamor against railroads, but saying not a word against the crimes which have marred the recent management of the New Haven, the Rock Island, and the Louisville & Nashville."

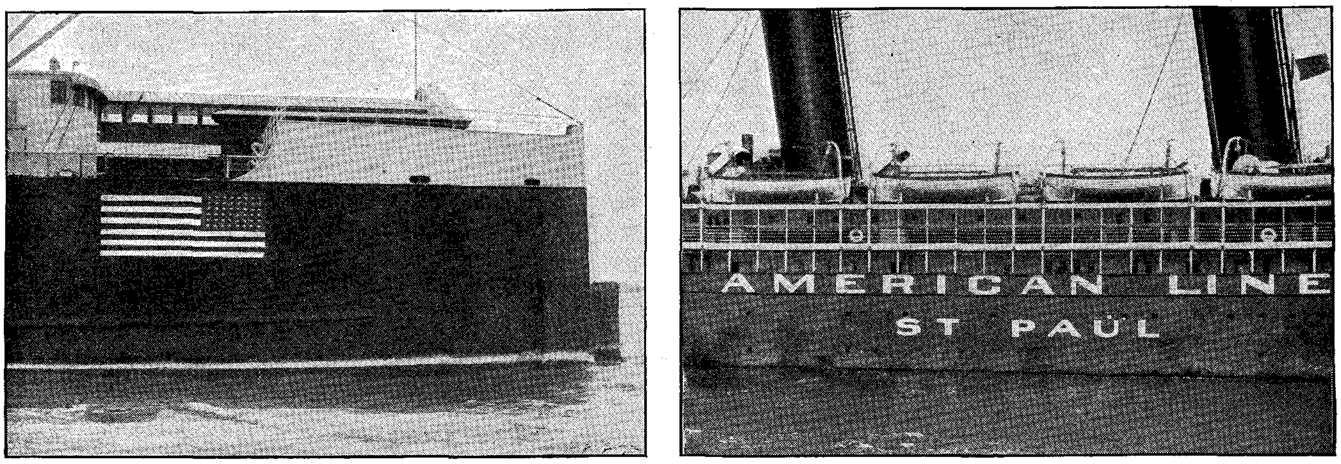
And in the East, where conservative sentiment upholds the railroad campaign against the "full-crew" or "excess-crew" laws in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, the New York *Evening Mail* warns the Eastern roads, "the recent beneficiaries of higher freight-rates," that the proposed attempt "to put into effect lower wage-scales will stir up opposition" and "array the great mass of the people against the railroads."

TWO SETBACKS FOR STATE RATE-MAKERS

AN INSPIRED SOLUTION of the high-cost-of-travel problem, so thought the lawmakers of several of our States, was devised a few years ago when they passed laws limiting passenger-fares to two cents a mile, and told the protesting railroad officials that they had no cause for complaint, as they were making money out of their freight revenues. In like manner certain local enterprises were given encouragement by making the railroads of the State grant low rates to their products, and allowing the roads to reimburse themselves by sufficiently high rates on other commodities. But last week Mr. Justice Hughes read two opinions in the Supreme Court chamber in Washington, which the newspapers believe will put an end to such rate-making, and which the New York *World* construes as "a reminder to the States that the era of political raiding of railroads is over." As the New York *Journal of Commerce* succinctly puts it, the principle underlying the two decisions is this: "A carrier for hire can not be required to carry persons or goods gratuitously, or for inadequate compensation, on the plea that the public interest demands it, tho it may be said to obtain a sufficient return from its entire business." Or, as the New York *Times* says in a different way, a State can no more require a road to carry a single commodity without due profit than it can "require it to carry on its entire business without charge."

In the West Virginia rate-case, the Norfolk & Western Railroad sought to test the validity of the State law fixing a two-cent maximum passenger-rate which, it contended, did not yield a sufficient revenue to the company to make its passenger business a paying proposition. The State held that the road's passenger-earnings could not be segregated and considered apart, that all classes of railroad business need not be equally remunerative, and that as the company was earning between 6 and 8 per cent. on its entire investment, if its passenger was not remunerative, its freight business more than made good the loss. But the Court, Mr. Justice Pitney alone dissenting, held the law unconstitutional. It refused to admit the contention that the railroad was supposed to compensate itself by increased freight-rates for its loss in passenger-rates, and it held that the validity of the passenger-rate had to be "determined by the effect upon the passenger business of the company, separately considered." Mr. Justice Hughes said in part:

> "It is apparent from every point of view that the statutory rate, at most, affords a very narrow margin over the cost of the traffic. It is manifestly not a case where substantial compensation is permitted and where we are asked to enter the domain of legislative discretion, nor is it one in which it is necessary to determine the value of the property employed in intrastate business. It is clear that by the reduction in rates the com-



FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE EYE AT THE SUBMARINE PERISCOPE.

"Old Glory" painted on the hull of the *City of Macon*, and the huge letters on the *St. Paul*, make mistakes inexcusable.

pany is forced to carry passengers, if not at or below cost, with merely a nominal reward, considering the volume of the traffic affected. We find no basis whatever upon which the rate can be supported, and it must be concluded, in the light of the principles governing the regulation of rates, that the State exceeded its power in imposing it. . . . . . .

"The State has no arbitrary power over rates; the devotion of the property of the carrier to public use is qualified by the condition of the carrier's undertaking; that its services are to be performed for reasonable reward, and that the State may not select a commodity or class of traffic, and, instead of fixing what may be deemed to be reasonable compensation for its carriage, compel the carrier to transport it either at less than cost or for a compensation that is merely nominal."

This decision the New York *Sun* and *World* agree to call a death-blow to the 2-cents-a-mile passenger-rate laws of several States if they can be proved confiscatory as to passenger traffic, tho not to the business of the road as a whole. And it is believed in Washington, says the *Sun's* correspondent, that in connection with recent recommendations by the Interstate Commerce Commission, it "will have a strong tendency to bring about a readjustment of passenger-rates of the country, so as to make them bear a just proportion of the operating expenses."

The other case, decided by the Supreme Court on March 8, involved two railroads in North Dakota, which were affected by a State law fixing maximum rates for coal in car-load lots to be transported within the State, the practical effect of which was said to have been limited to lignite coal. In the State courts it had been brought out, according to a New York *Times* dispatch from Washington, that the statutory rates had resulted in an actual loss to one road on this part of its business, and a negligible profit to the other. The Supreme Court of North Dakota had laid down the rule, so the New York *Sun's* Washington correspondent tells us, that it was "within the power of the legislature to reduce rates on a particular article, provided the carriers are enabled to earn a fair profit upon their entire intrastate business." But the Federal Supreme Court holds otherwise and says in its opinion—from which Mr. Justice Pitney again dissented:

"Where it is established that a commodity or a class of traffic has been segregated and a rate imposed which would compel the carrier to transport it for less than the proper cost of transportation or virtually at cost, and thus the carrier would be denied the reasonable reward for its service after taking into account the entire traffic to which the rate applies, it must be concluded that the State has exceeded its authority."

Broad as its power of regulation is, said Mr. Justice Hughes, "the State does not enjoy the freedom of an owner." A railroad, as a carrier for hire, "can not be required to carry persons or goods gratuitously. The case would not be altered by the assertion that the public interest demanded such carriage. In such a case it would be no answer to say that the carrier obtains from its entire business a return as to the sufficiency of which it is not entitled to complain."

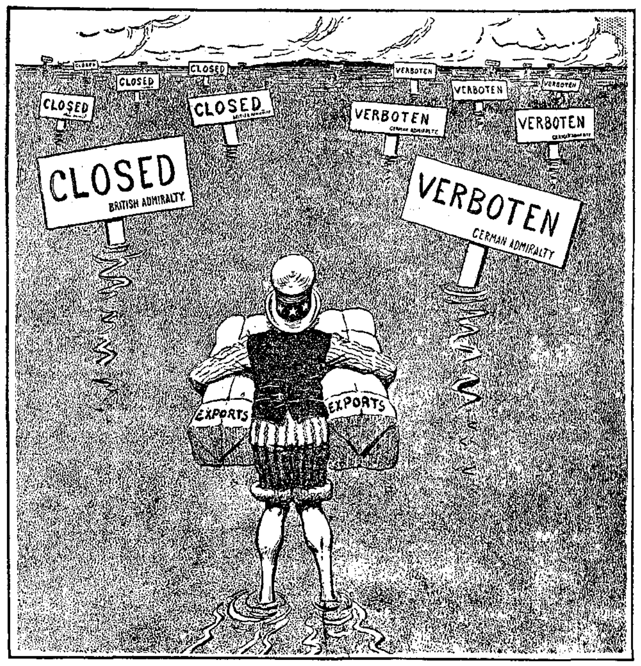
The action of the Supreme Court in these two cases, the New York *Evening Post's* Washington correspondent is convinced, is not a spasmodic uprising, but the carrying-out of a carefully developed plan for handling rate questions which is to be followed in all cases coming up hereafter. As evidence, the correspondent notes that it was Justice Hughes who read the two decisions, and "it was he who laid down the principle that the States could regulate traffic within State lines without necessarily interfering with interstate commerce, as stated in the Minnesota rate-cases; seemingly he has taken up the work begun in those cases and carried it on with a logical sequence." Railroad lawyers are said to be still without a detailed chart showing them how to value railroad property for rate-making purposes, and questions left undecided in the Minnesota cases are still in doubt. Yet certain important new points are decided. For one thing, the Court now decides that each special rate must bear its just proportion of general expenses, "such as management of the road, interest or return on the capital invested in the shape of dividends." That is, explains this correspondent:

"Legislatures are not to be permitted to shift all the general expenses on to wheat, because it is believed it would be a good public policy to build up a lignite-coal business in a country of scant fuel, or free a passenger business from all share of these general expenses, because the road probably would be run, regardless of any passenger traffic, in order to carry on a rich coal business. In other words, the 'leave-it-to-John' theory is not to be tolerated in rate-making for favorite commodities."

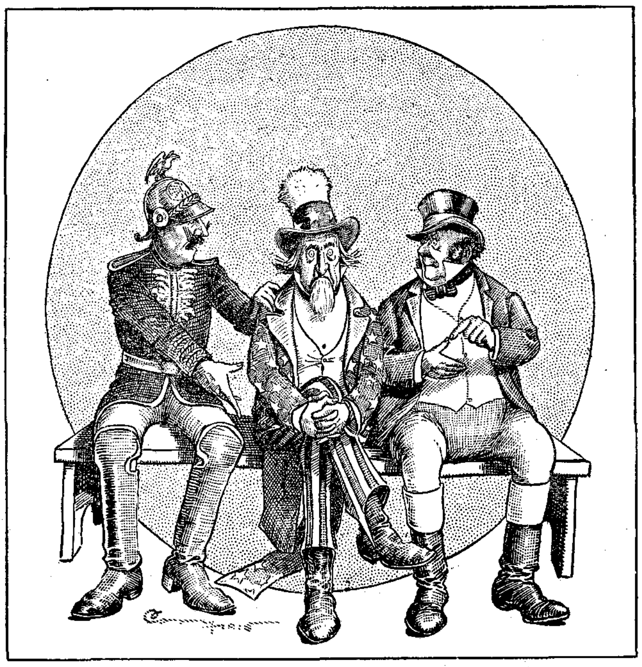
Then there has been some progress toward understanding what "confiscation" of railroad property means. As we read:

"In the North Dakota case particularly, State officials contended that a rate is not confiscatory of a railroad's property, provided that a slight remuneration be allowed by a rate. For instance, the Supreme Court of North Dakota, in accepting their theory, held that while a net profit of $800 on a $59,000 business might not be highly compensatory, it was remunerative, and a rate that was remunerative was not and could not be confiscatory. That theory was put to death by Justice Hughes's opinion. It was laid away with scarcely a word."

Throughout Justice Hughes's opinions, several newspaper writers note, was found the phrase "substantial compensation." Tho the Justice failed to fix it definitely, the New York *Sun* declares that the meaning of this new "rule of reason" in State rate regulation is that railroad charges can not "be reduced below a point of profitable yield which would require the exercise of Government compulsion to maintain service for the public."



TROUBLED WATERS.
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.



"HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER, WERE T'OTHER DEAR CHARMER AWAY."
—Cory in the Chicago *Herald*.

PERPLEXITIES OF A PERFECTLY WELL-MEANING OLD

THE "FULL-CREW" SEAMEN'S LAW

SHIPOWNERS, statesmen, and editors who object to the new Seamen's Law because they believe it will work grievously against our shipping interests and bring us into embarrassing treaty complications with the other maritime Powers are set down by the San Francisco *Coast Seamen's Journal* as people "who want cheap commerce first, last, and all the time, even tho it be at the expense of human liberty." President Wilson has let it be known that the few treaty readjustments he believes necessary can be made easily and leisurely. Critics who urged the President to veto the measure as something quite uncalled-for are referred by the San Francisco labor weekly to the declaration of the Baltimore platform in favor "of laws for the greater security of life and property at sea," and "the repeal of all laws and the abrogation of so much of our treaties with other nations as provide for the arrest and imprisonment of seamen charged with desertion or with violation of their contract of service," because "such laws and treaties are un-American, and violate the spirit, if not the letter, of the Constitution of the United States."

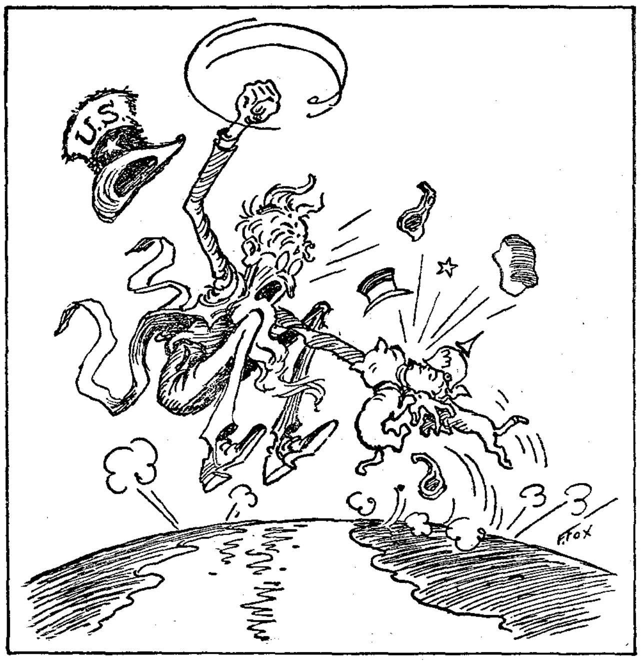
The bill, passed with the help of Senator La Follette, tho not so thoroughgoing as the one which bore his name, is admitted even by editors who fear its economic effect to be an admirable measure from the purely humanitarian point of view. For, as the Springfield *Republican* observes, "it has the distinction of setting higher standards to promote safety at sea and to bring a degree of economic freedom to American seamen." The chief life-saving feature is the provision affecting ships under all flags leaving American ports to the effect that vessels built after July 1, 1915, must carry life-saving equipment for all persons on board, of which 75 per cent. must be regular life-boats and not more than 25 per cent. life-rafts or collapsible life-boats. The voluminous provisions for making the seaman's life a happier one cover, so the Indianapolis *News* summarizes, "among other subjects, desertion, kind of labor, food, sleep, air, water, Sunday and other holiday recreation, wages, time and manner of payment, living conditions, unnecessary work, cleanliness, punishment, language, recognition of what constitutes an able seaman, and beginning and expiration of service."

Certain of the most discust of these provisions may be noted further. There is the "no arrest of deserters" clause. This apparently means that no foreign ship captain can call upon police officials in ports of the United States to arrest deserters from his ship, while at the same time imprisonment is abolished as a penalty for quitting work on an American vessel in a foreign port, and consular agents of the United States are relieved from serving as man-hunters. This, we read in the American Federation of Labor's *Weekly News Letter* from Washington, "guarantees freedom to the sailor and ends a century-old practise by extending to the foreign trade the benefits of the law of 1898, which abolished involuntary servitude in the domestic trade." But this feature, which is not to go into effect for fifteen months, will, according to the Brooklyn *Eagle*, involve denouncing treaties with most other Powers, and "is contrary to the practise of all nations." It means that—

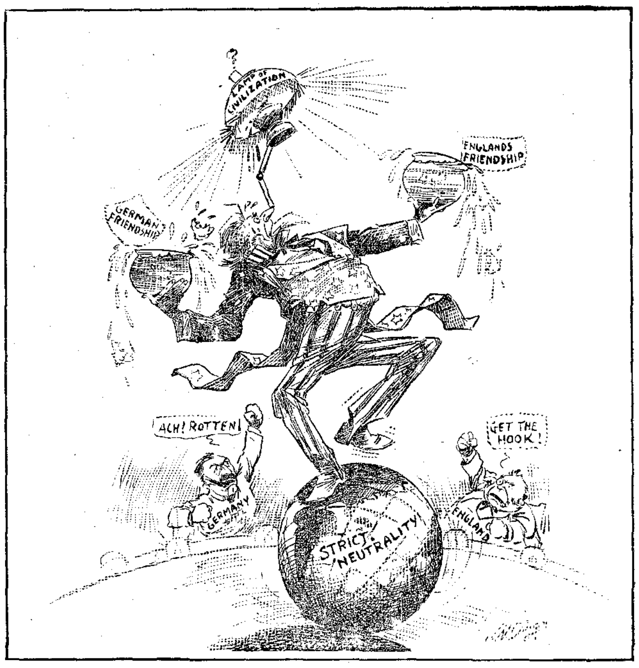
> "If a British ship comes into this port and her crew decide to leave her, the captain will have no course before him save to employ new men. He has been, and is now, able to secure the arrest of deserters and their return to his vessel; as is the captain of an American ship in like plight at Liverpool or Southampton."

Even more important, in the eyes of several press writers, is the new right given every seaman to demand and receive from the master of a vessel, at any port that the vessel touches, one-half of the wages which he shall have earned, with the accompanying right of release from contract with full pay if half-pay due is refused. This applies to foreign ships in American ports as well as to American ships. Together with other sections of the bill, says the A. F. L. *News Letter*, "this will equalize the cost of operation between domestic and foreign vessels, in so far as wages are concerned." On the other hand, Senator Burton has denounced it as "a violation of the law of contract," and "a palpable violation of international comity," which can not be submitted to "without very serious protest and the most vigorous opposition."

But the provision which has aroused the greatest outcry in shipping circles states that no vessel "shall be permitted to depart from any port of the United States unless she has on board a crew not less than 75 per cent. of which in each department thereof are able to understand any order given by the officers of such vessel." This section, says *The News Letter*, "will also equalize the cost of operation between foreign and domestic vessels, and was strongly opposed by the shipping trust, as it



FEEDING THOSE EUROPEAN WAR-DOGS.
—Fox in the New York *Evening Sun*.



NOT AS EASY AS IT LOOKED.
—Darling in the Des Moines *Register and Leader*.

GENTLEMAN WHOSE NEIGHBORS ARE INDULGING IN A TIFF.

marks the end of competition with American sailors by the Oriental." What men in the shipping business think of this is shown by these words of an official reported in the New York *Sun:*

> "The provision requiring that ultimately 75 per cent. of the men on every ship must be able to understand the speech of the officers hits hard at ships in the Atlantic as well as in the Pacific trade. That provision includes the fire-room force, and on coal-burning ships most of the firemen are Spaniards. They are the only ones who seem to be able to stand the work. Most of the Spanish firemen speak only Spanish, and comparatively few officers have a command of that language.
>
> "At present in the Pacific the Japanese have control of most of the offshore trade. That language rule means that in all probability the entire offshore trade will be turned over to the Japanese, since it isn't likely that the American Pacific ships will be able to get competent officers with a knowledge of Chinese and Japanese. The ships couldn't succeed with English-speaking crews, even if they could be obtained. . . . . . .
>
> "The probable result of the whole matter will be the formation of an international seamen's union which will dominate the shipping industry."

In the same paper we find this paragraph from a dispatch from President Schwerin, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company:

> "With the enactment of such a law the Pacific Mail can do nothing but go out of business. It will be impossible for us to compete with the Japanese steamships employing Oriental labor and subsidized by the Japanese Government. Under this bill our operating expenses would be increased 200 per cent."

The Boston *Transcript* comments upon this statement as follows:

> "Japanese steamers will not be affected by the terms of our seamen's law, or need not be affected, because so far as they carry Chinese they can readily be replaced with Japanese at approximately the same wages. Like the Chinese, these Japanese stewards, sailors, and firemen are Orientals, cheap 'coolie' labor. But they will meet the requirement of our new law in understanding the orders of their officers. . . . . . .
>
> "What Congress has done is to handicap the American transpacific steamship line against the Japanese line by an imperatively increased operating expense of $800,000 annually. Congress might as well have proclaimed in so many words that the American flag could not be flown by any ship operating across the Pacific Ocean. . . . . . .
>
> "Except for the Pacific Mail fleet, only one American merchant liner—the *Minnesota*, of the Great Northern, or Hill, line—now crosses the Pacific to the Orient, and the *Minnesota* will be subject to the same fate as the Pacific Mail."

And the first fruits of the new law, the New York *Sun* finds "in the announcement that the Robert Dollar Company, operating ships on the Pacific Ocean, will transfer its vessels to a foreign flag, perhaps the Chinese, in order to remain in competition with the transportation lines of other nations." With such things in mind, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* declares that the inevitable effect of the new legislation "will be to destroy the last lingering hope for an ultimate rehabilitation of the American merchant marine on the high seas." "They talk about building up a merchant marine and then do this!" is the indignant exclamation of the president of a line of ocean-going steamers. And it occurs to several Eastern editors that the new law will burden the American marine in very much the same way that the full-crew laws burden the railroads, namely, by increasing their expenses without any resulting benefit to employer, the service, or the public. And the Providence *Journal* tersely describes it as "legislation to discourage American shipping, to involve the Administration in irritating controversies with friendly Powers, and to snare the votes of organized labor."

Up to February 19, a total of 129 vessels formerly flying foreign flags were admitted to American registry under the act of August 18, suspending certain of our navigation laws. According to the report of the Bureau of Navigation of the Department of Commerce these vessels aggregated 468,509 gross tons, and include ocean passenger-steamers, cargo-boats, oil-tankers, schooners, barkentines, and barges. All very fine, but, says the New York *Times*, if there should be peace before November, when the new Seamen's Law becomes effective in the United States, "the ships of American ownership which have been transferred to the United States flag as that of the strongest neutral will promptly be transferred back again to the foreign flags which allow a profit." For even before this law, as has often been remarked, it has cost more to operate under the United States than under the British flag. For instance, the owners of a small British steamship transferred it to American registry, with the result, according to the Springfield *Republican*, "that wages were increased $402 a month, inspection $50 a month, and food and supplies $50 a month, or some $500 a month in the aggregate."

THE CRY OF HUNGER FROM ACROSS THE SEA

WE CAN NOT ACCORD THE BELGIANS their usual space in THE LITERARY DIGEST this week; it is not at command. But their need is not less than it has been—as already declared, IT GROWS EVERY HOUR. We can skip a week in the acknowledgment of contributions and feel no sting of conscience, but were we to omit all reminder of Belgium's want and of America's duty our own duty would not seem properly done.

At peace, in your home of comfort, will you not further share with those who hunger and suffer in a blackened, barren land? They lift still their empty hands toward you, across 3,000 miles of sea, and with thin lips they whisper, "HELP!" "It takes $150,000 to feed them for one day," is one statement. In the midst of your mercies, remember their miseries. Reflect upon the constant care and untiring devotion which mark the progress of this magnificent humanitarian work, in which you have or may have a part. The sacrifice which it has cost Americans will never be fully known; and yet greater sacrifices must be made by all whose hearts beat in sympathy with suffering and sore need if this work is to go forward as generously as it should.

It is good to read how grateful the Belgians are. A resolution of thanks and of gratitude, to the people of the United States and the Commission, has come from them to Mr. Lindon W. Bates, Vice-Chairman of the Commission for Relief in Belgium. It was drawn up in the City Hall of Charleroi, and voices the profound feeling of a helpless community. Their gratitude grows as their need continues and as American philanthropy extends.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

What Mexico needs worst of all is a rift in the looting.—*Washington Post.*

Evidently, Sir Edward Grey's family-tree doesn't bear olive-branches. —*Columbia State.*

The Turks seem to be in danger of having company at their back door and front door at the same time.—*Louisville Post.*

Apparently, Boston looks upon Billy Sunday's promise to hold a series of revivals in that city as a breach of neutrality.—*Los Angeles Express.*

The Spanish Minister who has been ordered by Carranza to get out of Mexico should respond with a warm letter of thanks for the favor.—*Oakland Enquirer.*

The Turks who proclaimed this a Holy War are apt to change their opinion as they get the nearer view of the Allied fleet in action.—*Duluth News Tribune.*

The Sultan might point out in a dignified manner that the correct way of carving a turkey is not to go after the wish-bone right at the beginning.—*Chicago Herald.*

Considering the reported scarcity of food in Germany, we question the judgment of the Germans in taking those 500,000 Russian prisoners.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

A concrete idea of that billion dollars' worth of American war exports can perhaps best be had by remembering that it will just about pay for a year's government.—*New York World.*

The National Plumbers' Association protests against the old joke regarding plumbers' bills. They're right—the average plumber's bill is no joking matter.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

If those five million non-combatants who are to leave Germany to escape the high cost of living are wise they will avoid coming to one neutral country that might be mentioned.—*New York Herald.*

Professor Friedenthal, of Berlin University, has discovered a means of converting straw into food. Can it be that he has found the formula for American breakfast-foods?—*Philadelphia North American.*

The position of a neutral may not be a happy one; but take one consideration with another, it's a great deal happier than that of any of the belligerents.—*Chicago Herald.*

Krupp subscriptions to war-loans look suspiciously like rebates.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Russia has banished the swallow, but it is not so easy to avoid the double-eagle.—*Columbia State.*

There are no mines or submarines to interfere with our commerce getting into South-American ports.—*Philadelphia Press.*

If it takes the Sultan a long time to pack his trunk, we advise him to begin right now.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

The higher cost of bread is due either to war in Europe or to perfect peace and accord among the baking companies.—*New York Evening Post.*

Desperate straits—the Dardanelles.—*Boston Transcript.*

Roosevelt wants to lead a division. Wasn't the one in 1912 enough? —*Columbia State.*

There will be no polygamy in Europe after the great war, for the men will want peace.—*Atchison Globe.*

Is H. B. Teehee, of Tahlequah, Okla., the new register of the treasury, any kin to the well-known Minnehaha?—*Kansas City Star.*

We must admit we never expected to see the day when the Balkans would be the only peaceful spot in Europe.—*Boston Transcript.*

Prz in the Russian language is pronounced as gxk. Following this rule will make reading the war-news easy.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

"What is neutrality?" asks an exchange. Apparently, it's something that gets you in bad with all the contestants.—*Washington Post.*

In prohibiting the carrying of firearms to church, the Texas legislature seems to have dealt religion in that State a staggering blow.—*Los Angeles Express.*

General Scott's mission to the Piute Indians calls attention to the fact that the best peace ambassador is a man who has some reputation in the other direction.—*Chicago Herald.*

No matter what the people of the country in general think of Billy Sunday, they'll rejoice when he gets the New Yorkers down on their knees and begging for mercy.—*Toledo Blade.*

Recent magazine articles by Mr. Roosevelt give rise to a suspicion that he is not entirely in sympathy with the proceedings of the present Administration.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

Refreshing days for the classicists—Turks evacuating Sinai, siege-guns booming by Achilles's tomb, air scouts shadowing the windy plains of Troy, and *Queen Elizabeth* opening the storied Hellespont.—*Boston Herald.*

"The North Sea is commanded by the German Navy," says the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. Or, as the man under the bed replied to his irate wife's challenge: "I won't come out, I will be master in my own house."—*Wall Street Journal.*

As an indication of the food shortage in Germany, it is reported that patrons of Berlin restaurants must bring their rolls with them. The same thing applies here.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

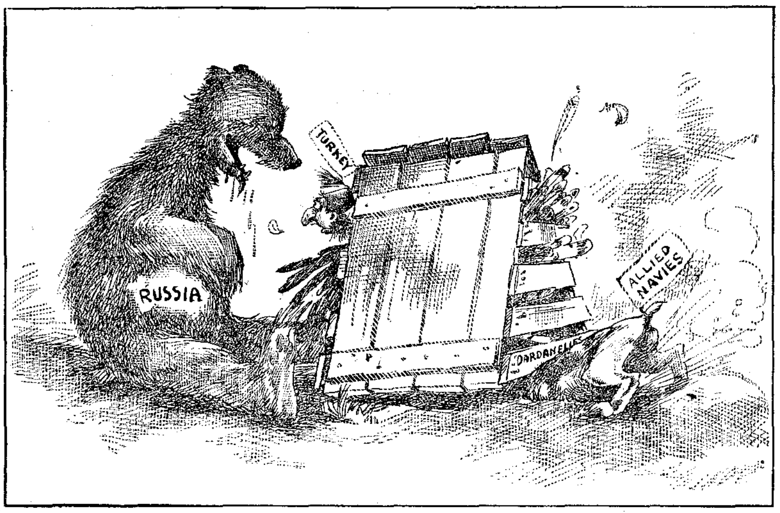
Trouble about licking the Russians is that they never seem to know it.—*Columbia State.*

Consider the Allies in the field; they lose not, neither do they win.—*Philadelphia North American.*

It is one of the far reaches of war that the shot fired in the Dardanelles may bring down the six-cent loaf in New York.—*New York World.*

"No belligerent can change the rules of war," says President Wilson, overlooking, probably, the fact that they do.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The Sultan of Turkey isn't a very large target for the Allies, but he certainly was an easy mark for Germany.—*Philadelphia North American.*



TURKEY GLANCING INTO ITS FUTURE.
—Darling in the Des Moines *Register and Leader.*

FOREIGN COMMENT

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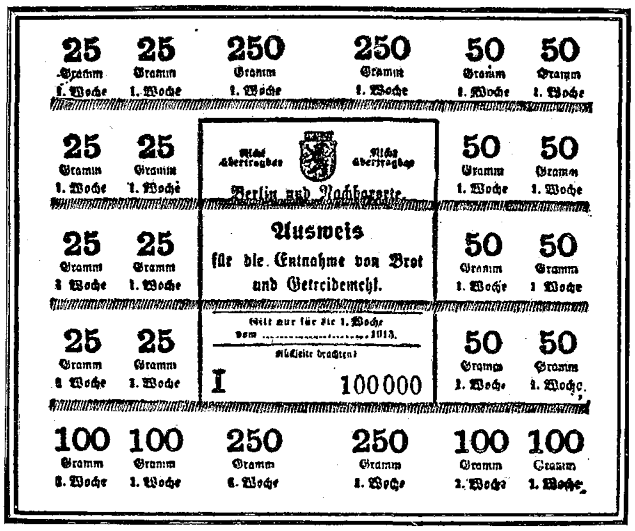
THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD. A SCENE IN FRANCE.

PRUDENCE, POTATOES, AND PRISONERS

THE FEAR OF STARVATION or just common prudence is actuating the German Government in its regulation of the consumption of supplies and its proclamation of a monopoly in cereals. Which is the actual motive is a little difficult to discover from the German press, but here and there an indication is given which shows that the possibility of short rations is seriously entertained. The great semiofficial *Kölnische Zeitung* is an organ that would be the last to paint a gloomy picture, yet it exclaims:

> "All depends now on the proof of who can hold out longer. In any case nothing else remains for us but to defend ourselves to the utmost. Churchill and his satellites did not consider to what this starvation policy must lead in actual practise. We have some 600,000 prisoners of war, and the parts of Belgium and France occupied by us are peopled by eleven millions. If it really comes to starving, it is a matter of course that the subjects of hostile lands will be the first to suffer. But in Germany nobody fears starvation."



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25 Gramm 1 Woche | 25 Gramm 1. Woche | Ausweis für die Entnahme von Brot und Getreidemehl. | 50 Gramm 1. Woche | 50 Gramm 1 Woche

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From "The Sphere," London.

A GERMAN BREAD-TICKET.

The above shows the actual appearance of one of Berlin's four millions of *Brodkarten*, which are valid for one week only, and allow the purchase of 4 pounds 6½ ounces of bread during that period.

This threat is evidently taken seriously in Denmark, for the Copenhagen *Politiken* sternly reproves the *Kölnische Zeitung*, says that such words are "unworthy of a newspaper of world-wide reputation," and goes on to quote an observation of the Berlin *Vorwärts* that "there are Germans in England too." The official organ of the Imperial Government, the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, is more reassuring, when it says:

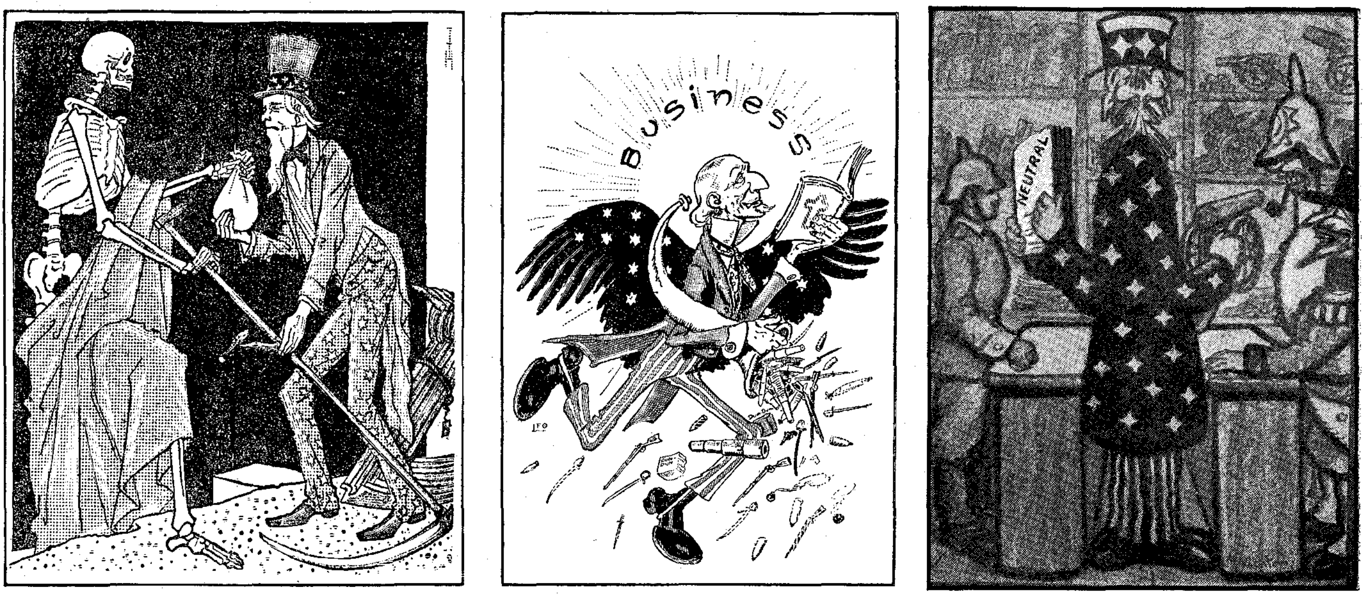
> "The returns on the stocks of grain and flour taken on February 1, which have now been received, show the fact that there is a sufficiency of supplies to continue until the next harvest."

It is, however, significant to note that in the same issue a reduction in the daily bread-rations is announced. From March 15 until further notice, the daily ration of bread throughout the Empire is 200 grams, or a little less than half a pound, instead of the 225 grams formerly permitted. This reduction is stated to be due not to any shortage of supplies, but to a "prudent desire to hold a reserve for contingencies." Both the *Berliner Tageblatt* and the *Allgemeine Zeitung* admit that there is a serious shortage of potatoes in many places and urge the Government to appropriate and distribute this article of food. Writing in the same issue of the latter journal, General von Blume says:

> "Germany is now confronted nationally by problems hitherto solved only within the narrow limits of besieged fortresses. . . . No military success will avail to save Germany unless the menace of starvation is averted."

It is in the newspapers of neutral countries, where, undeterred by any fear of a censor, we find the most graphic picture of conditions in the Fatherland. In must be admitted that a great deal of nonsense is also found, witness a dispatch from Copenhagen to the London *Daily Telegraph*, which runs:

> "On account of the scarcity of food the German Government, it is said, intends to demand that five millions of Germans who have a certain income shall leave Germany for neutral countries and stay there 'as tourists.' It is planned, says the report, that



NEUTRAL AMERICA.

"Don't think for a moment, Mr. Death, that I wish only to make money. I sell you these things only because they will bring peace to the world."

—© *Simplicissimus* (Munich).

"PIOUS UNCLE SAM AS THE ANGEL OF PEACE."

—*Der Wahre Jacob* (Stuttgart).

COMMERCIAL "NEUTRALITY."

JONATHAN—"You see, friend German, the only difference is this: you provide the battles, and I provide for the battles."

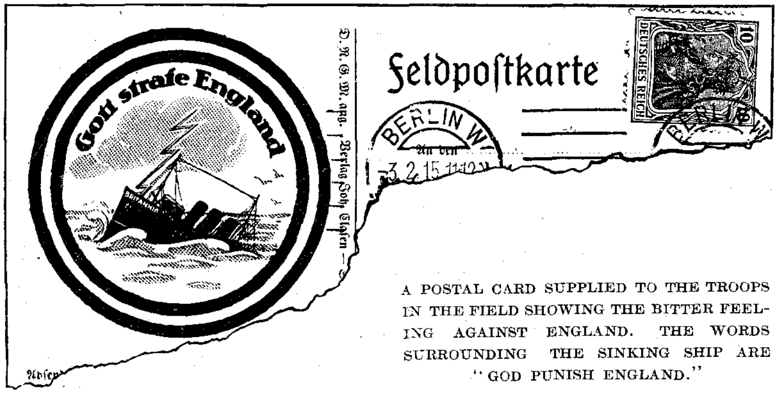
—© *Ulk* (Berlin).

WHAT GERMANY THINKS OF US.

three millions shall go to Scandinavia, one million to Holland, one million to Switzerland."

More reliable are the observations of the Berlin representative of the Amsterdam *Algemeen Handelsblad*, who writes:

"Should the war last till after the summer, then it will also depend on the new harvest whether Germany is economically strong enough to persevere with the struggle. Already nothing is being left untried to make the production of the country in foodstuffs as large as possible. Any one who walks along the well-known Tempelhofer field near Berlin now sees an enormous steam-plow cutting into the grass. There potatoes are to be planted. A company has been established for making cultivable land productive for agriculture in the interest of the people's food. All ground now lying fallow or awaiting mason and carpenter and mortgage money is to be made ready for potato, corn, and vegetable cultivation. Even the railway banks will now be made ready for agriculture."



A POSTAL CARD SUPPLIED TO THE TROOPS IN THE FIELD SHOWING THE BITTER FEELING AGAINST ENGLAND. THE WORDS SURROUNDING THE SINKING SHIP ARE "GOD PUNISH ENGLAND."

This state of things is confirmed by the Münster correspondent of the Amsterdam *Telegraaf*, who reports:

"The military authorities of Germany place at the disposal of farmers groups of 80 to 100 prisoners of war for agricultural work. The men must be lodged and fed by the farmers and will receive a salary of two cents a day. The authorities recommend the farmers to take advantage of this opportunity, as the economic situation of the Empire depends greatly on the crop next summer."

No danger of actual starvation exists, say the English press, and they deny that it is within the power of the Allies to bring about a really menacing shortage of food.

OUR POLICY PLEASES NOBODY

BURNED FINGERS seem all that we are likely to get from our well-intentioned efforts to mitigate the severity of the "starvation" blockades mutually proclaimed by Germany and the Allies. The press on both sides are by no means pleased with us, and while the English and French papers are polite there is a subacid flavor in all they write. In France there is a general tendency to request the United States to let things alone, and the press are by no means reluctant to remind us of the assistance rendered to us by France in the Revolutionary War. For example, the Paris *Matin* says:

"France in the time of Louis XVI. drew a bill on the United States of which republican France, as heir, can demand payment without ill grace, now that she is engaged in a similar war of independence."

In the course of a long article the Paris *Figaro* points out that the French fleet prevented the arrival of food and ammunition for Cornwallis's army at Yorktown, and so caused his surrender. It goes on to say:

"No historian ever pretended that this was a disloyal act, and we shall be most surprized if Americans in 1915 condemn a procedure which permitted Washington to win American independence."

In England, too, no hesitation is shown in quoting incidents from American history and claiming that they fit four square with the facts of to-day. The London *Daily Mail* admits that the Allies have not proclaimed a blockade in the technical sense, and then remarks:

"It is a course which stretches some old principles to make them square with novel conditions of modern naval warfare and which at the same time is likely in practise to prove more lenient to neutrals than a very rigorous blockade, against which it is worth recalling Great Britain did not protest when it was enforced throughout the American Civil War. We would invite our American friends to remember that matters have reached the present pass simply and solely because Germany has proclaimed her emancipation from the laws that have hitherto humanized warfare. We may ask from them at a crisis, when all social and political ideals of English-speaking peoples are in jeopardy, the same measure of patience and forbearance that was shown to them in their hour of trial."

The London *Morning Post* very pointedly suggests that we know that Germany is in the wrong and then proceeds to cry hands off:

"There is one question which we ask the Americans to put to themselves once more. Are the Allies right or are they wrong in this war? We know what the American reply has been. We have heard it so many times. Then if the Allies are right, they ask no favor from the United States, but expect to be allowed to use their weapons, one of which is sea-power, unfettered by intervention, which, however well meaning, has the effect of succoring and strengthening the enemy."

That we are actuated by the basest commercial motives is angrily suggested by the London *Daily Graphic:*

"If the American shipper grumbles, our reply is that this war is not being conducted for his pleasure or profit. The violation of the laws of war by German soldiers and sailors has conferred upon us a clear moral right to put pressure upon the German people by intercepting the whole of their sea-borne commerce. By exercising that right we shall probably save the lives of hundreds of thousands of gallant men, and that hope justifies us in disregarding any protest based upon purely pecuniary considerations."

Even in Germany, where our proposals, it is claimed, coincide exactly with Germany's desires, a note of protest is heard. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* is annoyed with us, and exclaims:

"The State which day and night works in the production of guns, bombs, submarines, and armored motor-cars for our enemies, and by way of amend prays God for peace in its Methodist churches, need not expect that its warnings will particularly affect us morally."

Count von Reventlow, writing in the Berlin *Tageszeitung*, is furiously angry; he accuses the German Government of yielding too much, and says that the American proposals are unfavorable to Germany. As he sees it, we would have Germany spare British merchant ships if they give up the abuse of neutral flags. He writes:

"According to this a German submarine would let a merchantman under the English flag pass by with courteous bows, perhaps with a salute of the flag. To proceed according to international rules would mean putting an end to searching and the probable capture of the neutrals, and the capture under all circumstances of hostiles. Such a course for German submarines is out of the question. Moreover, even if Great Britain promised to stop the use of false flags, there could be no certainty she would keep her promise; Germany would be the loser in any event."

Another Berlin journal, *Die Post*, remarks:

"The fact that the United States alleges that its proposals are based on upright friendship and the interests of humanity is enough to make one suspicious at the start. These proposals have been, in fact, dictated solely by American business interests. If Germany agrees to them she will keep faith, while England will not, and the result will be that Germany's warfare will be seriously hampered."

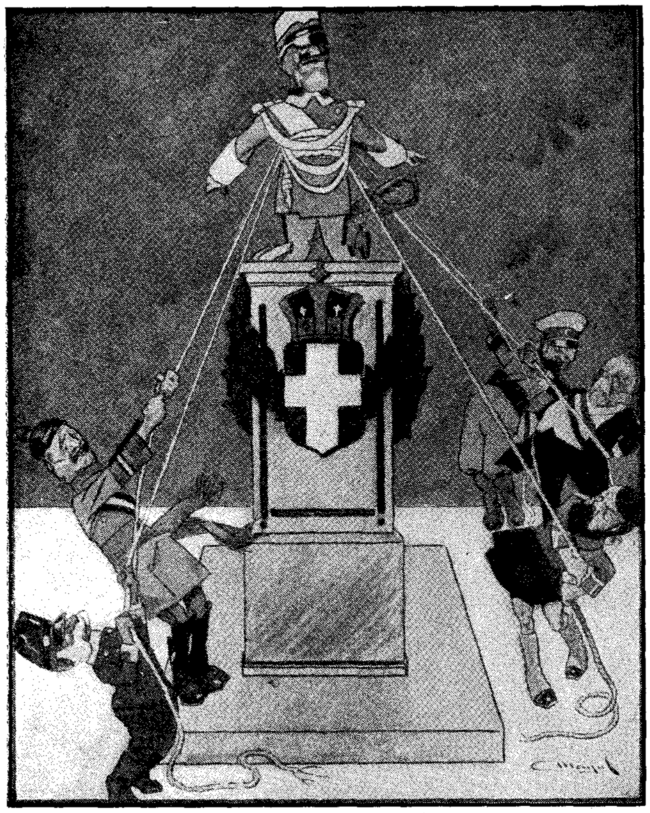
WHY ITALY REMAINS NEUTRAL

"WAR IS AN EVIL so great, so enormous," says Signor Rolandi-Ricci in the Rome *Tribuna*, "that no country should participate in it unless the reasons for doing so are insurmountable or when there is an advantage to be gained great enough to compensate for the consequences." These sentiments, we learn from the Italian papers, are responsible for the continuance of Italian neutrality, which, they say, will only be broken when it is abundantly evident that "advantages" can only be gained by actual war. The powerful influence of Signor Giolitti, the ex-Premier, keeps Italy still at peace, for, according to a letter addrest by him to the *Tribuna*, he considers "that Italy may obtain a great deal without going to war."

This is also the view of Prince von Bülow, the German Ambassador to Italy, who in an interview accorded to the Rome correspondent of the Budapest *Az Est*, says:

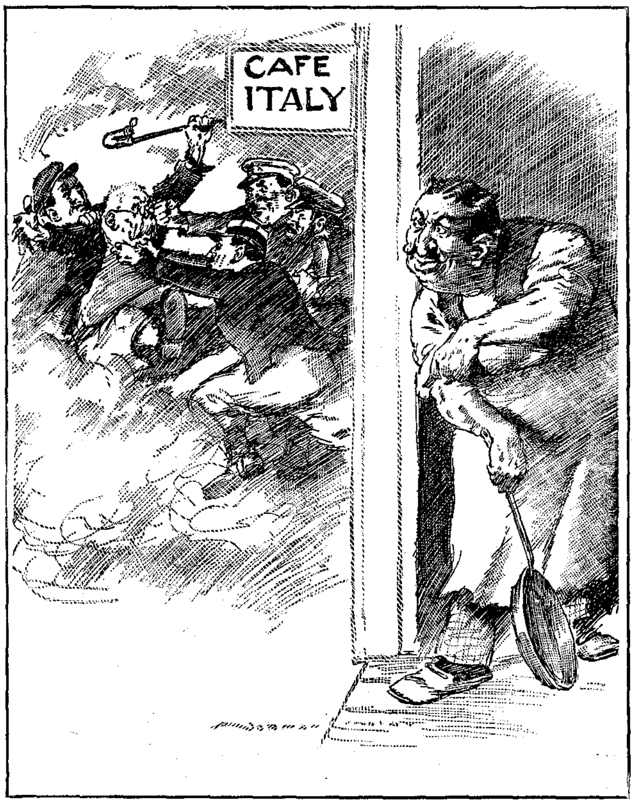
"I trust in the wisdom and judgment of leading circles in Italy, and hope they will find and travel on the right road. Moreover, I do not doubt that Austria-Hungary will facilitate the possibility for the Italian Government and people to live in untroubled understanding with the Central Powers."

How Austria-Hungary can "facilitate" is carefully explained



THE NEUTRALITY OF ITALY.

If they keep on pulling in this way, it is possible that neither side will dislodge him. —*Caras y Caretas* (Buenos Aires).



WILL HE HIT?

ITALY—"I think it's nearly time for me to sail in and hit him, too!" —*Sydney Bulletin.*

ECHOES FROM THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE.

in a long article published, very probably under official inspiration, in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and the views of this organ are doubtless in accord, says the *Popolo Romano*, with those of Prince von Bülow. The Frankfort organ thinks:

> "Only one debatable difference between Italy and the Dual Monarchy can at the most be said to exist. Austria, from of old, is in possession of territory which is not absolutely indispensable for her strategical security or trade, which is inhabited by Italians, and which is passionately claimed by Italian nationalists on the ground of national unity. That is the Trentino in South Tyrol, and perhaps a little piece on the river Isonzo near Goerz. The administration of the district is entirely Italian, and if any one there can complain of prejudice it is the Germans.
>
> "But national enthusiasm wishes this territory to be united into one State. We can not believe that an agreement concerning these wishes is not attainable in a friendly way. However well we may understand that on the Austrian side concessions to such demands would be regarded as a sacrifice, there can, nevertheless, be no comparison between such a view and the values which would be destroyed by a conflict between both parties. Negotiations in such matters can only be carried on on the basis of paragraph 7 of the published Triple Alliance agreement, which promises Italy compensation in certain cases.
>
> "But it should be carefully noted that only to an Italy remaining within the Triple Alliance can compensation be given, and, of course, only on the basis of complete reciprocity. . . . The honest path for Italy, which finds herself unable to enter the war on the side of her allies in accordance with the spirit of the alliance, is to preserve unconditional neutrality. . . . Any other policy would be foolish and criminal."

Unfortunately, these suggestions have not been well received in Vienna, for the *Neue Freie Presse*, the semiofficial organ of the Austrian Government, in an article entitled "Ourselves and Italy," remarks that Austria has no idea of buying Italian support or even neutrality by any cession of territory, and continues:

> "How can it be admitted that our Monarchy would accept any diminution of its territory as long as it has life to breathe?"

These utterances have been quickly followed by comment in Italy, and most significant is the opinion of Signor Giolitti's organ, the Rome *Stampa*, up till now a strong opponent of intervention. The *Stampa* declares:

> "The plan of Germany may, therefore, be considered to have failed owing to the resistance of Austria. In face of such a condition of things it can be understood how limited is the field of diplomatic action which remains to the Government, and it is explained why the Ministry has entered the field of 'political demonstration,' which, starting from that spiritual mobilization of which ministerial journals have spoken, may arrive, when the time comes, at mobilization of the Army."

Equally disturbing are the comments of another Roman paper, the *Giornale d'Italia*, the warmest supporter of the Premier, Signor Salandra. It says:

> "The time has come to make clear to the people that the present state of things can not last indefinitely. Italy can not emerge from the terrible European crisis as she is to-day. She must, therefore, be ready, for it would be suicide to let this crisis pass without improving her frontiers, realizing her aspirations, raising her prestige, and assuring her future. Action is life."

Meanwhile, a straw shows which way the wind is blowing, and the Rome *Idea Nazionale* offers a hint to Prince von Bülow which might lead one to think that the Italians were not altogether satisfied with the activities of the German Ambassador in the interests of peace. The *Idea* remarks:

> "Many suspected persons of the German colony maintain close relation with the Embassy. Prince von Bülow should realize that certain intimacies and frequent interviews with persons whom our police are obliged to keep under supervision place the Embassy and its staff in a very curious position. We do not wish to think that Prince von Bülow, who is so skilled a diplomat, desires the German Embassy to appear as the center of activity of the German espionage association, which is increased daily by the addition of experts."

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" OUTDONE

PERFIDIOUS ALBION is not altogether a misnomer, says Mr. Arthur E. P. B. Weigall, in an article on "The New Egypt," in the Edinburgh *Blackwood's Magazine*. He claims that the English in Egypt have muddled along, actuated by the best intentions, while they broke all the treaties, violated all the understandings, and ignored all the polite fictions of diplomatic life. Outside of "Alice in Wonderland," he says, there never was a more anomalous condition of things than existed in Egypt before the proclamation of the British Protectorate and the elevation of Hussein Kamel as Sultan. Mr. Weigall, who has spent seventeen years in the country and was an official under the Egyptian Government, says:

> "England has not been called 'Perfidious Albion' for nothing. As Professor Seeley once remarked: 'We seem, as it were, to have conquered and peopled half the world in a fit of absence of mind'; and in Egypt our actions lately have constituted a very typical instance of this cheery obliviousness to the letter of the law which has earned for us from time to time the mistrust of other nations."

He then explains exactly what the relations between Egypt and Turkey were and the obligation assumed by England to observe them when, in 1882, she entered Egypt "to restore order":

> "Ten years later, in 1892, the recently deposed Khedive came to the throne, and the arrangement with the Porte was restated. In the decree dated March 27 of that year, it was laid down that Egyptian territory was a part of the Turkish Empire, and that Egyptians were subjects of the Sultan, paying annual tribute to the Porte; that the Egyptian Army was at the disposal of the Sultan, and was to use the Turkish flag and the Turkish military ranks, all appointments above the rank of colonel being made by the Sultan himself and not by the Khedive; that the coinage of Egypt was to be issued in the Sultan's name, and taxes collected in his name; and that the Khedive was not empowered to make peace or war, nor any political treaties with foreign Powers. This decree was never revoked, and was, until the recent declaration of the Protectorate, officially acknowledged by us as the recognized basis of our position in Egypt."

When the war between Turkey and England was declared, it produced some amusing incidents, and one of them, at least, may be quoted:

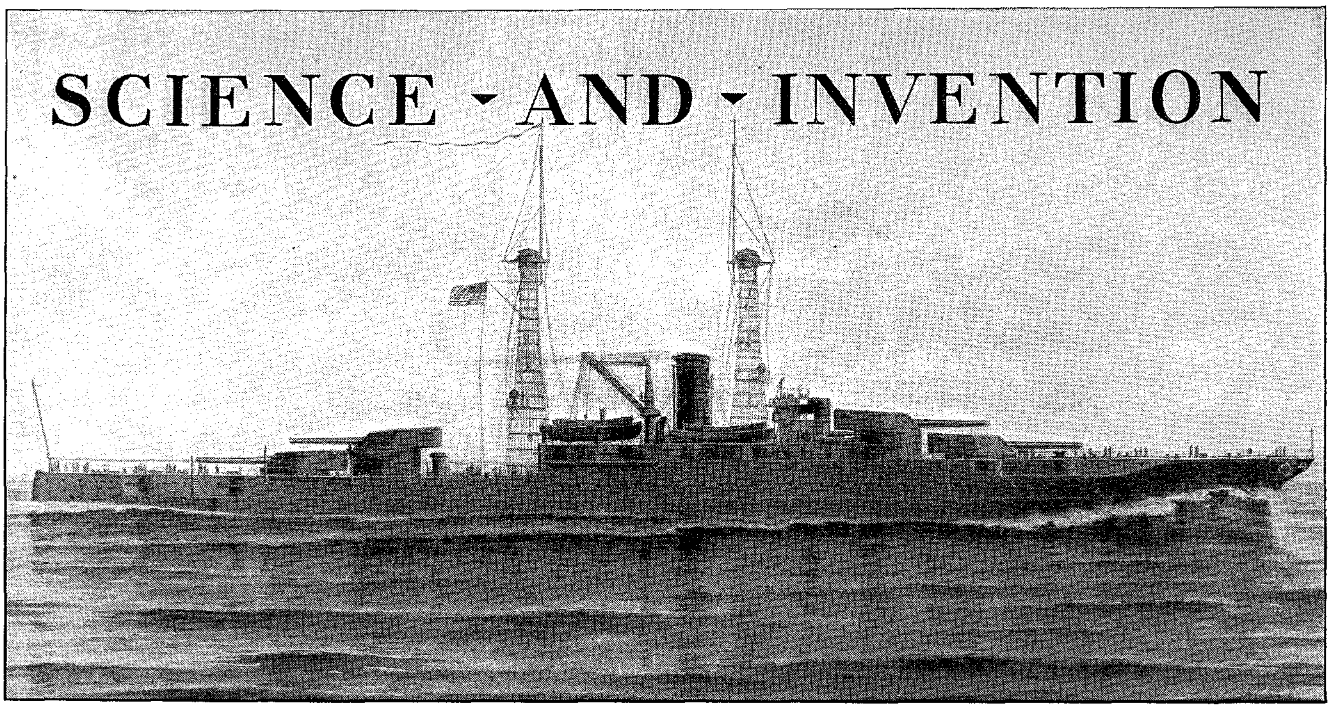
> "When the Foreign Office asked the Sultan why the Turkish troops were massed on the Egyptian frontier, he replied by asking us what on earth many thousands of our troops were doing in his province of Egypt? When, later, Sir Edward Grey insisted on knowing whether the Sultan intended to invade Egypt, he replied that 'as Egypt was one of his own provinces, how could he dream of invading it?'"

As time went on the English in Egypt were forced by circumstances to announce that they would "protect the rights and liberties of Egypt, which were originally won by Mohammed Ali," without calling upon the Egyptians for help. This of course meant war on Turkey by Egypt, and the following anomalous situation, says Mr. Weigall, ensued:

> "Thus, like characters in 'Alice in Wonderland,' we now stated that we were making war on the Turkish Empire on behalf of Egypt, which we admitted was part of the Turkish Empire; and we further declared that we were fighting in defense of a treaty which we broke in fighting in defense of it. In supporting Mohammed Ali's treaty-rights we were upholding the position of Egypt as vassal of the Sultan, and, mad tho it sounds, we were presumably fighting to uphold the Sultan's right to fight us for allowing the Egyptians to allow us to fight the Sultan on the Sultan's own territory! Moreover, altho we already knew that the Khedive had sided against England, we still recognized that the Sultan was his Overlord, and we therefore technically supported his action in attacking us. A pretty muddle, indeed!"

This absurd situation was brought to an end, he says, by the proclamation of a British Protectorate over Egypt, which implies the independence of that country and the elevation of Prince Hussein Kamel to the throne as Sultan.

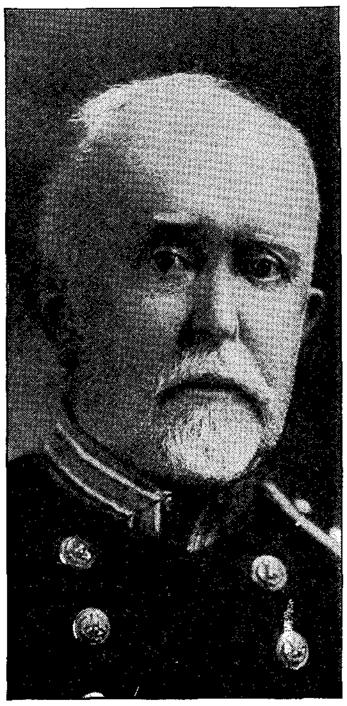
SCIENCE AND INVENTION



Courtesy of "The Technical World Magazine," Chicago.

ELECTRICITY'S NAVAL CONQUEST—THE *CALIFORNIA*, AS SHE WILL APPEAR ON COMPLETION.

AN ELECTRIC BATTLE-SHIP



Photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

ROBERT F. GRIFFIN,

Who is engineer-in-chief in charge of the designing of the machinery for the motor-driven, electric battle-ship.

THE UNITED STATES battle-ship *California* will be driven by electric motors? This is the exact truth, and yet, if unqualified, it is likely to be misunderstood. The *California* will have to take on coal like any other battle-ship. The coal will be fed to boilers by grimy stokers and burned to turn water into steam. This steam will propel the ship, but not directly. The turbines through which it forces its way will drive huge electric generators, and the current thus produced will be led to the vessel's stern, where it will turn the propellers by means of enormous electric motors. The function of the electricity, therefore, is that of short-distance power-transmission, and its advantage will be that it does away with the huge and costly steel shafting. Says Waldon Fawcett, writing in *The Technical World Magazine* (Chicago, March):

"The first and only electric battle-ship will be added to the United States Navy within two years. The superdreadnought *California*, which will be constructed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard at a cost of about seven million dollars, has been chosen as the exponent of this radical and significant innovation in marine-engineering practise. The new battle-ship will derive her power for propulsion from turbo-generators of exactly the same type that have long been in successful use on shore.

"For years past inventors and electricians have cherished the dream of an electric battle-ship in the full sense of the term. Gradually our modern war-ships have been electrified until it seemed as tho any of them might merit the title of an electrical craft. Practise has progressed until every task aboard ship, from peeling potatoes to turning the monster gun-turrets, is performed by electricity. However, there was the one—and only—remaining task of driving the armor-clad through the water that electrical enthusiasts longed to see accomplished by the magic current, but the working out of this idea presented apparently insurmountable difficulties. Some time was lost in the solution of the problem, for a number of electrical engineers proceeded on the theory that because conditions afloat are so different from those ashore it would, perforce, be necessary to devise apparatus wholly distinctive.

"That the United States is to have the world's pioneer electrical superdreadnought, and to have it by means of electrical energy-producers of the regulation, simple dependable form, is directly due to the success which has attended the operation of the new collier *Jupiter*—the first electrically operated naval vessel.

"With the example of the *Jupiter* before them, the engineer officers of the Navy have voted in favor of pinning faith solely to electricity in the case of the giant *California*. With this electric battle-ship following closely upon the heels of the recently authorized battle-ships that are to be provided with oil-burning engines, it means that the records made by Uncle Sam's novelties in the battle-ship line will be watched with particular interest by all maritime nations. The *California* will be required to make merely the same speed, twenty-two knots, that will be exacted of her sister ships, the *Mississippi* and the *Idaho*, but navy officials believe she will exceed this by a considerable margin.

"The *California* will rank as the largest battle-ship yet constructed for the United States Navy. She will be 624 feet in length, 97 feet breadth, 30 feet draft, and will have a displacement of 32,000 tons. Her efficiency as a fighting-machine may be surmised from the fact that she will carry a main battery of twelve 14-inch guns and a torpedo defense battery, which is very important in view of the lessons of the present war, of twenty-two 5-inch rapid-fire guns.

"In the electrical installation in the *California* there will be no direct-connected turbines, but instead the power will be transmitted to the propellers through slow-speed motors, a scheme which will obviate much of the strain upon the crank-shafts. The fact that the high-speed impulse turbine will always operate in the same direction—that is, will not be reversed—will tend to eliminate trouble with the blading.

"Four screws will drive the *California*, and the electric-po[illegible] plant will consist of two separate and distinct install[illegible] each furnishing power for two screws."

ON THE TRACK OF A PELLAGRA CURE

SOON after an English medical commission headed by Dr. Sambon reported its conclusion that the relation generally supposed to exist between Indian corn and pellagra is a mere fancy, Italian scientists began a careful investigation along a different line, and the conclusions that they have reached are given in a recent number of *Nuova Antologia* (Rome, December 16) by Senator Alberto Cencelli, of Rome. Two or three years ago, Dr. Alessandrini, of the University of Rome, after a long series of experiments and observations in all sections of Italy where pellagra is prevalent, established the fact that the sickness is contracted only by drinking water *flowing and stagnating on soil containing clay.* Dr. Alessandrini's preliminary report so favorably impress the State medical commission of Rome that, through Senator Cencelli, financial aid was granted for further study. An exhaustive and final report appeared recently, in which the investigator says:

> "The new and important fact is that the sickness is the effect of a chronic poisoning caused by silica in colloidal solution in water of a certain composition; in other words, it is a malady caused by mineral colloids."

According to Dr. Alessandrini, clay is the primary cause of the disease, because rain-water, both at the surface and in the deep strata, react upon it to form silicic acid and aluminum hydroxid, both of which, owing to the conditions in which hydrolysis occurs, may pass into the water in the colloidal state. As is well known, however, there is incompatibility between silica and colloidal alumina, so that they precipitate each other; and there remains in the water only the excess of silica. This is partly in very fine colloidal suspension, causing the persistent opalescence which is frequently observed in the water used by those afflicted with pellagra.

This silica-poisoning, the doctor believes, accounts for all the pathological alterations observed in those suffering from pellagra. The malady, he thinks, is the immediate result of a forced retention of mineral salts followed by a liberation of acids in much greater quantity than that normally present in the organism.

Having thus established the fact of mineral acidity, Dr. Alessandrini thought that the poison could be modified by injections of some alkaline substance. Likewise, waters likely to cause pellagra could be corrected and deprived of their injurious substances by adding limestone.

This treatment has been successfully tried with trisodium citrate, which is a harmless alkaline substance. Results were in each and all cases excellent, without in the least changing conditions of life, surroundings, or diet.—*Translation and condensation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

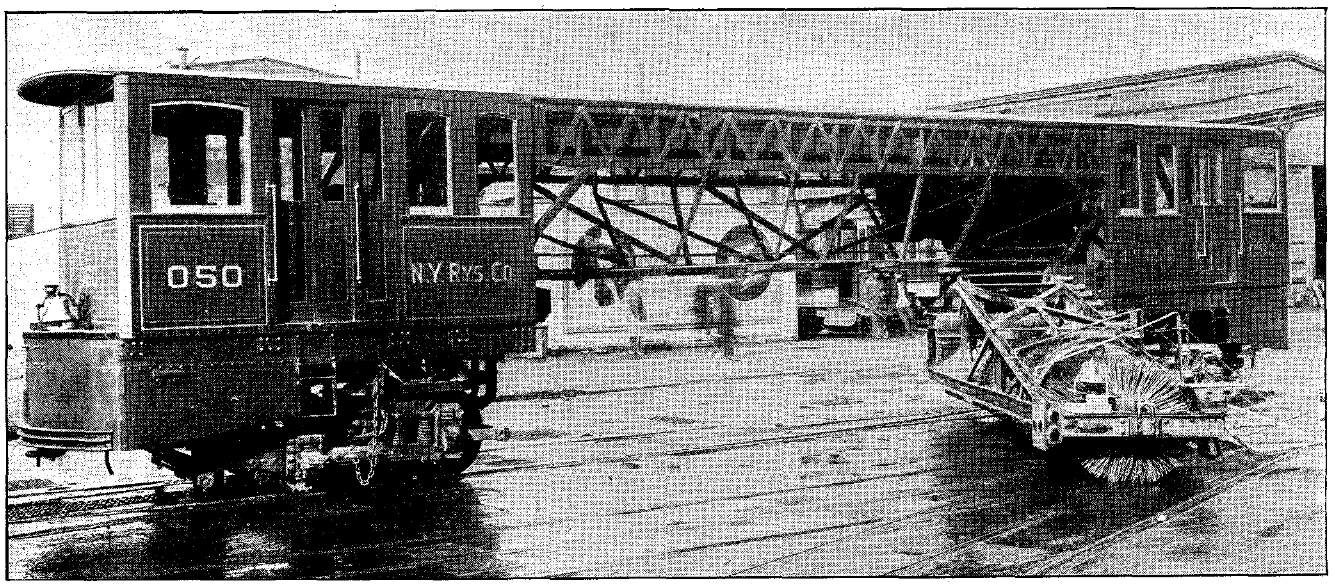
STEEL DIRECT FROM THE ORE—Many investigators have attempted to produce steel direct from iron ore without resorting to the process of reducing the ore in a blast-furnace. If a commercially practical process of this kind can be perfected there will be saving in time and expense and also in ore. Says a writer in *The Scientific American Supplement* (New York):

> "As a result of many experiments, it would appear that the electric furnace would give the best results, as, for one thing, the uncertainties resulting from impurities introduced by fuel would be entirely avoided. In a recent issue of *The Journal of the Iron and Steel Institute* the results of experiments are discust. It was found that good steel could be obtained without the carbon being above 0.4 per cent. at any time. The steel forged well and welded easily. The outstanding quality of steel by this process is its toughness. The authors claim that the steel is more free from harmful gases, such as nitrogen, by this process; and that the direct method has the advantages of simplicity, [illegible]ity to use refractory and richer ores, freedom from impuri- [illegible]pness, and efficient control of the quality of the steel."

PANICS IN THE SKY

THE MAN WHO SAYS he is never afraid in an aeroplane is either a liar or a fool—so at least we are told by the writer of a leading article entitled "Nerves," in *The Aeroplane* (London, January 20), signing himself "C. G. G." As a rule, the better the flier the more he is liable to feel afraid, for to fly well one needs an active brain, which entails imagination—the prime cause of all fear. He goes on, in substance:

> "Many people do not develop nerves till they have been flying for a considerable time. They have complete confidence in their own ability to get out of a tight corner, or in their natural caution preventing them from getting into one—in both of which they may be perfectly justified—and their happy ignorance about construction and design still prevents them from developing nerves.
>
> "Some very fine fliers are constitutionally incapable of understanding construction, or design, or both, and fly with perfect confidence on any aeroplane which the officer in charge of the machines, or even the mechanics, tell them is fit to fly. Within reasonable limits this is really a case in which ignorance is bliss and it is folly to be wise, for when once an aviator begins to question the judgment of those responsible for the condition of his machine his only chance of happiness is to become so wise that he can convince himself that he knows more about construction and design than those whose job it is to work on those subjects and nothing else.
>
> "Even when he reaches that stage the man with an imagination is never quite happy, especially on a long flight in calm weather when he has nothing to occupy his attention. One pilot of my acquaintance, who is quite one of the finest fliers in this country, has a habit which is most disconcerting to his passengers, however consoling it may be to him personally. He will fly without a waver for perhaps half an hour, then suddenly the passenger will imagine that a storm has struck them, for the machine will stand first on one wing-tip and then on the other, then it will dive terrifically, and then it will almost loop the loop. After that it will calm down and fly for another half hour, when the performance will be repeated. After they have landed, and the passenger has remarked on the extraordinary squalls which struck them when over certain places, the pilot will casually explain that he was merely looking round at those intervals to see whether his tail was still there, and was testing the controls to see whether anything was trying to jam. . . . . . .
>
> "'Cold feet' may lead merely to proper caution, or it may lead to complete loss of nerve. A pilot may have cold feet of a certain machine and so fly it with due respect for its peculiarities, or he may have cold feet of flying altogether, in which case he had better give it up, for, if he does not, he must take to 'doping,' which is fatal.
>
> "A particularly malignant disease is 'constructor's cold feet,' in which the victim, always on the ground himself, watches every machine in the air in a constant state of terror, expecting it to fall in pieces whenever it is moved by a gust, and when a machine of his own or any other make is on the ground, he is always pawing round it, finding some spot at which it may break, or something that may come undone, and get mixed up with something else. It is a most unpleasant disease to the sufferer, and I have known designers, constructors, school managers, and other ground-workers at aerodromes to be compelled to take a holiday far away from all flying simply to calm the jumpiness of their nerves. Nevertheless, it is an excellent thing for the pilots, because it results in stronger machines.
>
> "But perhaps the most unpleasant form of the disease is 'passenger's cold feet.' It is a trouble from which military—and naval—observers are particularly likely to suffer, especially since so many officers who are not aviators have been attached as observers.
>
> "So long as such an observer knows nothing about aeroplane construction, or the difference between a good and a bad pilot, he is perfectly happy; but he can not live long among aviators. After a time, if he is a man of ability, which an observer even more than a pilot should be, the passenger will have picked up enough knowledge to be fairly sure whether his machine is in a fit state to fly or not, and to know whether his pilot can be trusted, so his mind can be at ease on these important points.
>
> "But there is one anxiety which, under war conditions, can never be absent from the passenger's mind—namely, that he has a very poor chance of coming out alive if his pilot is hit. This is a matter which should be put right at once, for it can be put right quite easily."



Courtesy of "The Electric Railway Journal," New York.

NEW YORK'S STREET-RAILWAY SNOW-SWEEPER READY FOR ACTION.

The way to abolish this source of fear, the writer says, is what he calls "dual control," namely, such an arrangement of the guiding and controlling levers that the passenger, as well as the pilot, should have access to them. Of course, in such a case, the passenger must himself be a pilot with sufficient training at least to guide the machine to the ground and make a landing.

HOW TO KILL SCIENCE—An example of the way in which scientific investigation is often hampered in this country is communicated by Prof. E. C. Pickering to *Science* (New York, February 19) and printed in that journal under the heading, "A Typical Case." It is that of a man who, after taking a doctor's degree at his own university, studied abroad, and then returned to America, full of enthusiasm for original research. He had published an important memoir for a thesis, which was well received; his instructors encouraged him and his fellow students appreciated and were interested in his work. Now note what happened. Writes Professor Pickering:

> "He received an offer of a professorship in a small country college, married, and began his new life expecting to continue his investigations. He soon found that his entire time was occupied in teaching, and that he was obliged to eke out his small salary by writing and lecturing. He could not bear to abandon his great object, the advancement of human knowledge, and found that he could, by extra efforts, devote a portion of his evenings to research, amounting to a fourth of his entire working capacity. He went to the president of the college, asking for an appropriation for an assistant, who could do the routine work of copying, computing, etc., as well and as rapidly as he could himself. Instead of a quarter of his time, he would thus have one and a quarter, or five times as much, and could make rapid progress at small expense. The president told him that the object of the institution was teaching, not research, and that it was impossible to grant his request. A fellowship was, however, vacant, and might answer his purpose. This, however, would be of no use to him, as the fellow would not want to do routine work, but to undertake a research of his own, and would expect to be taught how to do it. His associates were teachers, not investigators, and took no interest in his plans. After repeated trials and discouragements, he abandoned his efforts and settled down as a teacher only, with no ambitions beyond enabling his classes to pass their examinations. While good teachers are as much needed as investigators, the work of the latter may be greatly impeded if their main energy is devoted to instruction. The finding of such men, and enabling them to carry on the great work for which they are fitted by providing them with apparatus, assistants, or means for publication, is one of the principal objects of the Committee of One Hundred on Scientific Research."

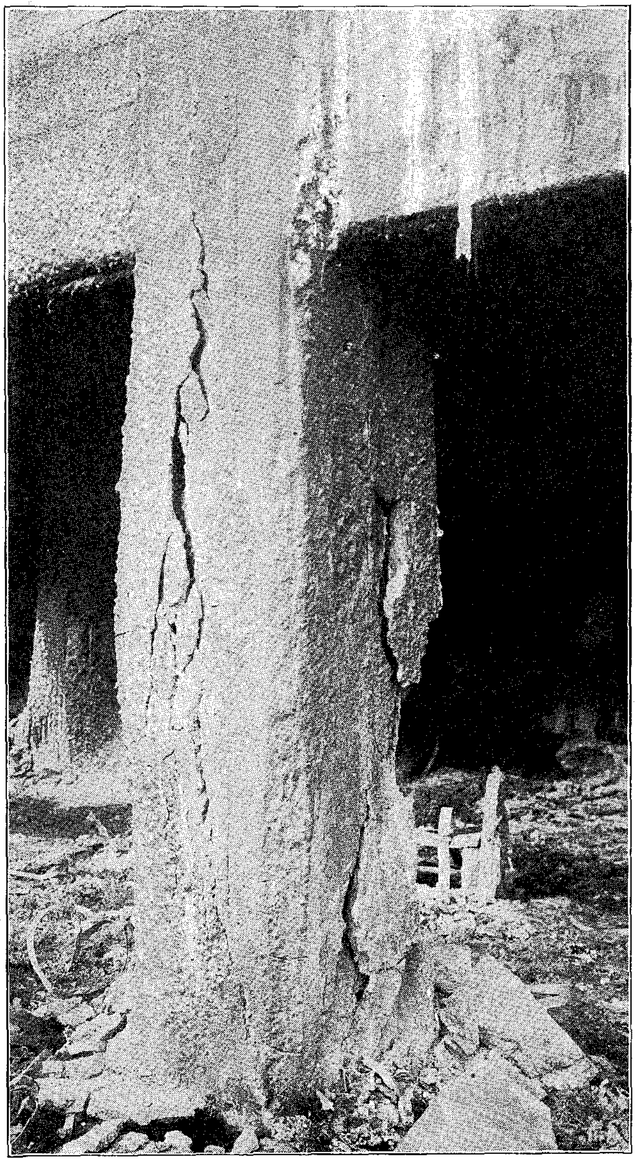
FIGHTING SNOW WITH SWEEPERS

THE OLD TACTICS of the armies mobilized by our cities against the Snow King were to wait until the storm was over and then attack the drifts with plow and shovel. If a country were to adopt this plan in case of invasion by a hostile army it would wait until the enemy had peacefully occupied all its cities and towns and then try to dig him out. The time to fight is while the invasion is in progress; and realizing this fact, modern snow-fighters are putting in their best work while the snow is falling, sweeping it away before it has become deep, and repeating the operation as often as necessary. This plan, which is called by a writer in *The Electric Railway Journal* (New York, February 13) "A Solution for the Snow Problem," has been adopted in New York by the street-railway companies, which have run at frequent intervals during storms a new form of sweeper with an outboard broom. This clears a twelve-foot path beside the rails, thus cutting out the congestion of vehicles on the tracks that paralyzes traffic when only the width of the rails is freed of snow. The custom is to put out all equipment as rapidly as possible whenever snow begins to fall. Sweepers are sandwiched in between the regular equipment at intervals averaging roughly ten cars. The sweepers are kept at work until the snow stops, and the lines have not been tied up for several years, altho the speed is much reduced by vehicular congestion. The writer goes on, in substance:

> "The new type of sweeper is designed for a similar scheme of operation, and consequently, as it will have to be used during hours when vehicular traffic is heavy, provision has been made whereby the outboard broom can be swung at will inside of the tracks to clear vehicles that pass or are passed by the sweeper as it moves forward. Arrangement has also been made so that the direction of movement of the sweeper-car can be reversed and the broom can be extended on either side and at any angle.
>
> "As the plan of operation involves the sandwiching of sweepers in between the passenger-cars, frequent sweepings will be the rule. A snowfall, therefore, will not be permitted to pile up, and no sweeper will be called upon to handle snow that has a depth greater than, say, ¼ inch. . . . The anticipated result will be to permit practically normal schedule speed for cars even during snowstorms.
>
> "The fender that is shown attached to the broom was considered necessary to prevent possible injuries to pedestrians, who might be struck. In its final form, the new sweeper will also be provided with a slot scraper for the third-rail conduit used almost universally on the lines of the New York railways. This is required to make the machine complete from the snow-fighting standpoint, as accumulations of snow in the conduit sometimes constitute a serious cause of trouble."

MR. EDISON'S BRICK AND CONCRETE

THOMAS A. EDISON is something of a specialist in concrete. He is on record as recommending it as a sort of universal building-material—good for walls, floors, roofs, tables, mantels, and bathtubs. He built of it all of the newer part of his huge West Orange factory. Then, on the afternoon of December 9, 1914, came the big fire, and in the supreme test Mr. Edison's concrete—well, what did it do? To the intelligent reader, who relies on what he sees in the public press, this is something of a problem. He may take his choice. The concrete buildings "were a total loss"; they had come through the fire "practically unscathed." They had "behaved badly"; they had "stood the test well." It was doubtless to the advantage of the builders that the material they had chosen should be demonstrably resistant to fire. It was also natural that those who prefer brick should look somewhat critically over the ruins for evidence that concrete is not, after all, such a universal success as a building-material. Hence the interest that attaches to an article entitled "Brick—the Scapegoat of the Great Concrete Fire at West Orange," printed in *The Brick and Clay Record* (Chicago, February 16). This, we are assured, is the result of two investigations conducted by representatives of the paper, accompanied by expert photographers. It gives, we are told, "indisputable facts," with "no attempt to discredit concrete or any other material," and asserts that while the brick in the Edison structures behaved in a most brickly manner, the cowardly concrete shrunk from the ordeal. Says the writer:



A CONCRETE PILLAR AFTER THE FIRE.

The organ of the brick industry displays this picture to show that in the Edison factory fire it was the inventor's pet concrete that suffered most, while brick came through the test almost uninjured.

"Mr. Edison not only designed and constructed the buildings, but manufactured the cement that went into them. The formulas were his. They were secret, and had been heralded as the formulas of the most perfect cement in existence.

"It is but natural that, since the fountain-head of information was colored by so intense a personal interest, reports that reached the earlier investigators were prejudiced. There had been a great fire—the buildings were, in truth, constructed of concrete. There they stood—the shoring of the walls was but incidental. Repairing would be slight—the buildings were almost as good as new. The salvage was close to 87½ per cent.

"Other investigations followed, and further newspaper and magazine articles have appeared. Each bears the mark of a more sincere and careful inquiry into the real effect of the fire upon building-materials that were employed. Each has shown a growing disinclination to accept the statements made by the Edison engineers as to the amount of damage sustained by the buildings, and an ever-increasing inclination to accept the physical evidence of split columns, disintegrated concrete, and other signs of the action of fire—evidences that bear out all of the theories that were, seemingly, set at naught by the earlier reports.

"So, in adding this article to the 'literature' of the Edison fire, it must be understood that it marks but one step in the march of information that will, unless the power of the 'Wizard of West Orange' be greater than that of Truth itself, uncover the real facts that can only be reached by a careful study of the nature of all concrete and of what scientists know to be its action under fire.

"The fire-resisting qualities of the brick wall have caused it to be taken as a standard by fire underwriters. Brickwork—or rather, the brick itself, will endure—that is, stand, and be uninjured by a temperature of from 1,800° to 2,800° F., depending upon the fluxes in the original clay from which the brick was made. A temperature of 1,800° F. can be maintained on one side of a 12-inch brick wall for four hours and the other side of the wall still be cool enough to hold the hand upon. While we figure that a brick wall is best made when laid in mortar that is largely composed of Portland cement, the fact is that 'As far as actual resistance to fire or intense heat, common lime-and-sand mortar in small quantities, as when used for joints between brickwork, or as plastering on a brick wall, has greater fire-resisting qualities than any other plastic material.'

"The mortar may be said to 'endure' heat to the degree that will dehydrate it, or remove all water, so leaving the mortar in a chalk form. The degree of heat necessary to dehydrate ordinary mortar is from 1,200° to 1,500° F. And it is proved that this 'ordinary' mortar—that is, lime and sand—has greater fire-resisting qualities than cement mortar.

"And, going further than that—cement concrete has no more fire-resistant power than cement mortar—in fact, less. The amount less is determined by the kind of aggregate used in its compound. When limestone aggregate is used we confront the fact that 1,200° will burn limestone to quicklime.

"The reason that brickwork endures heat is because so much of the surface that is presented to the fire is of really fire-resistant material. With a 2½-inch brick and a ½-inch joint, nine-tenths of the wall surface has an assured endurance power of 1,800° to 2,800° F. The other tenth is held in place, as it were, between the superior planes of higher fire-resistance. A mechanical bond—the position in which the brick are placed—maintains the strength of the wall, even after the dehydration of the first four inches of mortar.

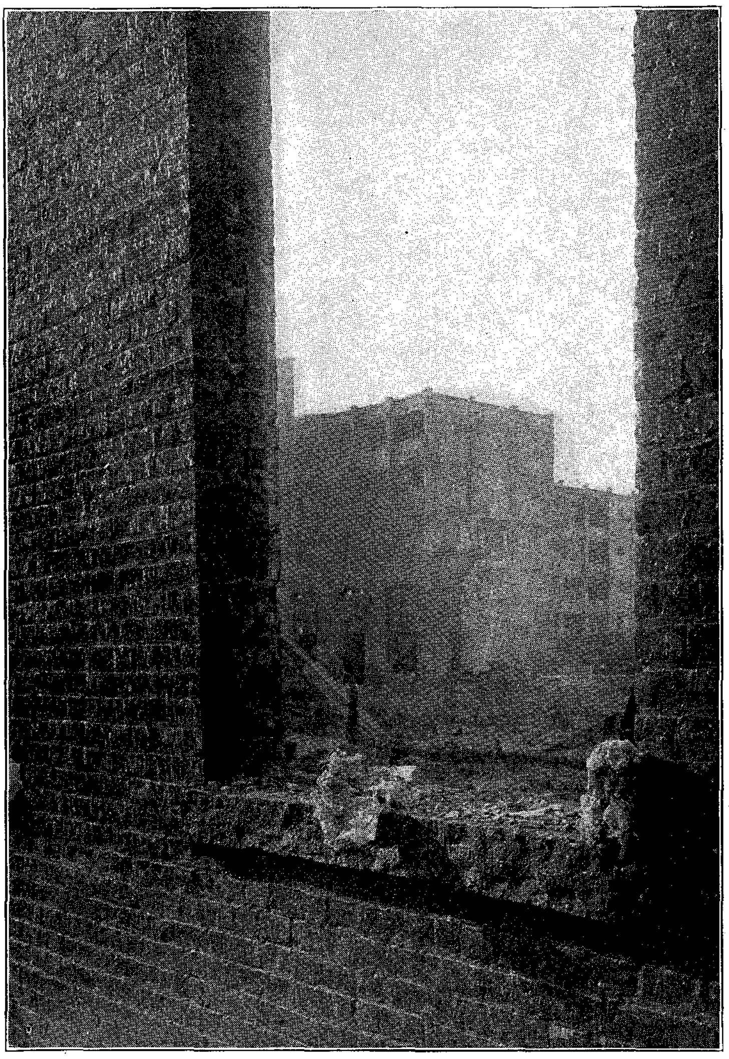
"Concrete surfaces, on the contrary, expose a uniform expanse of lower fire-resisting power. As the heat reaches it dehydration begins, working slowly, it is true, but nevertheless surely, and as fast as the cement dehydrates its strength is destroyed."

In the Edison fire, the brick advocates assert, this is exactly what happened, and they appeal to the evidence of photography. Concrete columns broke in two; on one floor nearly half the supports are completely wrecked. The cement became dehydrated, and therefore porous, and when the water from the hose touched the surface it turned to steam within the pores and blew the concrete to bits. Even when the concrete seems to be in good condition it is often greatly weakened. The writer goes on:

"The object of this article is, frankly, to plant a warning-sign in the path of what is palpably a false impression as to the action of concrete under fire conditions, and the salvage that is either actual or assumed. One difficulty in this is the fact that Mr. Edison is so strongly entrenched in the public mind as a man of superhuman intelligence and of seeming infallibility. If, indeed, it be impossible for him to be mistaken, then the building of this great plant, accompanied as it was by the complete setting aside of the approved fire-resistant methods of construction, the absence of sprinklers, the closely set buildings—all these are correct in principle, and the hosts of engineers who are devoting their lives to the study of fire-prevention are wrong. . . . . . .

"As the facts—the real facts—of the Edison fire become better known, the men who make, sell, and believe in brick as the standard fire-resistant material will come into their own. The more extravagant the claims of salvage—the more persistent the attempt to cover up badly designed and badly executed construction by equally ill-conceived replacement—the more will the mind of the coming builder turn to the material that has been through fires innumerable — and with an unblemished record.

"We will spare you the details of reports that vary, so far as the brick buildings are concerned, from one that says that the only brick building on the grounds was 'uninjured' to the report, made by one of the Edison officials, that 'all of the brick buildings were in ruins, while the concrete buildings were practically uninjured.'



Illustrations by the courtesy of "The Brick and Clay Record," Chicago.

THE SUPREME TEST OF BRICK.

The glass and leaden sash-weights were melted, and the limestone sill turned to chalk, the brick walls remain. They are speckled with dehydrated concrete—concrete with its consistency lost and powdered by heat and steam.

"The photographs show that, wherever brick was used, it stood up—supporting, in many cases, concrete walls that were built upon it. One wall stood a heat that melted the glass in the windows—melted the sash-weights—turned the limestone sill to chalk. Other brick walls, being those of buildings with wooden posts and wooden floors, stand alone—the inner works gutted. Warped steel, disintegrated concrete, wire-mesh, and plaster make up the rubbish heaps—brick seem conspicuous by their absence. Evidently, what little brick there was came through the fire very creditably.

"But brick in a concrete camp has a certain usefulness—it may be made a scapegoat. That is the part it has been made to play in the accounts of the Edison fire that have deigned to mention it.

"Yet, with all of this discrediting, it has not received half the setback that has come to cement concrete—first, by its inexpert use at West Orange, and, secondly, by the silly claims that have been made for it by the men on Mr. Edison's payroll. The lumber interests have, even at this time, begun to use these points in their fight against concrete."

STRENGTH OF ARTILLERY-STEEL

MODERN HIGH-POWERED GUNS could not be built without steel strong enough to resist the enormous pressures to which they are subjected. Few understand how great these pressures are—almost as far beyond ordinary comprehension as are the distances of the stars or the number of atoms in a glass of water. An attempt to state the matter in a form that will mean something to the ordinary mind is made by a contributor to *La Nature* (Paris, January 23) in an article entitled "The Strains Resisted by Gun-Metal." He writes:

"When the marvels of modern artillery are described, perhaps we direct our admiration too exclusively to the mechanicians who have combined to construct it. We must not, however, forget the metallurgist, for it is owing to the astonishing qualities of the metal that the gun is so well able to resist the enormous strain due to the detonation of the explosive.

"It is interesting to cite here some figures published by Commandant Regnault. At each discharge of a gun, in the case of our field-pieces, in less than three-tenths of a second the pressure exceeds 20 tons to the square inch, and the speed of the projectile leaving the muzzle is more than 2,500 feet a second.

"The energy developed may be put at about half a million foot-pounds; in other words, considering the cannon as a motor working during an exceedingly short time, we may place its rating at about 20 million horsepower.

"Not only must the metal be able to resist these strains time after time, but to do so under unfavorable conditions, such as the high temperatures produced by the explosives. And not only must the metal of the gun be as strong as this, but it is the same with that of the shell. The shell of our '75' supports a pressure estimated at 17 tons; the work of the device that takes up the recoil reaches about 12 tons to the square inch, and the mount neutralizes at each discharge about two tons.

"In fact, these conditions are realized in quite a remarkable way. It has been possible to test in the machine-shop the pieces of a battery that has fired several thousand shots and to show that they have suffered not the slightest deformation. . . . .

"This is why it is necessary to employ special steels. The use of nickel, in proportions of 1 to 2 per cent., gives to steel special qualities. This is one of the points where the economic blockade to which the Germans are subjected is likely to cause them great trouble when it becomes necessary for them to renew their war material. For nickel comes exclusively from New Caledonia and Canada, that is to say, from a French colony and a British one. . . . When the Germans, therefore, have used up their stock, there will be no source from which to replenish it."—*Translation made for* The Literary Digest.

LETTERS - AND - ART

THE CIVIL WAR IN FILM

THE FAMOUS FILM, "Cabiria," the product of D'Annunzio's imagination, has taken the front rank in picture-production hitherto. But a newcomer that reproduces the American Civil War in scenes of grandiose splendor makes its predecessor, says the New York *World*, "seem almost insignificant by comparison." Narrative photography has in this work by D. W. Griffith, called "The Birth of a Nation," taken a long step forward. Indeed, *The World* gives Mr. Griffith the easy leadership of motion-picture impresarii in this country. For those who are imprest by large numbers it is told that eight months were consumed in transferring the scenes of battle and social turbulence to the reels, and the services of 18,000 persons were employed in one capacity or another, to say nothing of 3,000 horses. Despite all this numerous personnel to stage-manage, it is recorded that the "emotional throb of the story could be followed without the slightest confusion." Hence the "great artistic value" of the production. These are the episodes covered:

LINCOLN IN THE BOX AT FORD'S THEATER.

The film now reenacts the scene of Booth's attack on Lincoln. Successive scenes present the play on the stage, the audience, the presidential party, and the moment of the tragedy. If Booth had made this cautious descent, he might have saved his ankle.

> "The story begins in the seventeenth century with the bringing of African slaves to North America. Its further progress is closely related to varied phases of slavery and its bearing upon the history of the United States.
>
> "In the wake of the abolition movement comes the Civil War, with its battles and the toll of death and broken hearts; Sherman's march to the sea, the burning of Atlanta, the downfall of Petersburg, Lee's surrender to Grant at Appomattox, the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, the ordeal of the reconstruction period, the Kuklux Klan, the establishment of everlasting peace in the end.
>
> "All of these historic scenes were given in detail. A drama of human conflicts shown with well-drawn characters linked history to romance. For there is plenty of romance and excitement in the play, which is participated in and woven about the adventures of a family of boys, one from the North and the other from the South, whose association is broken up by the Civil War."

The second part of the film, based upon a novel of Mr. Thomas Dixon called "The Clansman," is viewed by the New York *Evening Post* as "an appeal to race prejudice as subtle and malicious as any that has been made in New York." We are given the observations of its reviewer in these terms:

> "People were moved to cheers, hisses, laughter, and tears, apparently unconscious, and subdued by tense interest in the play; they clapped when the masked riders took vengeance on negroes, and they clapped when the hero refused to shake the hand of a mulatto who has risen by political intrigue to become lieutenant-governor. This remark, made by a typical New Yorker leaving the theater, characterizes the sentiment which was exprest in much of the comment: 'That show certainly does make you hate those blacks. And if it gets that effect on me, when I don't care anything about it, imagine what it would be in the South, with a man whose family was mixed up in it. It makes you feel as if you'd do the same thing.'
>
> "That is the element which mars one of the most ambitious and successful picture-dramas which has yet been attempted; and it is an element which does not seem necessary to the effectiveness of the film. To show the fact that there were individual outrages which roused the Southern whites of the 60's to organized violence it does not appear necessary to characterize a race as either so vicious or so simple-minded that extermination or feudal control was the only method of managing them; and this is the conclusion of 'The Birth of a Nation.' The blame for much of the trouble is shown to have lain upon the unscrupulous or misguided white political leaders of the North, who went to excess in their power to institute radical measures for negro freedom and equality of right. Stoneman, known really under another name, the Congressional leader, who held the reins of influence after the assassination of Lincoln, is represented as the cause of reconstruction turbulence.
>
> "The war-scenes in the first half of the play have been photographed with striking realism. Troops charging, artillery-trains galloping, flags waving, shells bursting over barricades, the flow of battle over a field miles in length, are shown in full detail; and immediately after the excitement of the charge there is the sight of trenches full of torn and tangled bodies. The truth of the horror of war is not forgotten in presenting its fascination. The assassination of Lincoln has also been well reproduced. The scene in the theater, with the play, 'Our American Cousin,' going forward on the stage, is shown in careful accordance with the historical accounts of it."

The Rev. Thomas B. Gregory writes in the New York *American* a certificate of the verity of the scenes presented in this film-play. "As an educator," he says, "its value is well-nigh inconceivable, and its chief value in this direction lies in its truthfulness." He declares:

> "That the story as told by the picture is true I am ready to swear on the Bible, the Koran, the Zend, and all the other 'Holy Scriptures' put together.
>
> "I know it is true, because I lived through the actual realities themselves. I saw the real carpet-baggers, the real 'New Voters,' the real reconstruction 'Statesmen,' the real Kuklux

Klanners. I knew the real Stoneman, the real Lynch, the real Camerons, and was a living part of the stupendous tragedy, watching it with wondering eyes and bated breath from its inception under the Stonemans and Lynches to its cessation under the invisible blows of the Kuklux Klan.

"I am prepared to say that not one of the more than five thousand pictures that go to make up the wonderful drama is in any essential way an exaggeration. They are one and all faithful to historic fact, so that, looking upon them, you may feel that you are beholding that which actually happened."

ILLITERACY "MADE IN AMERICA"

THE FLATTERING UNCTION can not be laid upon our souls that all our evils consequent upon illiteracy are imposed upon us by the peoples of alien nations. Illiteracy, as the President perhaps saw in vetoing the Immigration Bill, is not "merely an imported thing." It bears the stamp of "Made in America," points out *The North American Review*, which adds that "there is vastly more native than naturalized illiteracy, if we take our whole population into the reckoning; and there is nearly as much native as naturalized if we have regard to only the white race." According to the census of 1910, illiterates above the age of ten years numbered: Negroes, American-born, 2,227,731; whites, American-born, 1,534,272; whites, foreign-born, 1,650,361. Thus, thinks this writer, "we are sorely disqualified for casting contumelious and condemnatory stones at the unfortunate of other countries." He adds:

"There is the more force in this latter contention because of the fact that native illiteracy is commonly self-propagating, while alien illiteracy is not. Our native illiterates too often bring up their children as illiterates, while illiterate immigrants do not. That is indeed one of the most impressive circumstances of the whole case. The average native illiterate is the child of an illiterate. But the illiterate immigrant almost invariably takes pains to have his children educated. The result is that the children of immigrants are the most generally literate class of our entire population. Here are the percentages of illiteracy among adults in 1910:

Negroes, American-born	30.4
Whites, foreign-born	12.7
Whites, American-born of American parents	3.7
Whites, American-born of immigrant parents	1.1

"Thus the illiterate children of immigrants were less than one-third as many, proportionately, as the illiterate children of native Americans. What is the natural and inevitable deduction? Why, that illiterate immigration, while a present evil, assures a much greater future good. It increases for the present the sum total of illiteracy in the nation, but promises in the next generation to decrease its proportion. It means a present generation of illiterates, but a coming generation of literates.

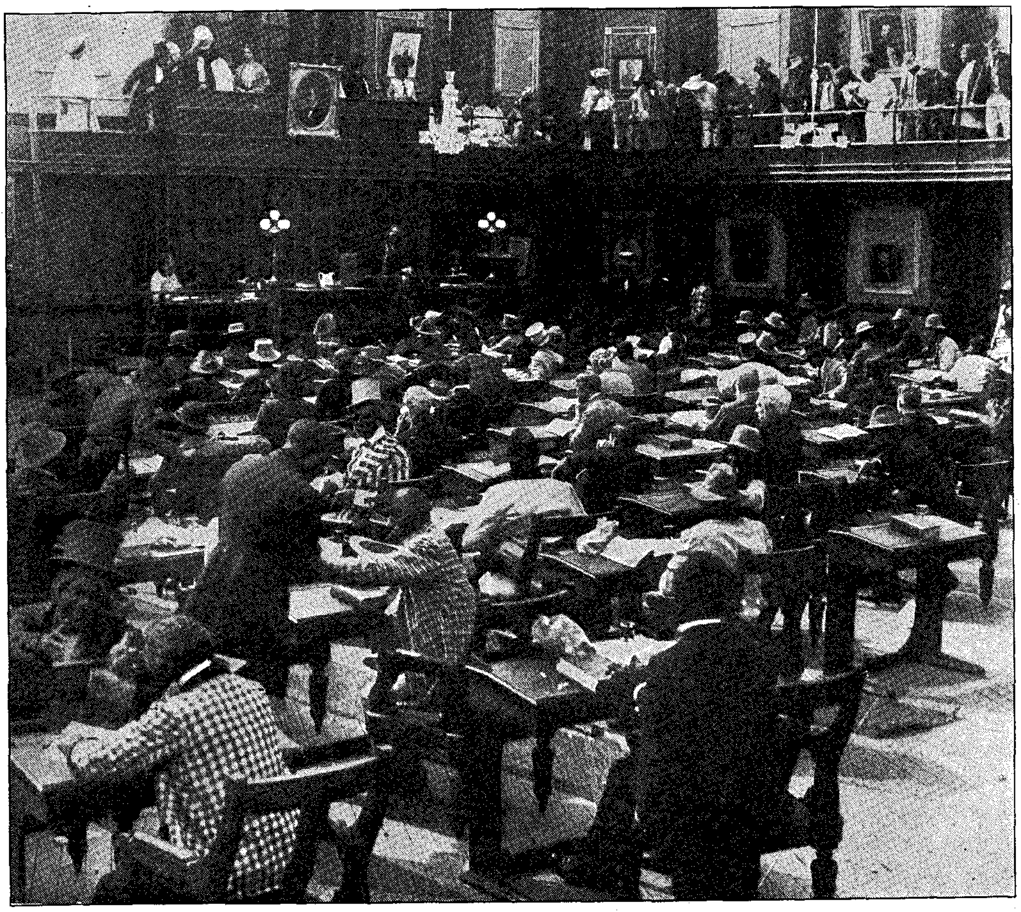
"There is the less reason for applying the literacy restriction to immigration at this time, because for some years to come the volume of aliens entering this country is practically certain to be greatly diminished as a result of the European War. While the war lasts there will be few immigrants. Some who would otherwise have come will not come because they can not get passage, in the great disturbance of ocean traffic; some because they are in the armies or were in the armies and have been wounded; some because they expect soon to be needed in the armies; some because they are urgently needed to carry on the industries the ranks of whose workers have been depleted by the military conscription."

So much while the war lasts. With the return of peace we need look for no marked resumption of migration to America, thinks the writer, for reasons that he proceeds to give:

"The enormous losses of the war will have decreased the industrial efficiency of the chief European nations so greatly that all the survivors will be needed at home, and will, in fact, have at home greater opportunities of achievement and of gain than they would have here. Nor will the need be for men merely to man the ordinary industries. The devastation of the war will enormously increase the amount of work that is to be done. The lands in which the war has raged will need all their own citizens, and all who can be spared by their neighbors, to rebuild their razed cities, to till their ravaged fields, and to rehabilitate their prostrated industries. They will have no workers to spare for America."

Much as we might welcome the Belgians, the writer believes there will be no exodus after this war, any more than there was from France in 1871:

"We may, therefore, prudently assume that for a number of years we shall receive so few immigrants that the minor percentage of illiteracy among them will be a negligible quantity, particularly if we adopt and enforce suitable restrictions based upon grounds of character and efficiency. It is for his own criminality or economic worthlessness that the alien should be penalized, and not for the deprivation which he has suffered unwillingly at the hands of the Government from which he is seeking to escape to better things."



NORTH CAROLINA ASSEMBLY IN 1870.

When negro supremacy was uppermost in the former slave States. A film-scene in "The Birth of a Nation."

NOT THE TIME FOR JOKING

THE EUROPEAN NATIONS turn a forbidding frown on any efforts to revive the *prebellum* attitude of gaiety or flippancy in the matter of amusements. France and England, in varying degrees, show themselves saying "the things I once loved now I hate." The tango was once the dearest possession of the Parisian's lighter hours, but the newspapers report that the other day when that ultra-Parisian, Mme. Polaire, attempted to suggest, even tentatively, the old mood, her first steps were interrupted with cries and hissing. This came quickly on the heels of her audience's loud applause over a patriotic song she had sung. By the same token London finds itself unreconciled to the old moods of hilarity that used to welcome Mr. G. Bernard Shaw. That erstwhile prime favorite of two continents, "Fanny's First Play," has had a revival in London, and the critics look askance. The first-night audience laughed loudly at the play's "points," and Mr. Shaw writes to the papers to declare that this is his justification, but the London *Times* critic declares the laughter came from "the hypergoelasts, an innocent sect for whose benefit Mr. Shaw, evidently under no illusions about their intelligence, carefully eschews the more recondite forms of humor." Mr. Walkley, who again confronts himself among the parodied critics, goes on to speak for "the judicious":

A FILM "MAKE-UP."

General Lee is quite faithfully represented in the picture-play on "The Birth of a Nation."

> "It may seem to them that the moment is not happily chosen for resuming the old Shavian capers, which were among the strangest by-products of a long peace. The fun of travestied facts and lopsided judgments then agreeably stimulated a languid world. This, in Johnson's phrase, was milking the bull, and was all the better fun for the spectator from Mr. Shaw's passionately declared faith that his bull was really a cow. But to-day we have to be at grips with facts. If we want the milk of truth we must go to the right animal for it or perish. And the simple fact is that we shall not get it from 'Fanny's First Play.'
>
> "It is simply not true that fathers are vulgar idiots, weak, blustering, hysterical, dominated by the cool wisdom and natural tact of their wives. It is simply not true that when boys and girls are strictly brought up nature takes her revenge by prompting them to assault the police and get locked up. It is not true that this experience is just the thing to give them a sense of spiritual redemption. *Dora* is no more a true Daughter of Joy than *Duvallet* is a true Son of France. All this fundamental untruth mattered little in the old bull-milking days; we could then afford to concede Mr. Shaw his postulates for the sake of his fun. But to-day the fun is felt to be incongruously trivial. And we, who have all had to go through a real regeneration, are out of humor for the sham regeneration of Holloway and Wormwood Scrubs.
>
> "But let us be fair. There is one true thing in Mr. Shaw's play, as valuable now as ever it was, because sympathetically noted and exprest: the wife with an old-fashioned religious faith of prayer and predestination which survives all the hard knocks which such a faith must receive in any Shavian play. This character is quite tenderly conceived, and has the luck of being beautifully played by one of our most truthful actresses, Miss Helen Haye. There is truth, too, such as it is, in the comfortable matron so comfortably played by Miss Florence Haydon.
>
> "If the rest seem to have abrupt gestures, *fantoccini* jerks, awkward pauses, masks instead of faces, that we think is no fault of theirs—for they are all competent players, and one of them, Miss Ashwell, of high accomplishment—but measures the lack of truth in their characters. Characters to be true must begin by being fully imagined and possest by their author; whereas, clearly, Mr. Shaw has never imagined these people as people, but merely as the instruments of his fun. Hence the restless embarrassment of the comedian, in himself a real live person, compelled to represent something that never was alive. As for the irrelevant Induction, we submit that the time has come for dropping it. It could never have amused more than a small circle and proves now, at any rate to our sense, intolerably tedious."

Another critic finds his nerves badly rasped by *Margaret Knox*, the rebellious daughter who initiates her career of freedom by going to a revival-meeting, from there to a music-hall, assaulting a policeman and knocking out two of his teeth, and ending up in jail. Such a girl is a sad travesty on the devoted militant spirit of the present-day young English womanhood, he thinks. The London *Standard's* critic is another who finds the play hardly "worth keeping up" as an entertainment:

> "The chief interest of 'Fanny's First Play,' after all, was that it was a means for Mr. Shaw to 'get back' on his critics, and, judging by the length of the original run, one may take it that he accomplished his purpose very well. But 'things' have happened since then, and it matters little at the moment what Mr. Shaw thinks of his critics or what they think of him.
>
> "Thus the romantic absurdities of *Count O'Dowda* in the preface to the play, and his bewilderment when he hears the views of the critics in the epilog, seemed vain things. The long Shavian 'chin-wag,' also, between the *Gilbeys* and the *Knoxes* in the third act was very boring."

CONGRESS REFUSING IMMORTALITY

THE American Academy of Arts and Sciences passed its fourteenth year of orphanage in Congress on February 15, when it was refused incorporation by failing to receive a two-thirds vote in the House. This is the second time the House has so registered itself; and most of the members who figure in the opposition appear to regard the society as too sectional in the representation of its membership, and much too high-handed in the way it proposes to perpetuate itself. What is to be thought, asks one member of Congress, "of a given number of men, self-appointed, creating themselves through Act of Congress into a self-perpetuating body that shall determine who shall be entitled to recognition?" The thing about this that he doesn't like "is the fact that these gentlemen appoint themselves as the arbiters of all matters of science and art and determine who shall be worthy of future admission to this academy of immortals." Then *The Congressional Record* hands on the apprehensions of one Congressman, doubtless seconded by another who voiced his conviction, "that there are gentlemen as worthy of inclusion from the South and West" as those who are named. Another Congressman, impress by the "sectional" argument, asks if any reason can be discovered "why Walt Mason, the most widely read, the most generally read, and the best-paid poet on the Western Continent, a citizen of Nebraska, loaned temporarily to Kansas, is not mentioned in that list?" A Wisconsin Representative who favored the bill declared he was not going to vote against it just because it makes no mention of anybody from Wisconsin. Another favoring voice put in a mild query if it were "not possible to get some recognition for American arts and letters, and not localize it all in New York and Massachusetts?" This was apparently the rock upon which Congress split, tho the proposer of the measure averred that to localize the measure thus was inaccurate. His own breadth of patriotism was supported by the assertion that he has "no affiliation with New York, altho I go to New York and Boston occasionally, and pay a pretty big hotel bill, and meet some agreeable people, but that is all of my connection with that section." The sectional argument was finally met both argumentatively and statistically by a letter from Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson giving a tabulation of birthplaces. It was introduced by Representative Ferris:

"Mr. Speaker, the letter is from the Hon. Robert Underwood Johnson, formerly editor of *The Century Magazine*. He is a fluent writer and a distinguished citizen of the Republic. His letter has certain value to this question. It is pertinent and deserves a place in *The Congressional Record* in connection with this bill. It is as follows:

"'THE CENTURY ASSOCIATION,
"'7 West Forty-third Street, February 12, 1915.

"'DEAR MR. FERRIS: If you were selecting the best chemists in the country, would you select them according to States or according to distinction?

"'As a matter of fact, the members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters since its organization are geographically well distributed if you take the birthplaces of the seventy-nine members, living or dead. You see, writers and artists come to New York and Boston for their market and for the sympathy and comradeship found in large cities. I enclose a list. Will you not have the justice and kindness to show it to those who are affected by the geographical distribution of residences? No amount of residence in New York can obscure the fact that Mark Twain was a Missourian. So is Augustus Thomas. Howells, Sloane, Kenyon Cox, all came from Ohio; Cass Gilbert from Michigan; Chase, the artist, from Indiana, where I spent my boyhood, coming East to join the *Century Magazine* staff—a national organ. Riley lives in Indiana, where Moody was born; John Muir was a Californian; Joel Chandler Harris from Georgia; Professor Gildersleeve, born in South Carolina, lived in Virginia, and now lives in Maryland; Cable and Matthews were born in Louisiana; Brush, whose paintings are in the Corcoran, was born in Tennessee; van Dyke, Wister, and Furness, the great Shakespeare commentator, came from Pennsylvania.

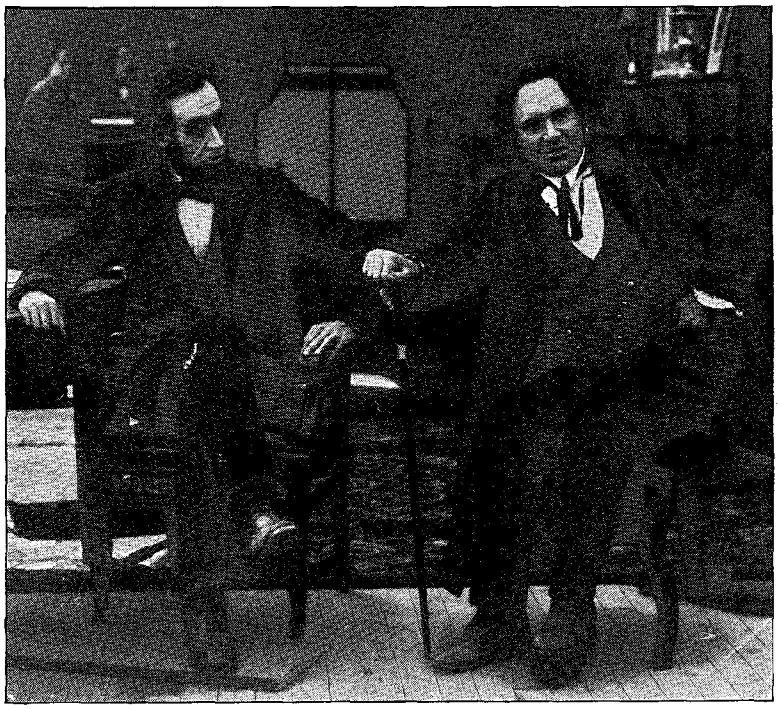
"'Please ask Mr. Slayden to let you see the full list.

"'Is it not a trivial objection that the academy, based on large achievement, has no representative of certain States where less attention is given to literature and the arts? So much more do they need the help of such an organization. With thanks for your frank letter and hope that you will help us with our enabling act on Monday, I am,
"'Very sincerely yours, "'R. U. JOHNSON.'"

A résumé of their birthplaces shows that 16 are from New York, 13 from Massachusetts, 10 from Connecticut, Vermont, and New Hampshire, 10 from New Jersey and Pennsylvania, 13 from Ohio, Indiana, and Michigan, 11 from the South, 1 each from Wisconsin and California, and 5 from abroad.

The names of gentlemen comprising the Academy, with their local habitations, as presented in the measure, are:

William Dean Howells, of New York; Henry James, of Massachusetts; Henry Adams, of the District of Columbia; Thomas Raynesford Lounsbury, of Connecticut; Theodore Roosevelt, of New York; John Singer Sargent, of Massachusetts; Alfred Thayer Mahan, of New York; Daniel Chester French, of New York; John Burroughs, of New York; James Ford Rhodes, of Massachusetts; Horatio William Parker, of Connecticut; William Milligan Sloane, of New Jersey; Robert Underwood Johnson, of New York; George Washington Cable, of Massachusetts; Andrew Dickson White, of New York; Henry van Dyke, of New Jersey; William Crary Brownell, of New York; Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve, of Maryland; Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey; Arthur Twining Hadley, of Connecticut; Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts; Francis Hopkinson Smith, of New York; Edwin Howland Blashfield, of New York; William Merritt Chase, of New York; Thomas Hastings, of New York; Hamilton Wright Mabie, of New Jersey; Brander Matthews, of New York; Thomas Nelson Page, of the District of Columbia; Elihu Vedder, of Massachusetts; George Edward Woodberry, of Massachusetts; Kenyon Cox, of New York; George Whitefield Chadwick, of Massachusetts; Abbott Handerson Thayer, of New Hampshire; John Muir, of California; Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts; Henry Mills Alden, of New Jersey; George de Forest Brush, of New Hampshire; William Rutherford Mead, of New York; John White Alexander, of New York; Bliss Perry, of Massachusetts; Abbott Lawrence Lowell, of Massachusetts; James Whitcomb Riley, of Indiana; Nicholas Murray Butler, of New York; Paul Wayland Bartlett, of New York; Owen Wister, of Pennsylvania; Herbert Adams, of New Hampshire; Augustus Thomas, of New York; Timothy Cole, of New York.



LINCOLN AND *STONEMAN.*

Stoneman represents the politician responsible for the carpet-bagging policy that involved the South in its problems and tragedies of reconstruction.

Refusing to be imprest by this list, one Representative declares that there are "other men who, by their records in art and literature, have achieved as high worth as these men, some of whom are on the verge of the grave, and some of whom have already passed into the realm beyond." The Congressional feeling of the majority who rejected the measure, however, is doubtless exprest most fully in the words of Representative Stafford, whom *The Record* thus quotes:

"I will repeat it a third time: that there are gentlemen as worthy of inclusion in this list from the South and West as those who are named. There are two fundamental objections. We are seeking to create by act of Congress a corporation with certain fifty named persons designated, and another provision limiting the number hereafter to fifty. If there were no restrictions as to the number, the objection would not be so great, but here you create a small class of fifty selected dignitaries—you leave it to these men to say who shall be considered as a select class, the only worthy of the worthy. I do not think that is American. I have no objection to a corporation being formed which comprises all who are entitled to it nationally, but when it comes to enacting a law which creates a class which shall arrogate to itself the privilege of determining that they alone have the high characteristics to obtain membership to this select class, I dissent because I know many who are equally as worthy as those who are included, even tho they happen not to be domiciled in the sacred precincts of the commercial center of the country, not the literary center, but the commercial center—New York."

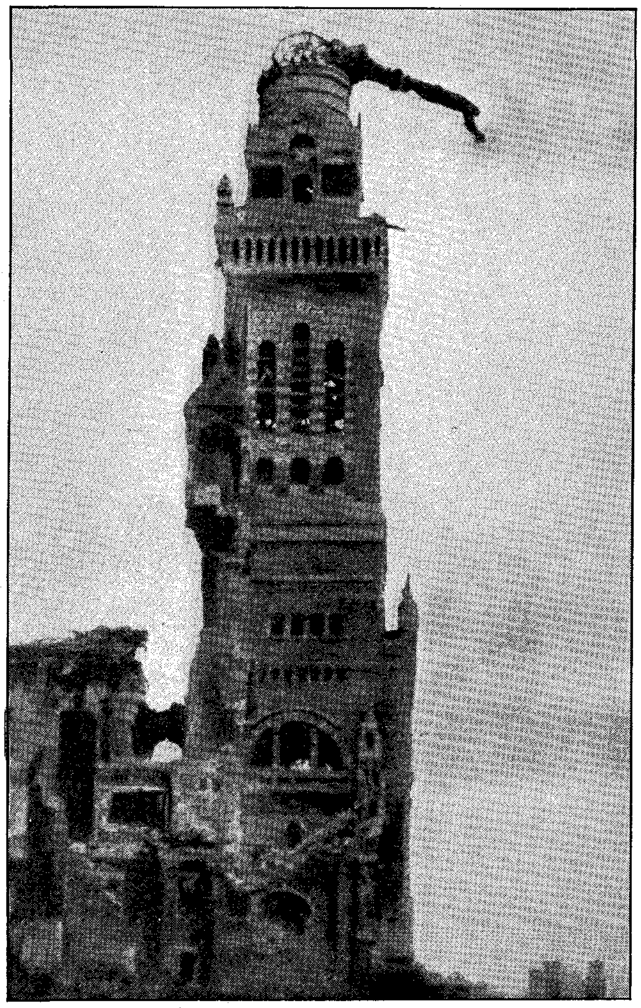
EUCKEN ON GERMANY'S NEW IDEALISM

THE APOSTLE of German idealism, Prof. Rudolf Eucken, discerns in the German people the rise of a loftier spirituality since the war began. All selfish impulses to action have been shorn away. The ideal of the State is deified. The Fatherland, he declares, presents itself not merely as a people and a government, but as a spiritual entity. Germany, he asserts, in spite of its marvelous growth, can not be charged with being ambitious of mere power. She has at heart the weal of the whole world as well as her own. Her *Kultur* is designed to serve all mankind as well as Germany, and he parallels some recently quoted words of the Kaiser in defining this ideal as something beyond the mere refinements of life. Badly as his country may feel herself used by the world outside her boundaries, her new idealism will help her still to feel generously toward her enemies; and she reposes trust upon her new possession to carry her through the overwhelming strife of war, which, we are again assured, was not of her seeking. Professor Eucken, in thus philosophizing the German point of view, gives in the *Illustrirte Zeitung* (Leipzig) what appears in hints and suggestions in many quoted interviews:

"The war befell us as an inevitable necessity. But we did not accept this necessity with sighs and groans. As soon as it happened, and fate became a fact, we did what we had to do and should do. We became transformed in our very souls. We did so the more readily because the highest imaginable stake is involved in this war. Neither this nor that point has set us at variance with our enemies; but our whole national and political being had become an offense to them. Therefore they would destroy us utterly, or abase us to the lowest degree; and therefore we find ourselves fighting for existence as a people. As the entire situation and the forces joined against us are both without precedent, so also is it impossible that any sufficient assistance should come to us as has happened in the past. We must stand quite by ourselves. We must evolve new means, collect new strength, and fortify ourselves from within. Then shall our life be freed from the chains of the past and be set wholly in the present. This present holds the past and future together for us, and will safeguard the good of days gone by while building the future on surer ground."

Professor Eucken calls attention to the new idealism that has entered into the life of Germany as a result of the war. The thought of the Fatherland to-day governs all action, and has attained an impressiveness never before known. More than ever before has this thought changed "from a mere abstraction into a reality of flesh and blood." This could happen only because the Fatherland means to the Germans "more than a mere assemblage of cognate peoples." It means more also than a mere structure of civil customs and arrangements. *Vaterland*, we read, means to the Germans "an inner coherence, embodying a special kind of spiritual life and being and an inner unity that lifts all its members above mere natural existence and invests them with new forces." Professor Eucken adds:

"As then the war for the Fatherland means war for the maintenance of our common and individual higher life, so there is tightly bound up with it concern for the safeguarding of our particular *Kultur*. From deepest conviction we dare say that for all the development of our great power, it is not the thought of might and conquest that is foremost in our minds. Rather, our prime consideration is to bring to complete fruition the special kind of spiritual life imparted to us by nature and enhanced in the course of events, thereby strengthening ourselves and serving the advancement of all humanity. Involving so high an aim, *Kultur* means more to us than the refinements of existence, more than a restoration of agreeable conditions of life and social intercourse. From our *Kultur* we hope for a real cultivation of life and strive for it from within out. Through it we would acquire a new bearing toward ourselves and toward the world. We would transform life more into real action, and by the reciprocity of deed and spirit attain to a self-contained *Kultur* that makes more of man and binds him more closely to things. Can we even try for so high a goal without a firm belief in the spiritual depths of reality and without the confident hope that mankind can gain it?"



HOLDING THE DIVINE CHILD OVER ALBERT.

The peculiar attitude of this statue on the tower of the Church of Notre Dame at Albert, in France, is the result of shell action; but, says a London weekly, in a flaming burst of anti-German indignation, "Miracle apart, the sight of this type of sacred motherhood holding out in her arms the infant Savior thus made a victim of destruction seems to symbolize the protest of Christendom against the German outrages committed upon its holy places."

With pride then Professor Eucken points to the fact that in all the efforts of the Germans for their own improvement there runs as incentive the wish to benefit humanity in the world at large. He admits regretfully that this humanity they would serve is not to be observed to-day in any part of the visible world; and adds that the calumny and slander to which the Fatherland is subject in these days can hardly tend to nourish German friendliness to the outside. Nevertheless he goes on to say that—

"If in spite of this state of things we would help humanity, it means that to us humanity is more than a collection of individuals and peoples. We behold in mankind the possessors of a spiritual life who through the course of universal history have risen to a new degree of reality as opposed to mere nature. We perceive behind the efforts and mistakes of mankind the working of a superior Power. Thus we can conceive an invisible, ideal humanity founded on the deepest coherence. For it alone can we continue to strive with patient courage, altho the visible humanity nowadays appears contemptible so often. Again, it is a firm belief in the creative sources of the truth and a mighty idealism that sustain and inspire us in our struggle. This idealism bridges all denominational distinctions of religion and holds us all together."

NEVADA'S SHAME IN CATHOLIC EYES

WOULD-BE DIVORCEES are relieved of half their troubles by the latest divorce enactment of the State of Nevada—one of the latest recruits to woman suffrage, by the way. That State, in the eyes of the New York *Freeman's Journal* (Catholic), has made February 23, 1915, "a black day of shame that has pilloried the Executive and the majority of the legislators of that State as willing to subordinate the sanctity of the home to mercenary considerations." The legal residence of one year has for a considerable time been demanded by Nevada of those who would invoke the otherwise easy provisions of her divorce laws. Formerly her period of probation was six months, and she tried the longer period with apparently disastrous results in her own as well as her visitors' patience. "The home-breakers who flocked to Reno from all parts of the country considered this requirement too onerous," says *The Freeman's Journal*. The agitation to reduce the demands upon the petitioners' patience was aided by hotel proprietors and shopkeepers of Reno, who are charged with arguing that an "easy divorce bill" would "help business." As the *Journal* proceeds:

"It was a case of filthy lucre versus the stability of homes, and lucre carried the day. The community which will be benefited, in a financial sense, by this unclean income is rejoicing over the prospect of the money that will flow into it in consequence of the breaking up of thousands of homes. The following press dispatch speaks for itself:

"'RENO, NEV., February 23.—Governor Boyle signed the "easy divorce bill" at 5.15 this afternoon, after waiting four days to take action since it passed both Houses.

"'The State, and particularly Reno, gave its first sigh of relief to-night and jubilation reigns.

"'The new bill amends the law so as to restore the residence requirement of six months instead of the one-year clause.

"'Its effects open the way immediately for the revival of the colony in Reno, and Reno is preparing for it.'

"'The State, and particularly Reno, gave its first sigh of relief to-night and jubilation reigns.' What a train of thoughts is started by these words. 'Jubilation reigns'—Why? Do they who are jubilating think for a moment of the thousands of orphaned children, of the homes made desolate, of the blasted lives of men and women who had solemnly plighted their faith to one another when they pronounced their marital vows? Do they think of the fatal blow struck at our country by the undermining of the very foundation of social order, namely, the family? If they do, they must, indeed, be heartless to rejoice over the prospect of adding to their wealth at such a cost to humanity."

This letting down of the bars, observes this Catholic paper, "should have the effect of calling attention once more to the moral gangrene that is eating its way into the vitals of the nation." For,

"At present there is in the United States one divorce for every twelve marriages. That statement of itself should have the effect of impressing all true lovers of their country with a sense of absolute need for curtailing the spread of the evil the State of Nevada is just now fostering. It is imperative that legislative restrictions on divorcement, instead of being relaxed, should be increased. It is too much to expect that all the States of the Union can take the Catholic view of the sanctity and indissolubility of the marital ties. At present South Carolina is the only State in which that view is enforced by statute law. When a South-Carolinian, whether a man or woman, plights his or her faith at the marriage ceremony, he or she knows that the law of South Carolina will insist that the persons so plighted shall carry out the marriage contract till death intervenes. No South-Carolinians are found in the Reno divorce colonies. These colonies would have no existence if the noble example set by the Palmetto State were followed by her sister Commonwealths.

"In the absence of such desirable imitation, the various States of the Union could make their laws relating to divorce far more stringent than they are at present. Catholics can be counted upon to help on that kind of work. Should the divorce question ever become a political one, Catholics, whatever might be their political affiliations, would be bound in conscience to vote against a political party favoring divorces made easy. It would be a case in which religious convictions would take precedence of party fealty."

METHODIST AND BAPTIST ATTACK ON NEW YORK'S MAYOR

THE SALOON QUESTION is the rock on which many a city administration in New York has split. Enforcement of the law antagonizes one element, non-enforcement alienates another, until the City Hall has become a graveyard of political reputations. Now Mayor Mitchel is being assailed by the Methodist and Baptist preachers of New York for his "persistent non-enforcement of the Sunday-closing feature of the excise law." The former call upon Governor Whitman to "use the power vested in him to give us relief from this infraction of one of the Ten Commandments and a plain statute of the State forbidding such Sunday sale." They add a commendation of a pending bill in the State Assembly forbidding the Sunday sale of intoxicating liquors in hotels as well as saloons. Mayor Mitchel is quoted by *The Christian Advocate* (New York) as saying that the men behind the protest are those who think that drink is the source of all sin. "I do not think so," is his retort, which calls forth this comment from the Methodist paper:

"You would imagine from the way he favors it that the fountain of all blessings, to be granted special favors, is the liquor traffic. The Mayor was off the question. The public does not care so much what he thinks about the sin or virtue of prohibition as it does about the sin of an officer who takes an oath to enforce a law and does not do so.

"The Mayor has proclaimed that he has stopt graft. Maybe so. If so, at what a price! That of giving the law to what is admitted to be the most lawless institution on the earth. Where does he get his authority for giving away the law? Does his conscience tell him that to sell the law by the police is a crime, and that to give it to the same men by him is a virtue to boast about publicly?

"Mr. Mitchel says he is enforcing the law as well as he can without injury to the human machines he has to work with. He means without giving the police the temptation to pillage the innocent saloon-keepers with graft. But how has the Mayor safeguarded the morals of the policeman by forbidding him to do his duty in detecting and punishing lawlessness and telling him that he will be cashiered if he shall attempt to do his manifest duty? One of the most demoralizing things about the situation is the assault the municipal head makes and has made for years on the conscience of the policeman who would gladly do his duty and close saloons on Sunday if he were not prevented from doing so. It is adding insult to injury for the head of the city, after having debauched the conscience of the police force by forbidding it to do its duty, cowardly to charge that the reason he could not enforce the law is that he has a police force so weak morally that he can not trust it, for fear it will be a source of temptation. Does the Mayor not know that there are two parties to the crime of graft? That if there were any deeper turpitude it would be with the saloon-keeper who tempts the officer with his blood-money. The Mayor acts as tho he were anxious to protect the virtuous saloon-keepers from the robbing policemen. If the Mayor really wants to stop graft, let him enforce the law. There could not then be a cent of graft in a year, and the morals of the saloon-keeper, of the policeman, and the head of the city could be better preserved."

The Baptist preachers seem even more militant than the Methodist and have threatened impeachment of Mayor Mitchel and the Police Commissioner if the Sunday liquor laws are not enforced. The Mayor is quoted by the New York *Evening Post* as saying:

> "These men with one idea can do more harm than good. The Police Department has more to do than to look after one phase of the liquor question. The Excise Law, I think, is being better enforced, progressively, than ever before. If these gentlemen kept their temper and their patience and offered constructive suggestions instead of criticism they would make themselves a useful force in the community. Fanaticism is always carried to extremes of this kind.
>
> "We can't be disturbed by this kind of thing. We've got to go ahead enforcing the law with the kind of human machines we have to operate."

Mayor Mitchel has announced that he would favor an excise law which would divide the city into districts and allow citizens of each district to vote on whether they should have complete prohibition, six-day selling of liquor, or seven-day saloons.

HOW THE RAILROAD Y. M. C. A. MAKES GOOD

THE ACID-TEST is applied to the Railroad Y. M. C. A. by an authoritative railroad organ which has conducted an inquiry among railroad officials to find if it is really "making good." Reading-rooms, clubs, and similar institutions set up by the railroads have been described at length in the magazines and newspapers, while the less spectacular but larger and more thoroughly established work of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. has been overlooked. This fact, says the editor of *The Railway Age-Gazette*, led him to look about for a reason, and to ask himself several questions. Has the Railroad Y. M. C. A. failed to live up to its high ideals? "Has the 'C' in the Y. M. C. A., standing for all it does in character-building and broad brotherly sympathy, given offense or narrowed the field of its work? Have the railways which have helped to support the institution been giving their money for something which has produced intangible results?" In short, he wondered whether the whole great movement had been really worth while. So it was decided to question railroad officials, and to investigate thoroughly the work on three typical Eastern railroads. As a result, it was found that the Railroad Y. M. C. A. has most decidedly made good, and the reasons for this conclusion are set forth at length in two successive issues of this important railroad journal.

Two questions were to be answered: "What is the Railroad Y. M. C. A. accomplishing?" and "Why can not the railroads handle the work to better advantage without assistance from an outside organization?" Taking up the second question first, it is pointed out that in many cases lodging and restaurant accommodations are required, and special conditions may call for unusual educational or recreation features. "In all cases it is necessary to maintain a reading-room, to carry on some educational work, to maintain Bible classes, attendance on which is entirely optional, and to keep in close personal touch with the men in order to help them to lead clean, upright lives so that they will be in such physical and mental condition at all times as properly to perform their duties and be a credit to the service." This means that a good railroad secretary must be a good financier, something of a promoter, something of a teacher, a successful religious leader, a diplomat, a man of agreeable personality, and a first-class executive. And he must be a man of sacrificial devotion to his work, since "secretaryships do not pay as much as men of this type could earn in other fields." So, "because the railroads are not in a position to secure, develop, and train these men and to supply the means of continued training and inspiration after they have entered the work, it is necessary to depend on the Railroad Y. M. C. A., which is so well fitted to perform this duty." Then there are the organization and the cooperation of the different local associations, and the consequent possibility of shifting workers to meet varying requirements. Furthermore, as the *Age-Gazette* writer quotes a Boston & Maine official, "a comparison of the typical railroad association with rest-rooms managed directly by the railroad company will show a marked difference in club spirit, or *esprit de corps*. For the association is governed by members "through their own board of managers or executive committee, and no member is permitted to forget that it is his association, and that his membership fee or any other contribution he may make toward its support is not a tax, but a participation in an enterprise of which he is a part"; while a company rest-room would be regarded simply as a company institution. These are some of the reasons why the railroad can not do the work better, or as well.

The writer goes on to point out some of the practical benefits of the Railroad Y. M. C. A., which led him to the conclusion that "the Railroad Y. M. C. A. gives a handsome return on a strictly business basis." Here is what the General Superintendent of the Lackawanna Railroad says:

> "It is a real asset to the railroad. It has raised the standard of the men and improved their condition by giving them an opportunity to spend the day or night at their lay-over point, away from their home terminal, amid proper surroundings, where good, plain food is furnished and clean sleeping-quarters are provided at low cost, and where their thoughts are turned in the right direction to have them lead better lives and to fulfil their duties to the public, to the railroad, to their coworkers, and to themselves and their families. I don't see how we could get along without the Railroad Y. M. C. A."

The General Manager of the Pittsburg & Lake Erie calls the Railroad Y. M. C. A. "one of the greatest factors for safety first on American railroads." Another official told the writer that he had never had a man on the carpet for missing a run or reporting late when he had spent the previous night in a Y. M. C. A. building. Others emphasized the value of the "get-together" feature of the association, enabling men in different kinds of railroad work to get acquainted with one another and the local railroad officials. Because of the Y. M. C. A. accommodations at lay-over points "it has been possible to attract a better class of men for trainmen and engineers." Several railroad officers pointed out that the men's standard of living had risen since the establishment of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. Here is a typical instance in this connection:

> "The road with which one secretary is connected hired a boomer fireman. He was dead broke, and the Y. M. C. A. people staked him for the first month by providing his meals and sleeping-accommodations on credit. He made a splendid record in his work, but at the end of the year, having saved up $100, was attacked by the *Wanderlust*. The Railroad Y. M. C. A. secretary had become interested in him and had been watching him closely. He persuaded him not to give up his job and thus lose his rights, altho in order to do this it was necessary to cultivate the man and keep in touch with him for a considerable length of time. Under the advice and inspiration which he received from the secretary he continued to save his money, and is now married and happily located. In many cases the secretaries have been instrumental in helping to patch up domestic and other difficulties, thus relieving the minds of the men of the worry which, if it had continued, would have seriously affected their efficiency."

Finally, there is the successful religious work of the association, carried on through Bible classes, religious meetings, and personal talks. As *The Age-Gazette* declares, "It is this feature that sets off the Railroad Y. M. C. A. in distinct contrast to the club-house or social clubs, and is responsible for its greater success and effectiveness."

REVIEWS - OF - NEW - BOOKS

PARIS UNDER THE COMMUNE

Vizetelly, Ernest Alfred. My Adventures in the Commune. Paris, 1871. With 24 illustrations. 8vo, pp. xv–368. New York: Duffield & Co. $4 net.

Mr. Vizetelly's intimate and graphic portrayal of cataclysmic epochs of contemporary France has won him distinction among writers who concern themselves with the events of our recent time. The intrinsic interest of his books would of itself commend his work to the general reader; but there must be set to his credit the additional qualification that he has actually seen and taken part in the drama he describes. In his former book, "My Days of Adventure," he recounted experiences in the Franco-Prussian War. The new volume is a sequel to this, tho complete in itself, and describes from the viewpoint of an eye-witness the catastrophe which befell Paris when, beleaguered by the victorious Germans and the army of MacMahon, it fell into the hands of anarchists, with the resulting enactment of such scenes as have not hitherto been seen even in France.

The story of the Commune has often been told, and its events are familiar; yet the narrative before us seems new. The abundance and richness of the material, the unique ferocity of the *dramatis personæ*, might excuse and almost warrant something of the sensational touch. Nothing of the sort appears in this narrative, whose author knows that the undraped fact is most impressive when the deepest things of humanity are in question. Simplicity and truth are the salient traits of Mr. Vizetelly's book. His sense of what is interesting is of the species known only to the journalist. Once a newspaper man, always a newspaper man, as Balzac says. The author at eighteen was a reporter and artist for the *Illustrated London News*, and had as an assignment the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune. He notes in his preface that when his present task was completed he had no thought of the great war which is now raging. "I have given expression," he writes, "respecting the overweening ambition of Germany. . . . I have never been under any illusions respecting the alleged peaceful sentiments of the German Emperor. I have not been at all surprized at the excesses and atrocities perpetrated by the German armies. When a man remembers what happened at Bazeilles, Châteaudun, and many other localities in 1870, he can not be astonished by any fiendishness on the part of Prussian, Bavarian, or any other German soldier." This expert on military savagery is a man of definite opinions and no neutral. He continues: "Napoleon said that under a Russian one found a Tatar. I have always held that under a German one usually finds a savage."

Mr. Vizetelly begins with a description of the *milieu* and an analysis of the soil and roots of that sinister flowering of anarchy known in history as the Commune. He knew personally several of the Communards, saw the orgies of the bloody week, actually beheld the fall of the Vendôme column, and saw the head of the bronze Napoleon roll in the dust. He made sketches for his paper while Paris was blazing, as unruffled, apparently, as the Roman emperor who rendered the famous violin sonata on a similar occasion. He felt the thrill and ghastliness of revolution as he gazed upon Paris undergoing her infernal transfiguration. He saw that frightful thing, Anarchy, enthroned in the seat of power, and his description of the City of Light transformed, as it were, into one of the circles of the Inferno is among the most vivid that we have seen.

A sort of infernal aureole surrounds the Commune. For the first time in history anarchy is permitted a brief triumph, and infamy attains its apotheosis. More sinister than the Terror, whose symbol is the Incorruptible in the shadow of the guillotine, the Commune faces and affrights history in the figure of a Gorgon with a *chevelure* of flame. The group of Communards as sketched by Mr. Vizetelly's graphic pen is in some respects an overmatch for the men of the Convention. The terrible consistory, headed by Rigault, which got control of Paris, proclaimed the Red Republic, and, for a time, held at bay the German invaders and MacMahon's army, is described in these pages with a wealth of incident and personal detail such as hitherto has not been available for English readers.

Mr. Vizetelly's gallery of the "Reds" is a real contribution to contemporaneous history. Also worthy of the attention of the student are the author's views regarding origins and causes. In his view there was nothing of the superficial in the movement. Its sources are found at the very heart of French politics. It was the old revolutionary spirit of 1789 protesting in the name of the people—the workers and the poor—against imperialism and the despotism of a class. The author's description of the women of the Commune awakens pity in the reader:

> "We were particularly struck by the awful expression in their faces. It was unnatural, a compound of savagery, revengefulness, despair, and ecstatic fervor. They had suffered more, often far more, than the men had suffered. Half starved, they had lost husbands killed in the fighting, children who had wasted away in thousands; despair, rancor, and hatred had mastered them; some were women of evil lives, but others had been happy wives and mothers. Many of them were now sheer furies."

REMOTE CAUSES OF THE WAR

Gibbons, Herbert Adams. The New Map of Europe. The Story of the Recent European Diplomatic Crises and Wars, and of Europe's Present Catastrophe. 8vo, pp. 412. New York: The Century Company. $2 net.

Mr. Gibbons was formerly professor of history at Robert College, Constantinople, but is perhaps better known as author of "The Foundation of the Ottoman Empire." He has frequently been a Constantinople correspondent of New York and other newspapers. His present work is an outcome of intimate knowledge of those European affairs which, early and late, have led to the present great war. If does not deal with a future recasting of the map of Europe, altho a glance at the title might give an impression that it does. There are twenty-one chapters in it, each of which deals with a separate phase of political and diplomatic events in Europe since the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. First comes an outline of German administration in Alsace-Lorraine. Ensuing chapters relate to the Bagdad Railway, affairs in Morocco, the partitioning of Persia, Turkey, and the Balkan States, Albania, the assassinations at Serajevo, and the declarations of war in 1914.

Professor Gibbons's sympathies, if apparent, are not made prominent, his attitude being somewhat detached. One feels, however, that his underlying feelings, or convictions, are favorable to the Allied cause. As to responsibilities for the war, he makes it clear that remote and indirect causes are as important in passing judgment as are the later and more direct ones. The German contention that Russia caused the war has in it, he says, "a great deal of reason." At the same time, Russia did not force the war; that was done by Germany. Whether Germany was justified in forcing it is a question which, he says, admits of "honest differences of opinion." Germany, however, in supporting Austria's ultimatum to Servia, "was not responding to the overt acts of an enemy." For years she had been waiting for a favorable moment, and having decided that the favorable moment had come "deliberately provoked the war." Early in August, 1914, war perhaps might have been avoided, but the only way in which this could have been done was "to allow Germany to make, according to her own desires and ambitions, a new map of Europe." The reader does not fail to see that Professor Gibbons, in making this statement, has reference to conditions as they then were; but a long train of rivalries and conflicts among the Powers were the remoter and more real causes of the conflict. Perhaps no book of the many already published on the war is so illuminating as this.

BELGIUM'S STAND AGAINST GERMANY

Sarolea, Charles. How Belgium Saved Europe. With a Preface by Count Goblet d'Alviela. 12mo, pp. 227. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.

Mr. Sarolea is the Belgian consul in Edinburgh. His book deals with the German invasion from a Belgian point of view and is put together in the form of a historical narrative. After introductory matter dealing with the Belgian people before the invasion, and with the position of Belgium in relation to the other European States, he takes up chapter by chapter the actual invasion, the attack on Liége, the destruction of Louvain, the siege of Antwerp, and other famous events of the war, closing with an account of conditions as they were after the German Army had passed through the country, and the problem of the suffering refugees. His contention implied in the title is based on his belief that German plans for aggression in Western Europe had for their main objective the acquisition of Belgium and Holland, which would have meant "the economic and political supremacy of Germany on the whole continent of Europe," and thus made her a "standing menace to the very existence of Great Britain as a State and an Empire." He is severe in criticism of the action of the French, at the outbreak of the war, in rushing troops to Alsace-Lorraine, instead of defending the Belgian frontiers. His account of the present condition of the country, as contrasted with what Belgium was—the happiest and busiest corner in Europe—is a moving one.

POE IN LIBRARY FORM

Poe, Edgar Allan, Collected Works of. Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and George E. Woodberry. 10 volumes, 8vo, illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Most readers familiar with editions of Poe are acquainted with the one that was prepared by Messrs. Stedman and Woodberry some twenty years ago. It was published in Chicago and widely recognized as the first adequate edition of Poe's ever published. Not only had the text been carefully supervised with reference to Poe's latest corrections, notably his corrections of the poems, of which he left a copy containing manuscript notes, but they added material not found in previous editions, compiled an extended and admirable memoir, and wrote critical and illuminating introductions for the several classes of writings that came from Poe. This original matter from the editors was notable for critical thoroughness and for the information it contained.

Since the disappearance of the Chicago house, the set has been printed by other houses with more or less infrequency until now the Messrs. Scribners, having acquired rights in the work, bring out an entirely new edition—new as to type, size of page, style of binding, etc. For the first time, therefore, the works of Poe are here presented in a form which represents, besides the most skilful editing and the best critical estimates, a typography and binding properly distinctive of, and creditable to, the fame of Poe. Mr. Stedman died several years ago, but Professor Woodberry still lives. A preface states that he carefully and minutely went over the text before the type was set again, making such typographical and other changes as had been called for in the intervening years. He also brought down to date the thorough bibliography that was a feature of the original edition.

AS TO HONEST BUSINESS

Fiske, Amos Kidder. Honest Business. 12mo, pp. 333. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

The author of this work is a journalist of wide experience in financial and trade problems. He takes his stand here on a principle often overlooked, that fairness and just dealing form the only basis of stability for the material, the mental, and the moral progress of the community. His views on the relations of capital and labor, of production and consumption, of wealth and poverty, of the rights and interests of the people individually and collectively, are clearly stated, and come with refreshing and convincing, sometimes even startling, power over the reader. At the present time, when we see the long-continued struggle still raging between capital and labor, when we see millionaires distributing with a lavish hand that which has been acquired by the efforts of other people, a moral question is at once propounded. Socialism, says this writer, is no remedy for inequity, but still there is a right and a wrong in fixing wages and prices.

The writer has condensed within a valuable work the dictates both of common sense and idealism. We commend its perusal to all earnest men who wish to learn what are the factors that control the organization of Honest Business and the principles that must rule those who direct it.

MORSE, THE INVENTOR

Morse, Edward Lind (Editor). Samuel F. B. Morse: His Letters and Journals. Two vols. 8vo, pp. 444–548. New York and Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $7 net.

The subject of this book was perhaps the greatest of all inventors in an era of the world's greatest inventions. He was born in Massachusetts in 1791 at a time when American universities were largely occupied in teaching what were called the Liberal Arts and Theology. It is one of the glories of Yale College that in this institution he received the first impulse toward the study of electricity. But his tastes at first were more inclined toward art, and for portrait-painting and historic pictures he received the acknowledgment of London art circles, and was admitted to the Royal Academy. On his return to New York, in 1825, he founded the National Academy of Design. In 1829 he was found studying the old masters in European galleries. He was compelled eventually to abandon the career of art and to return to his studies in science.

After many vicissitudes, after suffering disappointment, misrepresentation, and poverty, he established, in 1847, his right to be called the original inventor of the electromagnetic recording telegraph. He was hailed at home as well as by the European governments as the greatest genius in a line of investigation which had been begun by Benjamin Franklin. His electromagnetic system is now used in 95 per cent. of the telegraph-lines of the globe. The present work is in every way valuable, not only to electricians, but to all those who are interested in witnessing the successful struggles of a great man, whose intimate life is that of an American of the finest type. While the first volume treats of Morse's boyhood and early manhood and is interspersed with many charming letters, the second volume relates at some length the events preceding and following the invention of the electric telegraph. All the legal difficulties, aggravated as they were by Congressional indifference, followed by the rebuffs which the inventor suffered from England and France, are dwelt upon with a fulness which could only be possible when material, original and new, to the general public was within reach of the writer of this biography. The illustrations, consisting of portraits and reproductions of the original paintings of Morse, are noteworthy and numerous. We must not omit to mention the care, ability, and good taste shown by a son in writing the biography of his father and the finished character of the work with its ample index.

OTHER BOOKS WORTH WHILE

Ireland, Alleyne. Joseph Pulitzer. Reminiscences of a Secretary. 12mo, pp. 236. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.35 net.

The appearance of a second edition of Mr. Ireland's book of personal recollections of Mr. Pulitzer gives evidence of the appreciation with which the first was received. *It is a first-hand record*—based on personal knowledge of Mr. Pulitzer's mind and character, as derived from daily asso-

Repeated Blows

will bend and break the hardest iron.

Repeated doses of drugs will bend and break the strongest constitution. That is a fact for coffee drinkers to consider!

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ciation with him during many months just preceding the close of his life. Mr. Ireland saw, as so many others have seen in Mr. Pulitzer, a man of extraordinary faculties, limited in later years by blindness, but otherwise in full activity to the last. Mr. Ireland knew him in his home in New York, his home in Bar Harbor, his home on Jekyl Island, his yacht at sea, and in foreign places, chiefly the Mediterranean, where Mr. Pulitzer frequently sojourned. There is something about the book quite unlike any other volume of personal recollections that readers will recollect. The chief impression it makes is one of the amplitude and penetration of Mr. Pulitzer's mind, and along with this a personality extremely interesting and frequently most delightful.

Wickware, Francis G. (Editor). The American Year-Book. A Record of Events and Progress, 1914. 8vo, pp. 862. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This annual handbook, now familiar on many shelves, has reached its fifth issue. A few minor changes have been made in the general plan as a result of suggestions and reflection. Active assistance in its preparation was obtained from many learned and scientific minds, the contributors numbering 122. Among them are many persons of eminence, and all are to be regarded as experts in their several fields. The volume is arranged under topics, but not alphabetically. An exhaustive index of fifty pages assists the reader in finding the particular information he seeks.

Who's Who in 1915. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.75 net.

The present edition of this indispensable work marks the sixty-seventh year of its publication. If it has grown no thicker, that is because a thinner kind of paper is used. The actual additions in names are many. The work has been the parent of many similar enterprises, and still holds its place as a model for all others.

Thomas, George C., Jr. Practical Book of Outdoor Rose-Growing for Home Gardens. With 96 plates in color, charts, and half-tones. Pp. 158. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company.

This book does not pretend to be a complete scientific treatise on the rose. It was compiled for the average amateur rose-grower in the climate of the Middle Atlantic States, and aims to supply a concise work on the best outdoor roses for such climate with practical working rules for their culture. The author has realized his intentions admirably. He has given plain and carefully thought out rules which have proved successful in actual practise, has given a list of roses which have been systematically tried for years in testing beds, and has furnished ninety-six illustrations in color reproducing the varieties tested. Practical information is given clearly and definitely. The profuse illustrations are beautiful and a delight in themselves. The author goes directly to his subject, handles it with authority, and does not confuse the reader with unnecessary or irrelevant matter.

Eberlein, H. D., and McClure, Abbot. Practical Book of Period Furniture. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company. $5.

We can imagine the delight with which a lover or collector of antique furniture will welcome this book. It is fascinating to the ordinary reader, and must be more so to a connoisseur. If we care to read between the lines, the book will give us a vigorous commentary on the economic history and

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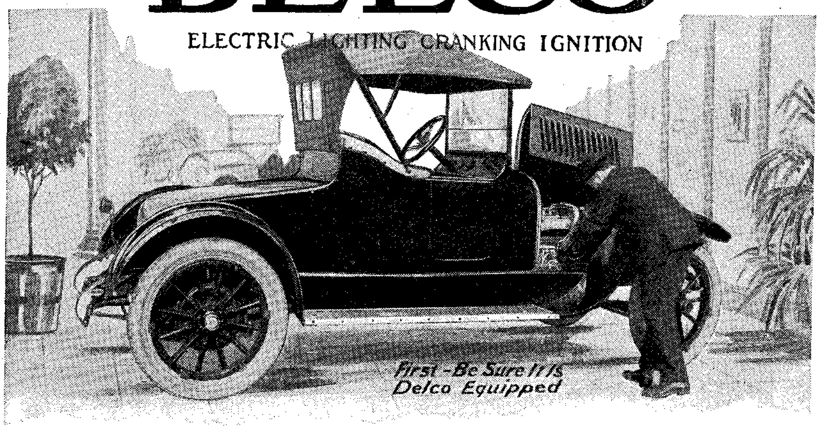
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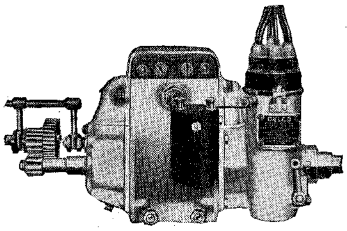

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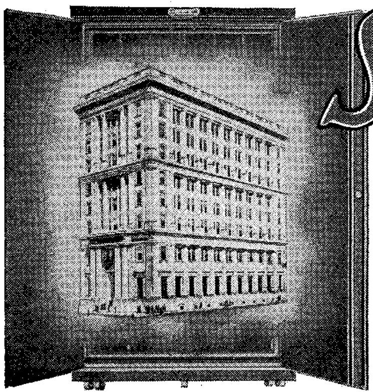

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Goepp, Philip H. Symphonies and Their Meaning. Pp. 356. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company. $2 net.

This is the third in a series of three volumes on "Symphonies and Their Meaning." The first two surveyed the whole field of representative classic compositions, showing the intention of the composer, and, if possible, his underlying motive. The third and present volume deals with modern symphonies and, as "criticism of contemporary art is really a kind of prophecy," the author is silent where he can not praise. "Throughout the realm of art," we are told, "the idea is greater than the poet, the whole art more than the artist, therefore a critical work on modern art can not hope to bestow a crown of laurels among living masters; it must be content with a view of active tendencies." This is a book not only for study, but for frequent reference, a book to keep within easy reach and with which to understand the meaning of the composer and his methods of expression. Besides the general analysis of special symphonies, such as Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet," Tschaikowsky's "Manfred," Debussy's "Sea," Saint-Saëns's "Danse Macabre," and Richard Straus's "Don Juan," excerpts are given from the scores and explanations of special orchestration, the choice and meaning of certain instruments, and the significance of the combination of unusual harmonies. Naturally more or less technical, the book is clearly and interestingly written.

Cartwright, Julia. Italian Gardens of the Renaissance. Pp. 292. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Most of the gardens described in these pages having perished, they live only in the writings of Renaissance humanists. "But the enthusiasm for beauty and the ardent love of Nature which inspired their creators are themes of which the scholar and poet never tire." Many attractive illustrations add charm to literary sketches, with quotations from the poets in praise of Nature's beauties, well chosen and satisfactory. We read of Petrarch and Boccaccio, who in inimitable pages describe famous gardens. Both were living when the dawn of new learning was breaking and "the morning did strew roses and violets on the heavenly floor, against the coming of the sun." It was in the fifteenth century, when men and women were bent on enjoying life in all fulness, that there was a great outburst of garden-making. One great charm of Renaissance gardens was the skilful manner in which nature and art were blended. The author describes eloquently the gardens of Northern Italy, and incorporates into her description valuable and interesting historical facts about famous men and women connected with them. The most fascinating of all are the chapters on Papal Rome, the "City of Gardens," those of Sallust and Lucullus, the public gardens bequeathed to the people by Julius Cæsar, the villa of Mæcenas, and the architectural wonders designed by Bramante, who transformed the Vatican. The Belvidere Courts and Raffael's Villa are now the most desolate part of Rome, but the magic of Raffael's genius clings to the forlorn places and lends them immortal charm. The gardens of Venice, the certosa of Florence, and the Convent of Vernia (seldom visited by travelers) offer wonderful attractions. Any one familiar with the history of Italy and her great men will find untold delights in this book.

McElroy, Robert McNutt. The Winning of the Far West. With Illustrations and Maps. 8vo, pp. x-384. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1914. $2.50.

Professor McElroy's book, which the publishers tell us is a continuation of Theodore Roosevelt's "Winning of the West," is devoted chiefly to the acquisition of our great Southwest by conquest and purchase from Mexico and contains satisfactory chapters on Oregon and Alaska. The writer is a firm believer in this nation's "manifest destiny" westward. He sympathizes with those who held in the 30's and 40's that the annexation of Texas was simply the regaining of territory belonging to us by right of the Louisiana Purchase of 1803. In fact, the only new light which Professor McElroy throws upon this much-discust period in our history is the account of Andrew Jackson's attitude toward and influence on the movement to acquire Texas. When Congress took the final affirmative action on the annexation, Sam Houston rode straight to the Hermitage to thank Jackson in person, but just too late to find him alive. Tho Professor McElroy finds much to commend in President Polk's attitude on the Texan and Mexican questions, he does not refrain from severe criticism of his executive acts during the war, particularly his relations to Generals Taylor and Scott. Altogether this history loses by its brevity, being necessarily superficial. The story of the negotiations and war with Mexico is much more completely told in Mr. Rives's recent book on the subject. Yet Professor McElroy deserves our thanks for filling this particular gap in the history of American expansion.

Stoddard, T. Lothrop. The French Revolution in Santo Domingo. 8vo, pp. 410. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

The history of Toussaint l'Ouverture is the history of a great racial catastrophe. This history has never been told with impartiality until the present writer took it in hand. He has produced a masterly monograph on the West-Indian Revolution, in which the figure of the first black ruler of Haiti played so prominent a part. At the present moment the subject Dr. Stoddard undertakes to treat is of peculiar interest because it relates to that "conflict of color" which has become of such living interest on our own Pacific coast, in South Africa and Australia. Santo Domingo at the latter end of the eighteenth century was the

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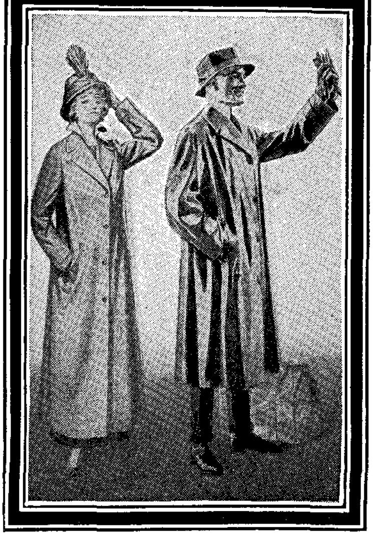

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finest of European colonies. By the beginning of the nineteenth century the resident white population of some forty thousand souls was completely annihilated; even the mulatto caste was made subject to the negroes under their black leader, Toussaint l'Ouverture. English writers are frequently inclined to represent the first black ruler as an object of sympathy, for at that time France and England eyed each other with hostility, and Napoleon was instrumental in accomplishing the downfall of the negro leader.

As a matter of fact, very little is known of Toussaint's personality. He was, indeed, the chief figure in that revolution which erased the finest of European colonies from the map of white possessions and initiated the black republic of Haiti, but "unfortunately," says Mr. Stoddard, "it seems improbable that the mists enveloping his personality will ever be cleared away." It is bare justice to this author to declare that he has done his best to present as clear a picture as possible of the characters and events which ushered in the Haiti Republic.

Hudson, W. H. The Man Napoleon. Crown 8vo, pp. 242. With 16 illustrations in color. New York: T. Y. Crowell Co. $1.50 net.

The writer of these pages has, he hopes, made it abundantly clear that his own feeling about Napoleon "is not admiration, but aversion, not unmingled with both pity and contempt." These words occur on the final page of Professor Hudson's book, and they make one ask just why it should have been written. Professor Hudson quotes from all the latest students of Napoleon, Lord Rosebery, Holland Rose, and Arthur Lévy, but certainly adds nothing new himself. Considered as a boy's book (and the attractive colored illustrations suggest that it is not intended for grown readers) it may find an appreciative public, for tho it is quite conventional in treatment it tells a story that never grows old.

Ross, Edward Alsworth, Ph.D., LL.D. The Old World in the New. Illustrated. Maps and appendix. Pp. 327. New York: The Century Company. $2.40 net.

Professor Ross, as an authority on sociology, in this book gives the reader valuable data on the immigration question, and a convincing argument in favor of some form of restriction. Beginning with the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, he traces the various waves of immigration from the convicts shipped to Maryland to the hordes of Slavs from Southern Europe. In consecutive order he treats the Huguenots, the Germans, the Scotch-Irish, the Celtic Irish, the Scandinavians, Italians, Slavs, the Eastern European Hebrews, and the lesser immigrant groups—Finns, Magyars, etc., and discusses the economic, political, social, and racial aspects and consequences of the influx. With regard to the question of restrictive legislation, which he evidently thinks is an imminent necessity, he says that the Jews, altho only a seventh of our net immigration, led the fight on the Immigration Commission's Bill. "The power of a million Jews in the metropolis lined up the Congressional delegation from New York in solid opposition to the literacy test." And again: "In order to admit their brethren from the [Russian] Pale, the brightest of the Semites are keeping our doors open to the dullest of the Aryans."

The padrone system, by which the master keeps thousands of boys in bondage in the shoe-shining establishments of our large cities, comes in for very strong condemnation. The work displays the result of a vast research into the whole question, and should be studied by every citizen who has the welfare of our country at heart. Numerous photographic illustrations show the various types of immigrants, and shaded maps give a comprehensive view of their distribution throughout the country. An appendix contains tables of the annual immigration from 1820 to 1914, the total number of immigrants by decades, the increase of foreign-born population by decades, the foreign-born in United States in 1910 (by countries), and other instructive matter.

San Severino, Baron Bernardo Quaranta di. Italy's Foreign and Colonial Policy. A translation of Senator Tommaso Tittoni's speeches. Pp. 334. Index. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 7s. 6d. net.

This work on Italy's foreign and colonial policy, which is practically a political history of one of Italy's greatest statesmen—Senator Tittoni—is written by Baron di San Severino with full knowledge. Senator Tittoni has held some very high positions in the Italian service—Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Ambassador to France, and his political program has consisted, in his own words of "Fidelity to the Triple Alliance, Friendship for France, and Friendship for England."

This policy of "carrying water on both shoulders" has been very often a delicate operation, but the "fine Italian hand" of Senator Tittoni has been marvelously shown in the past. The policy of strict neutrality which his country has thus far shown in the present Titanic struggle shows that his work has not been entirely in vain. Perhaps the most interesting declaration, in view of the situation which has now arisen in Europe is that of the Hon. Guicciardini in Parliament on February 23, 1903, in which he said: "Our interests are in that part of the Balkans which lies by the Adriatic Sea. We must not have any ambition of territorial occupation, but we can not allow that either at Skutari, Durazzo, or Valona be hoisted the flag of one of the Great Powers."

A very interesting part of the book consists of speeches by the Hon. Tittoni regarding Italy's policy with respect to emigration to North and South America, which display the efforts that the Italian Government has made and is making for its citizens who have taken up their residence in the United States, the Argentine Republic, and Brazil. The section devoted to Italy's colonial policy deals very largely with Italian Somaliland. Careful reading of Senator Tittoni's speeches will go far toward the clearing up of many matters of which the people of both Great Britain and America have previously had only a superficial impression.

Comrie, John D. Black's Medical Dictionary. Illustrations. Pp. 858. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50 net.

This is the fifth edition of this popular work, the first having been issued in 1906. The subjects treated cover almost the entire field of medical practise. Apart from its general value it should prove of considerable use to ship-captains and others in places where it is difficult to secure medical assistance.

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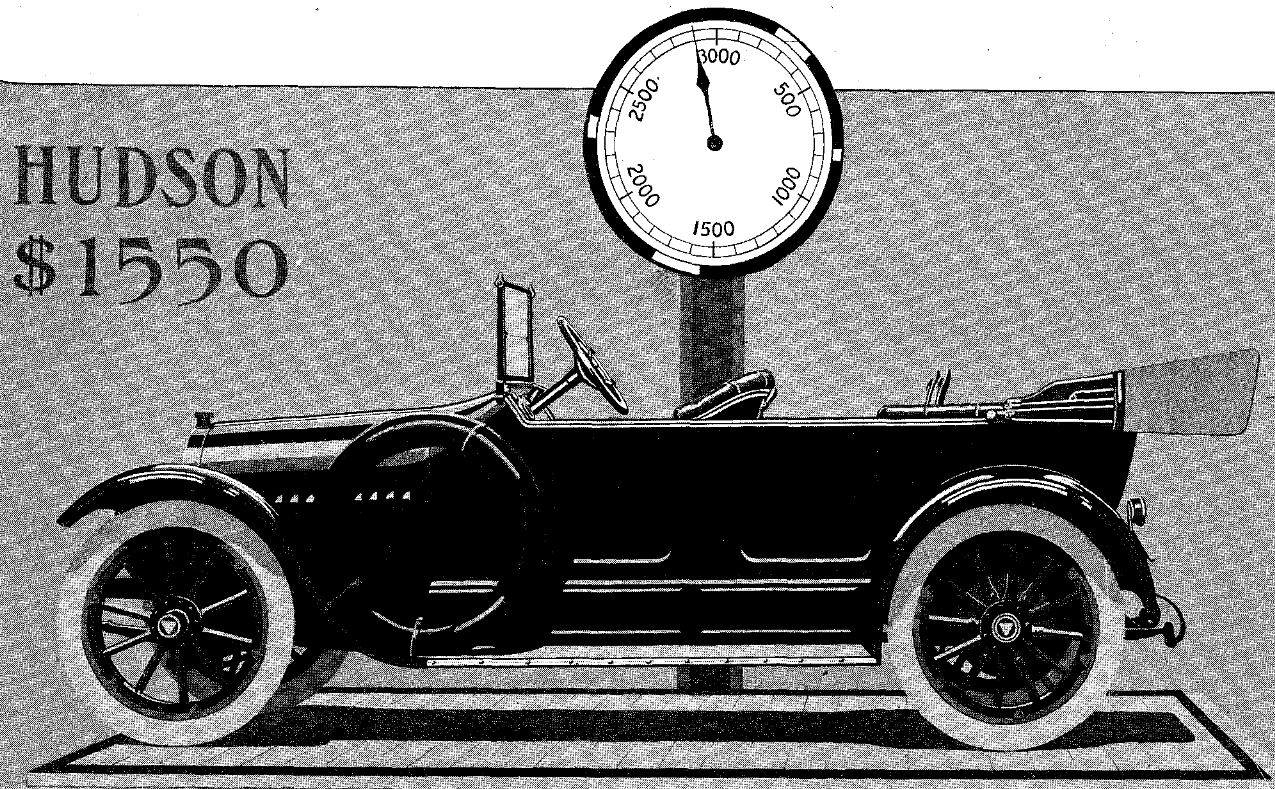

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CURRENT POETRY

NEVER before were there so many pleasant, well-phrased, melodious poems written as there are to-day, and at no other time has there been such a dearth of really distinguished poetry. A few years ago it seemed likely that Messrs. John Masefield and Wilfrid Gibson were to be the leaders of a renascence of the long narrative poem, but it now seems that this expectation was destined to be disappointed.

The slightness of most contemporary verse renders especially remarkable this achievement of Mr. R. L. Gales. Poems by this deft and whimsical versifier have frequently appeared in these columns, quoted from the London *Spectator*, *The Vineyard*, and other English periodicals. Excellent as these were, they did not indicate that Mr. Gales had it in him to make such a valuable contribution to literature as "David in Heaven," the title-poem of his new book, published by Simpkins Marshall, Hamilton Kent & Company. The publication of this poem is a literary event. It is full of lovely fancies, it is passionate, imaginative, and well-sustained. Its music and color, as well as its skilfully introduced archaisms of phrase, suggest Rossetti's "The Blessed Damozel."

DAVID IN HEAVEN

By R. L. Gales

Where in white the Saints see Light,
Glad past all desiring,
The delight of that great Sight
Is their food and firing;
Day nor night knows no respite
Of their blissful quiring.

There, intent on merriment,
All the blessed and saved,
Innocent and penitent,
Who their stoles have laved
With consent for their content
Sing the Psalms of David.

Long-time dwellers in God's House
Sing with each newcomer,
Where the many swallows make
All the endless summer.

All day long to harp and song
David's heart is dancing,
Of Our Lady and Our Lord
Singing and romancing.

In sweet fields of Paradise,
In green gardens shady,
Flowering crest of Jesse's Tree
David sees Our Lady:
Now to praise Our Lady's Child
David's heart is ready.

She the Lily, she the Rose,
Has for carpet of her bowers
Periwinkles and gillyflowers;
She has music where she goes,
Lute and harp and dulcimer,
Singing spirits wait on her,
David is the chorister
Of her glories, joys, and woes,
Learned clerk or Latiner
Never knew, as all aver
To praise her as David knows.

She the Royal Merchant's ship
Has brought her Food from far,
From the weeping earthly lands
Where pierced hearts and wounded hands
And red garments are.
On a harp of seven strings
David tells of those old things.

Blithe the wind and blithe it blows
As a-hawking David goes,
David lets his falcons fly
At their sacred Quarry high;
Swift and straight they upward dart
Winged with praise to strike God's Heart.

David's praises are like bees,
Heaven is like a singing hive
With their murmur all alive
In the flower-time of lime-trees.

David's glee is like the sea,
Great and wide and fair and free;
All the heavenly mariners
In those waters taking ship
See Leviathan at play
In a calm and glassy bay,
See God's wonders in that deep
That the moving Spirit stirs.

For the joy and gladness
That no words can tell,
David sings the old words
Known on earth so well,
"Alleluia," sings David,
David sings "Noel."

David sees his Son and God
David harps adoring,
For the worth of the great Birth
All his soul outpouring.
David, in his endless youth
Always white and ruddy,
Makes the God he sees in truth
All his song and study.

Leaping, harping, singing still
He ascends the holy hill
To the longed-for dwelling.
Light and truth have led him where
He beholds the Beauty fair
Beyond mortal telling.

All his garments as he goes
Smell of musk and orris,
He has roses in his shoes
For the heavenly morris.
Change and chime of tune and rime
Never fail nor falter,
His feet trip without a slip
Going to the altar.

David's Psalms to David's Son
All saints sing together
With the birds of God unshent
Of a single feather,
Pilgrims know those songs full well
Who with staff and scallop shell
Quickly haste upthither.

David's pride is deep and wide
That by them is given
The old mirth he made on earth
As the praise of Heaven.

Storms that once went over him
All their waves and billows,
Israel's harp that once was hung
On the alien willows,
The kiss of Ahitophel
And his foes' derision,—
All seem but a little thing
In the Blessed Vision.

For time spent in banishment,
For all toil and trouble,
Tears and fears of earthly years,
David now has double.
The renown of David's town
More than royal robe and crown
With two joys arrays him,
Joying through eternal days
In the Son whom the Saints praise
And the Psalms that praise Him.

Here is one of the most vividly colorful bits of romance to appear in an American magazine for many a month. It appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*. Austin Dobson could have touched the subject with artistry no more delicate and sure. It deserves to be illustrated by Sorolla or Zuloaga.

SUNSET BALCONIES

By Thomas Walsh

For me no winter twilight falls
But brings a dream of gold,
Since well I know their dear white walls
Are gleaming as of old;

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

One Firm One Service One Guarantee
back of every J-M Automobile Accessory.

J-M Mezger Soot-Proof SPARK PLUG

Soot Cannot Affect Its Sparking Power

Soot has absolutely no chance to weaken the spark or cause a short-circuit in a J-M (Mezger) Soot-Proof Spark Plug. Double chamber construction prevents this.

The porcelain insulator is specially made to resist extremes of temperature without cracking. All joints are absolutely gas-tight and leak-proof. Two unit design makes disassembling easy. For 14 years this plug has been rendering the highest type of satisfactory service on cars and motorcycles of every make.

Look for the "J-M" on the porcelain. At all good dealers. Price 75 cents.

Write for booklet

CARTER CARBURETOR

Cuts Fuel Bills
—without Sacrificing Power

We guarantee the Carter Carburetor to save at least 10% of your fuel, not, however, at the expense of your power.

You get *more* power, not less. And *more* flexibility than you ever enjoyed before—flexibility that insures perfect acceleration, that allows you to throttle down to 4 miles and jump to 40 without "loading," without change of gears and without a miss.

Any J-M Service Branch will install the Carter on your car. If after 30 days' trial you are not completely satisfied, return the carburetor and we will return the purchase price. Sizes for all cars. Special outfit for Ford cars at $17 complete.

Write today for booklet

OTHER J-M AUTO ACCESSORIES

Long Horn, Johns-Manville Shock Absorber, J-M Auto Clock, J-M Non-Burn Brake Lining, J-M Non-Blinding Lens, J-M Tire Pump, J-M Packings and S. A. E. Gaskets, J-M Automobile Tape, "Noark" Enclosed Fuses, J-M Fire Extinguisher, G-P Muffler Cut-Out.

Write for booklets 3036A

H.W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
296 Madison Ave., New York
47 Branches and Service Stations in All Large Cities

The U.S. Mint Philadelphia
Continental Motors
America's Standard

Continental World-Wide Uniformity

DAY after day, year after year, a ceaseless stream of currency issues from the United States mint.

In each series all pieces are identical. There must not be the slightest variation, because based on this unfailing uniformity rests the structure of the nation's business.

The product of the mint is the standard measure for all value.

Continental Motors

Day after day, year after year, a constant stream of motors issues from the Continental factories.

In each series all pieces are identical. There must not, there cannot, be the slightest variation, because based on this unfailing uniformity rests Continental prestige among 128 great motor car and motor truck manufactories, and the positive service that 150,000 motorists have bought and paid for.

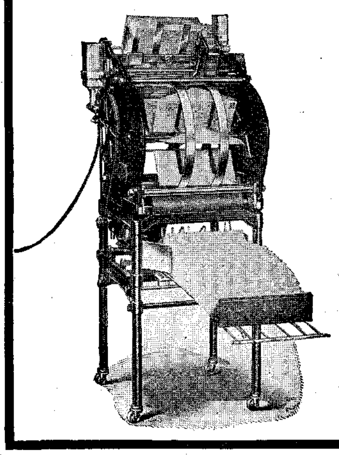
The product of the Continental is the standard—the *gold standard*—of motordom. Insist upon a Continental Motor in the next car or truck you buy.

Continental Motor Mfg. Co.
Detroit, Mich.

Cuts mailing cost in two

Pence Mailing Machine

Over Two Years of Proven Superiority



Seals Envelopes

Affixes Stamps

Give us some idea of how many letters you mail and we will give you actual figures proving how much **time** and **money** we can save you. Sold on test—ask for demonstration—write today for Free Booklet—no obligation on your part.

PENCE MAILING MACHINE CO.
Dept. D-9 MINNEAPOLIS
CHICAGO 1420 Lytton Bldg. ST. LOUIS 302 Chestnut St. NEW YORK 3715 Woolworth Bldg.

I know that down arcaded square
And narrow street they still are there,
  Dolores, Pilar, Mercedes,
  Reclining in the balconies.

Mercedes, who belies the name
  Of her sweet patroness renowned
As Queen of Mercies, shrined in flame,
  At Barcelona crowned;
And Pilar, little face of rose,
Whose Virgin on the pillar glows
  At Saragossa; there they rest,
  Their dark eyes golden with the west.

Tho seven swords of silver press,
  In high Granada's shrine,
Her velvet-mantled patroness
  Of Mother-Grief divine,
Dolores only smiles to scan
The sunset on her spangled fan,
  Whose sparkle lights again the grace
  That memory treasures of her face.

Many of our poets are revolutionists of one sort or another, but they seldom give worthy expression to their convictions. They are too eager to shock their readers to bother with the attempt to convince them. Here is an exception—a poem in *The Masses* that is violently radical, and yet really a work of art. Miss Widdemer's method is somewhat similar to that of the Rudyard Kipling of many years ago. Few readers of "God and the Strong Ones" will be reminded of its author's most famous work, that idyllic novel called "A Rose-Garden Husband."

GOD AND THE STRONG ONES

By Margaret Widdemer

"We have made them fools and weak!" said the Strong Ones:
  "We have bound them, they are still and deaf and blind,
We have crusht them in our hands like a heap of crumbling sands,
  We have left them naught to seek or find:
They are quiet at our feet!" said the Strong Ones,
  "We have made them one with stone and clod;
Serf and laborer and woman, they are less than wise or human—"
  "*I can raise the weak*," saith God.

"They are stirring in the dark!" said the Strong Ones,
  "They are struggling, who were moveless as the dead,
We can hear them cry, and strain hand and foot against the chain,
  We can hear a heavy upward tread—
Yet what if they have stirred?" said the Strong Ones,
  "What if they have moved beneath the rod?
Fools and weak and blinded men, we shall tread them down again—"
  "*Shall ye conquer Me?*" saith God.

"They will trample us and bind!" said the Strong Ones:
  "We are crusht beneath the blackened feet and hands!
All the strong and fair and great they will crush from out the State,
  They will whelm it like the weight of sands—
They are witless and are blind!" said the Strong Ones,
  "There is black decay where they have trod—
They will break the world in twain if their hands are on the rein—"
  "*What is that to Me?*" saith God.

"*Ye have made them in their strength, who were Strong Ones,*
  Ye have only taught the blackness ye have known;
These are evil men and blind? Ay, but molded to your mind!
  How can ye cry out against your own?
Ye have hid the light and love I have given
  From the muddied ways where they must plod,
Ye have builded this your lord with the lash and with the sword—
  Reap what ye have sown!" saith God.

WITH
FISK
SERVICE

FISK TIRES

WITH
FISK
SERVICE

New Low Prices

OUR bigger volume and increased distribution make it possible for us to put into effect this great reduction and yet maintain the same Fisk Quality.

Here Is The New Standard for Tire Values

Size	Plain Tread Casing	Non-Skid Casing	Tubes
3 x 30	$ 9.00	$ 9.45	$2.35
3½ x 30	11.60	12.20	2.70
4 x 33	19.05	20.00	3.85
4 x 34	19.40	20.35	4.00
4½ x 36	27.35	28.70	5.20
5 x 37	32.30	33.90	6.25

"If You Pay More Than Fisk Prices You Pay For Something That Does Not Exist"

Quality
At Quantity Prices

Fisk Tires can now be bought at a price which makes them the logical equipment for the low-priced car.

The maintenance of their unexcelled quality will continue them as the choice for the more luxurious limousine or touring car.

Both classes of cars may now profit from our varied line with its exceptional mileage results and all-around satisfaction in use.

Fisk Tires and
Fisk Service—Inseparable

The efficiency and completeness of the Fisk Service Organization is a revelation to a man when he first uses Fisk Tires. *In the tire industry our service policy is unique.*

The personal interest and individual attention displayed to make every detail of a transaction satisfactory to the tire user, puts our service in a class by itself.

We shall in the future, as in the past, constantly endeavor to build our business on the satisfaction of our tire users.

All Dealers Sell Fisk Tires

THE FISK RUBBER COMPANY

Factory and Home Office **Chicopee Falls, Mass.**

Fisk Branches with Direct Fisk Service in All Principal Cities

Trade Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Time to Retire?
(Buy Fisk)

Why you should co

If you believe in looking well before you leap—if you belong to that practical class which desires to know fully about any proposition before investing—then there is much in this advertisement that will appeal to your common sense.

If you are going to buy a motor car this spring, a careful reading of what is written here will be of invaluable assistance in enabling you to establish values.

Consider the Company Behind the Cars

There are a number of unimpeachable reasons why you should consider the three Chalmers Sixes—the New Six-40 at $1,400—the Light Six-48 at $1,650—and the Master Six-54 at $2,400.

The first is the company itself. For seven years the Chalmers Motor Company has been building motor cars ranked first among the medium priced cars in America.

For two years Chalmers Sixes have led all medium priced Sixes in volume of sales. Over 40,000 Chalmers cars are now in actual operation.

This success must be ascribed to the fact that the American people do appreciate quality—and that they find it—in superlative measure—in Chalmers Sixes.

The 7,500 to 10,000 cars we now build each year are sold to people who believe in buying quality as sound business practice—who cannot be touched by the temptations of a slightly cheaper price.

Chalmers Sixes Are Chalmers Built

To keep our faith with Chalmers owners—to make absolutely certain that our standards never deviate—we manufacture every essential part of every Chalmers car in our own great plant. We build our motors, transmissions, axles—practically everything that becomes part of the finished car.

This policy results in many manufacturing efficiencies and economies favorable to the purchasers of Chalmers cars.

For instance—by buying in quantities sufficient for our year's output we get rock bottom prices. Our financial strength enables us to discount every bill. The high development of our organization of over 4,000 men enables us to attain many economies in labor and time. And because we are in business to stay we have ever been content with a small margin of profit per car—in fact, less than that taken by many companies selling cars priced at half our prices.

Chalmers Motor Co. Detroit, Mich. U.S.A.

Quality First

We have never lost a sale to anyone who has gone through our shops and seen Chalmers cars in the making. We feel very certain in saying that you, too, would be content only with a Chalmers Six could you but visit this plant.

Expert mechanics—men of the highest standing in their particular field—have told us that the Chalmers plant is the best equipped automobile factory in the country. Some of the labor saving machinery we have is exclusively Chalmers—invented by our own men.

Chalmers Sixes Are Never Over-priced

We have never priced them with a view to allowing our dealers such a large discount that they, in turn, could make larger discounts for old cars. The prices of our cars are based upon their being sold for cash—not upon the basis of taking old cars in trade.

A mistake often made by buyers is to allow the amount they may get for the old car to outweigh the consideration of the new car.

First decide if the price of the new car you want is right—then get what you can for your old car.

If you have an old car to trade in our dealers will allow you whatever the market is on the old car.

It is better for you to accept less for the old car and get a car of Chalmers quality and value than to take a new car of less real value—a car originally over-priced to enable a big allowance—and accept a larger allowance.

Our dealers are always glad to give you all they can get for your old car and not charge you anything for disposing of it.

Another thing to get clear in your mind before deciding on any car is its ***real*** price.

After all, the real price of any car is not what you pay when you get it but ***what you pay while you have it***—the upkeep cost for service.

The car of expensive upkeep cost is the ***real high-priced car.***

Figured this way Chalmers cars are the lowest priced cars—for they are most economical cars where economy counts big—in the matter of repairs. Their cost for service season after season is lowest.

Here's Why Chalmers Sixes Are So Economical

A good deal has been said about ***what is*** and ***what is not*** motor car economy. You may have been told that it is in oil saving or in gasoline saving. But such saving isn't real economy although both are desirable. For oil is a negligible expense and there is little difference in a season's gasoline cost between any two cars of similar size and power on the market.

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Remember—we can build Chalmers cars lighter—and make greater profit per car—for steel costs money.

Consider the wheels—with spokes 1¾ inches in diameter—built of the best hickory. Would you want them less strong—less safe?

Would you want the transmission lighter? the frame lighter?—the springs lighter?—the steering gear lighter?

Every time you lighten one of these main factors of safety you take a chance. Our engineers know this—and they refuse to allow you—any Chalmers owner—to take such chances.

Chalmers cars are built right weight—neither too light nor too heavy. They are strong and sturdy enough to give thousands and thousands and thousands of miles of service.

They are strong enough and heavy enough to give you the greatest riding comfort and—bear this in mind—*comfort in riding is made possible only in a car heavy enough to take rough places without a jar or shock.*

To prove this—drive a so-called light weight "Six"—the same car that whirled so easily and smoothly over the boulevards—for a hundred mile stretch of country roads.

Then take a Chalmers car over the same route. That will end all argument.

Chalmers Sixes
Are Rightly Balanced

Third—Chalmers cars have proper balance. The load is proportioned with marvelous engineering skill.

The rear axle carries just the right amount. The front axle—drop forged and of great strength—is not overburdened.

Moving parts are adjusted with absolute accuracy. The most delicate instruments known to science—measuring to 1-1000 of an inch—establish the trueness of alignment of parts. The racking of parts and pounding of pistons that will so quickly disable a car have no chance to develop in a Chalmers car.

And because of the perfect distribution of weight—the perfect balance—of Chalmers cars the wear on tires is at the minimum.

Chalmers Sixes
Are Built of Right Materials

Fourth—the materials put into Chalmers cars are of top quality. A special corps of inspectors—trained to detect the most minute flaws—make it absolutely certain that only unblemished materials of highest grade enter our stock rooms.

Makers of steel and automobile accessories will tell you that no company is more exacting in its requirements—that no company has stricter standards.

For instance—the frame construction is of pressed steel—the transmission gears are 3½% of nickel steel—exhaust valves are of Tungsten steel—the piston rings are formed of a very high grade of tempered spring steel.

Throughout Chalmers cars—in the big and little details of both finish and construction—the "Quality First" idea in workmanship as well as material is rigidly maintained.

Yet—there are other features besides the notable one of repair economy that will interest you in Chalmers cars.

Chalmers Sixes
Have the Beauty of Class

Few costly cars can claim equality with them in beauty. The stream line body possesses a distinctive grace of line that makes it noteworthy even when contrasted with the finest foreign models.

There are no fenders built—whether flat or merely crown—that are as handsome as the Chalmers molded oval fenders. They conform with exquisite harmony to the clean-cut sweep of the body lines.

The doors are wide and flush-fitting. The running boards are clear. The tires are carried in the rear.

Compare Chalmers cars point by point, detail by detail, with any others selling within several hundred dollars of their prices, and the greater value of the Chalmers will be quite apparent.

We haven't depended upon our own car alone to tell us whether or not we are right; we have bought and have driven almost every make of car in the medium priced field, so that we could have the chance of comparing the Chalmers with these cars.

Someone said that there isn't a bigger fool than the man who fools himself. We didn't want to fool ourselves. So we learned what our competitors' cars are from actual experience with these cars.

These are just a few of the reasons why you ought to consider the Chalmers in your purchase this spring. After all, it is to your interest more than ours, because if you don't buy a Chalmers car, we will make one less sale—and we shall probably over-sell our output anyhow this spring; but if you don't buy a Chalmers car, and don't get the same high grade qualities the Chalmers possesses, you are the loser for a year or two or five years of service. We of course want to sell cars, but we don't want to sell cars on misrepresentation.

New Six-40—$1400
Light Six-48—$1650
Master Six-54—$2400

CHALMERS MOTOR CO
Detroit, Mich. U.S.A.
Quality First

ɔnomy" Booklet

ɔmpany, Detroit

THE greatest amount of paid-for life insurance ever secured in a single year by any company in the world—

$518,963,821

was obtained during 1914 at the lowest expense-rate in its history by

The Prudential

Founded by JOHN F. DRYDEN
THE PRUDENTIAL HAS THE STRENGTH OF GIBRALTAR
Pioneer of Industrial Insurance in America

Payments to policyholders were larger than ever before, $39,273,810.05

THE PRUDENTIAL
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
Incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey
FORREST F. DRYDEN, *President*
HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Everybody is invited to visit the Prudential Exhibit on Life Insurance and Public Welfare, Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco.

MEN! Put Your Razor Blade Money in this "Bank"
INDESTRUCTIBLE
Safety Razor Blade
SHARPENER, $3.00
hones and sharpens, in one operation, like new, any make safety razor blade (except Durham Duplex) in 30 seconds.
Write for Circular—Agents Wanted.
NICHOLS EL. & MFG. CO., 1-3 W. B'way, N.Y.

THE FAMILY Shoe Stretcher For Men and Women
Don't let Your Feet Suffer from tight or ill fitting shoes. Corns, bunions, callouses stop hurting and disappear if you remove the pressure which is the cause of all foot trouble. **The Improved Family Shoe Stretcher** is a **scientific device** (look at the picture) which by simple adjustment distends the shoe wherever necessary—produces perfect **fit, ease** and **comfort** and makes your shoes **wear longer.** Endorsed by doctors and chiropodists. Write TO-DAY for **free booklet,** giving full information with list of best things for foot comfort. THE PEDICURE CO., Dept. 81, Buffalo, N.Y.
Put knob where corn rubs
No more corn

Krementz Collar Buttons
Defy Wear and Tear
Last a life time. Do not tarnish or stain the neck. At your dealers.
14 K. Rolled Gold 25c. 10 K. Solid Gold $1.00
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Write for Booklet 24.
IF DAMAGED FROM ANY CAUSE, A NEW BUTTON FREE
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Great Trial Offer
Your Chance to Learn About *California*, its Great Fairs, its Business, Housekeeping, Sports. Thrilling Short Fiction.
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Send it Now to
The Out West Magazine
Los Angeles, California

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

THE FRIEND BEHIND THE COUNTER

SO many times, in the case of the poor and destitute, is the plea heard: "The grocer won't trust us any more, and we can't get any food," that we naturally form a picture of the corner grocer and his neighbors, the butcher, delicatessen-dealer, or small dry-goods merchant, that is anything but flattering. But this prejudice against the caterer to the poor is unjust, declares the New York *Evening Post*, for many times the only true friend a needy family has is the little man behind the counter at the corner emporium. He himself may be having no easy time of it, with his own home and family to care for, but, nevertheless—

> He is the man who extends credit to the housewife whose husband is out of work and unable to provide ready cash. In periods of unemployment he has always done much to lighten the burden of the laborer's family, and he is doing a full share now. Conditions in New York are such that a great many families are unable to patronize the open markets and push-carts. They lack the ready cash. So they go to the corner grocer. He gives them food and credit and keeps them from starving.

The corner grocer, like many of his bigger brothers, has been investigated. But the report submitted by the New York Association of Neighborhood Workers to Mayor Mitchel has not brought about his dissolution. He was found to be a good fellow, in spite of his having twice as many requests for an extension of credit this year together with a rather weak demand for goods. Incidentally, the Association were given some real glimpses of East Side poverty that they had missed before, for, as they learned:

> Over on the East Side the small shopkeeper and housekeeper of scanty resources are close together. Now that the hunger wolf is growling through the rickety tenement-halls, the corner grocer is the man who knows where real poverty exists.
>
> "This-a war, so hard it is on lil' shop-a," sighed a swarthy Italian, responding with shrugs and gesticulations to questions about the unemployment situation and his business.
>
> "Las' year fam'ly up-stairs it buy two poun' spagett' an' lil' bit cheese an' lil' bit oil, an' they pay. This-a year they buy one poun' spagett' an' they say, 'We pay-a at end week.'" A prodigious shrug at this. "End week-a come—and those people that live up-stairs-a, they have all moved way away. They change-a the name—and how can-a I collect the mon'? Blame-a them—na, na. They mus' eat-a. But I mus' mak-a next man pay, or I get-a out on street."
>
> As he spoke a thin little girl came in holding out a penny: "A penny spaghett'," she lisped.
>
> "Now how can-a give that chil' just-a pennyworth? That no-a way to sell," stormed this big child of Naples. But he

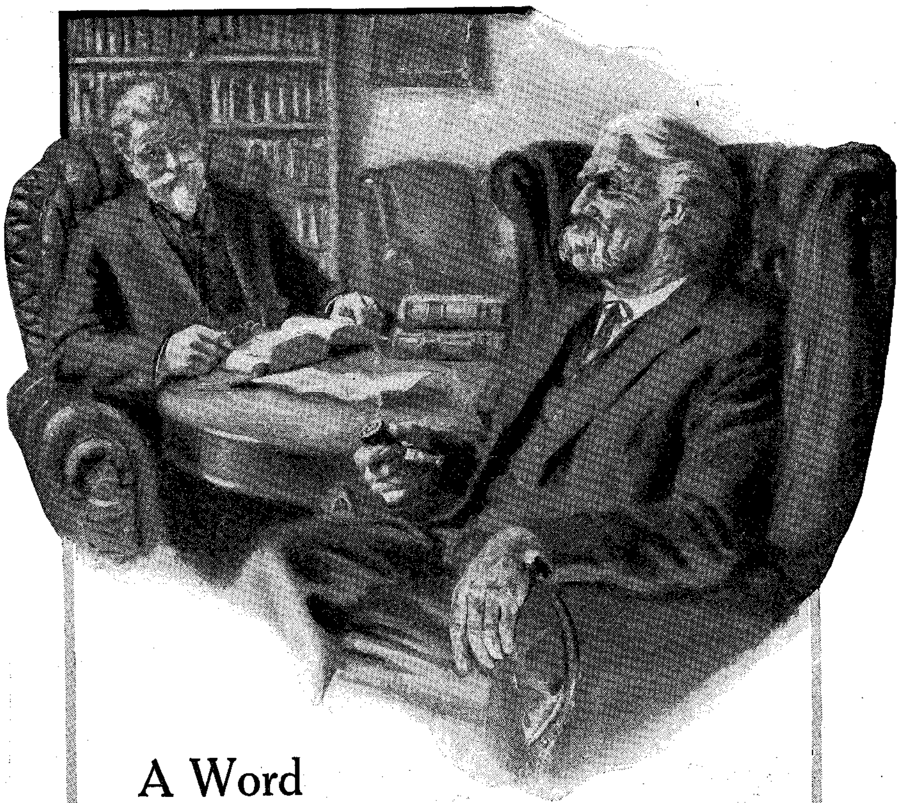
put into the paper enough spaghetti for a family's meal.

The beneficence of the corner grocer is not confined to any one race or nationality, however, as we learn:

> Into the Jewish section the writer wandered, stepping down into a basement-store with its rows of canned goods, its box of dried fish, and its small pile of bread. Sitting over a greasy ledger was a bearded patriarch.
>
> "The whiles there is no work *mit* the men, they just don' eat so much und their wives don' eat so much," he explained.
>
> "But how do they do it?"
>
> "Vell, las' year they buys a quart of milk off me, und now they buys a pint und puts water in so not to give the childs the disappoint."
>
> He explained in broken English his business policy: If an old customer came asking for credit he could not turn her away hungry—and sleep that night, and so he continued to give credit, trusting that the husband would find work and the bills be, as he exprest it, "payed all polite." At the end of the week, always looming up, was the wholesale man, who must be paid if the business were to continue.
>
> "See here, and here," and he turned the pages of the ledger, pointing out the pitiable little accounts, with the yet more pitiable little payments. His confidence in the intentions of his customers seemed boundless save in one particular.
>
> "A woman turns extravagant and buys much, and so I know she has the plan to move away and never pay, but the whiles she buy maybe a half-loaf off me I know she has the plan to pay honest, and I gives the credit."

Next on the investigator's list was a little shoe-shop. Shoes are a necessity, but the shop showed evidences of the fact that sometimes necessities are luxuries. It was quite bare of all save the owner, smoking a big cigar and wearing his hat jammed down tight upon his eyebrows. We read:

> He was far from the occidental idea of culture, yet in his hand was some book with writing in it like that on an Assyrian stone tablet. He held the book in his hand while he spoke, as if there were in it some philosophy more spacious than his little store.
>
> "But most men are honest," replied he, his black brows jutting out over eyes flashing scorn of one so puerile as to doubt the innate honesty of man. Some of them are unfortunate and may become unable to pay—but dishonest! "Lady, you have no argument. When a man comes in to me who has bought shoes for his family for years, and, when his feet are on the ground, I must just credit him. I have found that men will not buy shoes unless they *intend* to pay, so I find that where last year I ordered ten dozen shoes, this year I order five dozen. Had I more credit myself, I could give it more often—it would keep men from being cold and wet."
>
> "But suppose you should fail?" I asked him.
>
> "There, indeed, is the problem," he meditated. "It would not help things if, in helping, I failed, and thus could not pay for my bread; it is a circle, is it not,



A Word
To Those Learned in the Law

Right an' wrong's so close together, that those "learn-ed in the law"
Know the line that runs betwixt 'em, ain't an easy one to draw.
Ef the co'te please, men are human; so it can't be very far
From the judge's bench, I reckon, to the pris'ner at the bar.
Heed the counsel of yo' pipe, Judge; let the kindness it imparts
Temper Justice found in law books with mercy found in hearts.

Velvet Joe

PERHAPS you, too, turning the pages of some law book, have chanced upon the gray ashes that fell from some "studious" pipe.

Shall we say that the points of the law were seen less clearly for the smoke that arose from its well-seasoned bowl?

Shall we deny the inspiration of good tobacco its share of the credit in deciding some fine point of law?

And perchance, those ashes once were full of the friendliness that Nature puts into VELVET.

And who knows but what one of those slow-burning, fragrant pipes of VELVET gave Justice an opportunity to lift her bandage, and to brush aside a tear of human sympathy?

VELVET, the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco, Kentucky's *Burley-de-Luxe,* with an aged-in-the-wood mellowness, comes in

10c Tins
5c Metal-Lined Bags
One Pound
Glass Humidors

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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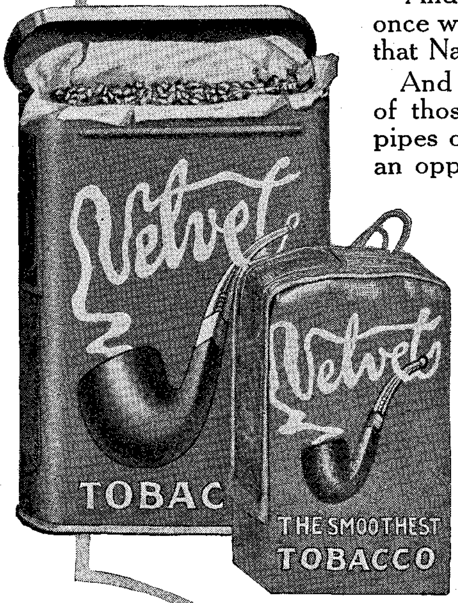

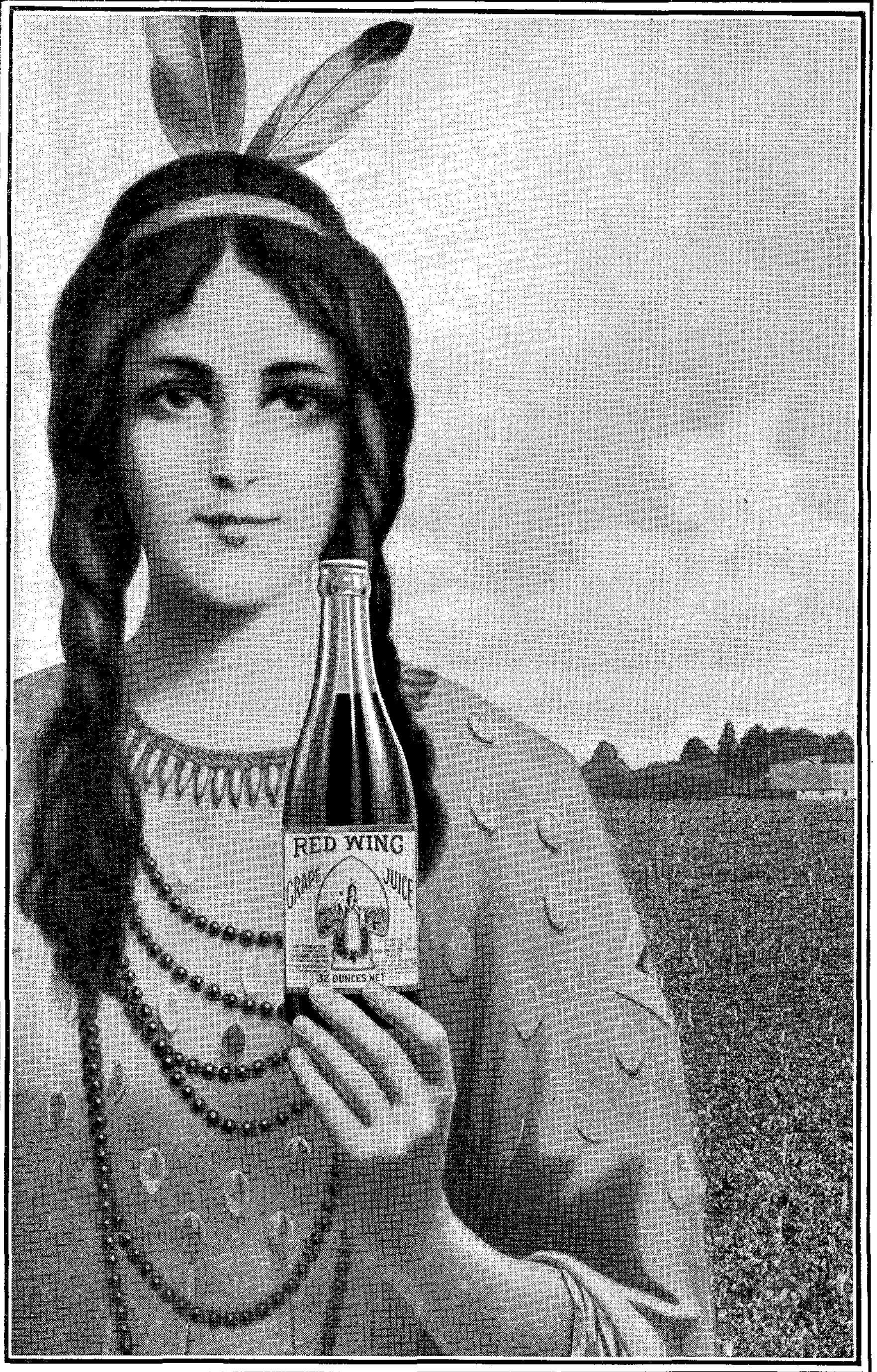

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With the Better Flavor

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When you buy grape juice ask for Red Wing—insist on the brand that insures the utmost in purity, quality and grapey flavor.

If your dealer is unable to supply you, send us his name and address and $3.00 and we will ship you a trial case of a dozen pints by prepaid express to any point East of the Rockies, or for 10c we will mail you a sample four-ounce bottle.

Write for booklet containing recipes for many grape delicacies that delight both guests and home folks. It's free.

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and we get nowhere, it seems. But," again the eyes blazed, "lady, you have no argument when you say that it is not worth while to help the little that we can."

To help the man who thus helps his poorer neighbors, a relief loan fund has been suggested, the nature of which *The Post* outlines briefly:

> The Mayor's committee has been asked to take up the matter of raising $10,000 to be loaned to individuals, with a guaranty of its return at the end of a year. The lender merely gives up the use of his money during the year, while the lodges and societies to which the merchants belong give the guaranty. These lodges are societies formed of people from the same town in the old country, and they include many respectable citizens. According to the plan, the money would be lent to men of proved business ability.

THE SPIRIT OF D'ARTAGNAN

"THEN conquer we must, for our cause it is just," is probably as close as one might come to a translation of the thought that animates the individual fighters of every army in Europe. The same impulse, however, works out in various ways, according to the national characteristics of the particular fighter. On all sides we have examples of extraordinary daring, but performed now with the sturdy fearlessness of the Teuton, now with the cold impudence of the Briton, the fiery recklessness of the Slav, or the amusing impertinence of the Gaul. In the London *Daily Chronicle* a writer at the French lines gives us, in his own words, a proof that "the spirit of d'Artagnan is not dead." It is certainly good news to hear that the spirit of "one for all and all for one" and of gay challenge to the fates has not suffered a demise in any country in the world. And so, with our neutrality carefully displayed, we read:

> In spite of all the horrors of modern warfare, with its annihilating shell-fire and the monstrous ruthlessness of great guns, the French soldier at his best retains that quality of youth which soars even above the muck and misery of the trenches.
>
> The character of a young lieutenant of artillery who a few weeks ago came to fill the place of a poor fellow killed at the side of his caisson is typical of innumerable soldiers of France. He presented himself with a jaunty good humor, made a little speech to his battery which set all the men laughing, and then shook hands with them one by one. Next day he knew each man by name, used the familiar "thee" and "thou" to them, and won their hearts by his devil-may-care manners and the smile which came from a heart amused by life. Everything was a joke to him. He baptized his four guns by absurd nicknames, and had a particular affection for old "Bumps," which had been scarred by several shells. The captain called this young gentleman Lieutenant Mascot, because he had a lucky way with him.
>
> He directed the aim of his guns with astounding skill. A German battery had

to shift very quickly five minutes after his first shell had got away, and when the enemy's fire was silenced he would call out to the telephone-operator: "Don't chuck any more." That was his way of ordering the cease-fire.

But a few days ago Lieutenant Mascot jumped on to the top of a hayrick to direct the marksmanship of his battery, and a moment later a German shell burst above him and scattered part of the rick in all directions. It was a moment of anguish for the onlookers. The captain became as pale as death, and the gunners went on plugging out shells in an automatic way with grief-stricken faces. The telephone-man put his head out of his dugout. He stared at the broken rick. Beyond doubt M. Mascot was as dead as mutton. Suddenly with the receiver at his ear, and transfigured, he began to shout, "Don't chuck any more!" It was the lieutenant who had sent him the usual order. Ten minutes later the lieutenant came back laughing gaily, and, after shaking some straw out of his muddy uniform, gave a caressing touch to old "Bumps," who had got the enemy's range to perfection. . . . Then the captain embraced him.

FIGHTING THE TURK AND ARAB

THE soldier follows the call of war knowing that it's "not to reason why" nor to choose the manner or place of his fighting. The result is that the European private often has more knowledge of strange folk, wild places, and ragged civilizations—which is of no earthly use to him—than many an anthropologist at home. The Brooklyn *Eagle* gives a graphic description of the sort of life that Tommy Atkins is leading in Arabia at present, quoted from a letter written home by Sergeant A. Kingdom, of the Second Battalion of the Norfolk Regiment:

> We came by ship (from India) up the river Euphrates, and disembarked on a lovely landing, up to the waist in mud and water. Not a tree was in sight nor a blade of grass, except on the river-banks, which are covered with palms. We marched all the next day through mud.
>
> We lay in the wet mud on the desert all night and moved away early again in the morning, to find the enemy in position. They consisted of Turks and Arabs, about 1,400 yards to our front. The attack was pushed home under cover of our mountain batteries, and the field-artillery came up later. The artillery horses were so completely knocked out that they could not walk away from the guns when unhooked. The troops were also knocked out, and in the meantime the enemy's artillery was having it all in its own way.
>
> Our rifles were absolutely choked inside with mud, and the bolt action and sights had to be made to work before an accurate fire could be effected. Some of the men, rather than use the muddy slush from their water-bottles, stood and emptied it on their bolt action, altho water is so scarce and slush worth a gold piece an ounce. The enemy were in their trenches with a decided advantage and were delivering a murderous fire. So a supreme effort on the part of all of us was necessary. We got the enemy's range, keeping our

"The stock ain't fed yet, Hiram!"
"Third call for dinner"—
"That tense moment"—
"Teaching Young America to Shoot!"
10
40
50

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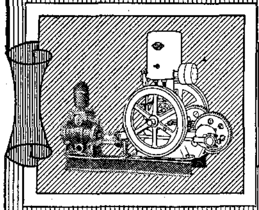
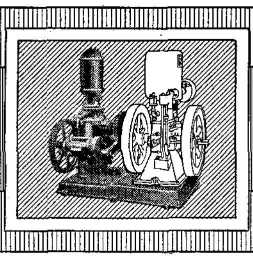
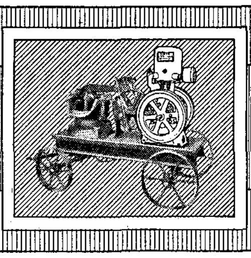


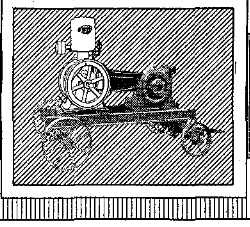
Novo Type "U" Pump
Fig. 14139



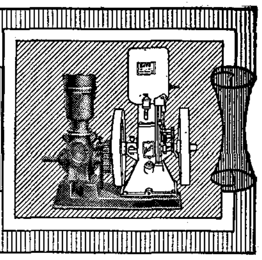
Novo Suction and Force
Pump—Fig. 1401



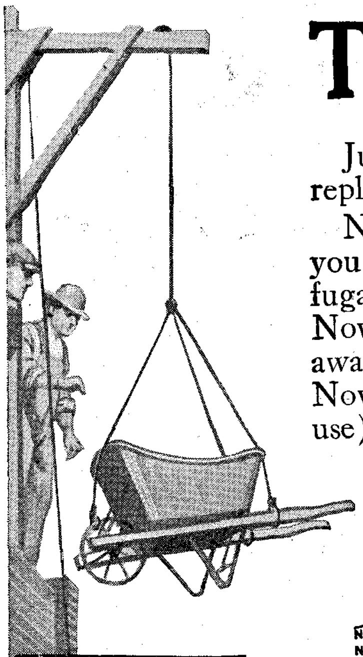
Novo Trench Pump
Fig. 1457



Novo Chain-Drive
Centrifugal Pump—Fig. 1471



Novo Air Compressor
Fig. 1475



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Just as steam took the place of labor on construction work, so is Novo replacing steam.

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TROUBLE

NOVO

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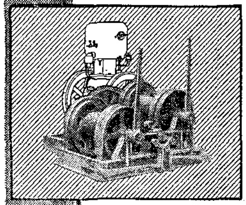
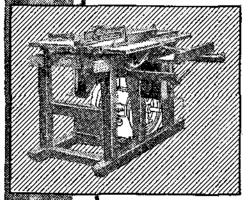


Novo Double
Drum Hoist
Fig. 14120



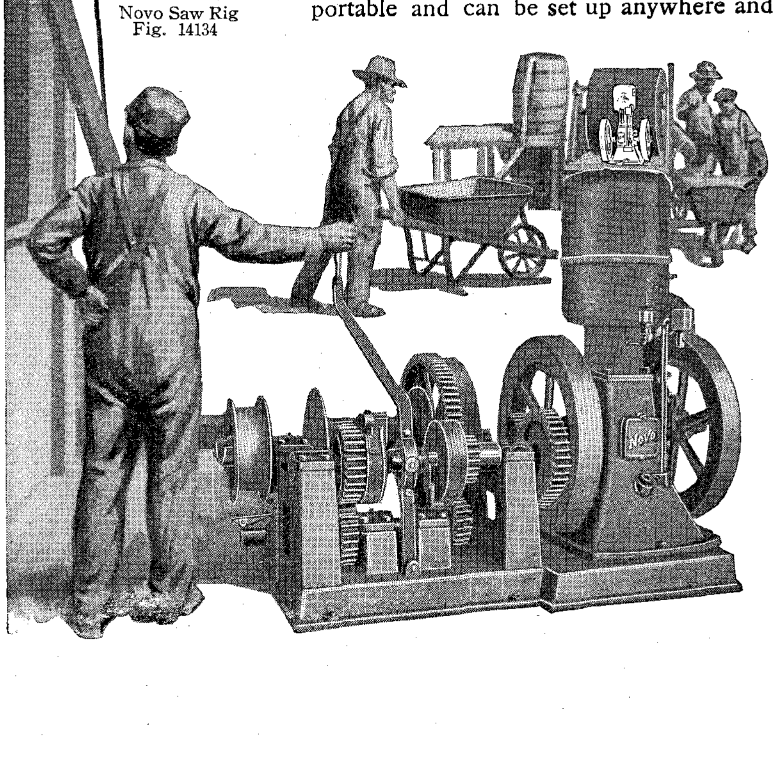
Novo Saw Rig
Fig. 14134

A Novo Outfit costs much less than a steam or electric outfit of same capacity. It runs with a fraction of the attention that steam requires, saving cost of licensed engineer and fireman. It saves you from the expense of keeping several types of boilers to conform with state and city ordinances. Its fuel cost is much lower than that of steam. There is no cost of piping or wiring.

Novo Power is more reliable than steam. A Novo will run in any weather—even zero weather. It can be left out all night in zero weather without danger. A Novo keeps working from whistle to whistle and sets a pace your laborers must keep up to.

Novo Power is the most convenient to use on construction work. All Novo Outfits are portable and can be set up anywhere and set to working in a short time. No piping or wiring connections are needed.

Novo Outfits include every kind of a Power Pump, Hoists, Air Compressors, Saw Rigs, etc.—over seventy-five different Outfits in all—all of them portable. A new Outfit is our Estate and Village Fire Pump. A small Air Compressor for garages is also new.



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> fire coolly delivered, and within half an hour the Turks were retiring, leaving the Arabs to cover their retreat. They remained another quarter of an hour, and meantime we had fixt our bayonets for the *grand finale*, but evidently they did not wish to prolong their stay.
>
> Every one, especially the Indians, was anxious for a charge, but the enemy flew before we reached their trenches. It is all right fighting the Turks, but the Arabs use big muzzle rifles with an enormous lead bullet which will smash anything and does not make a pretty little hole like the Turks' pointed bullet, which will heal in no time.

SEAPLANING IN A DESERT

HYDROPLANING over the Syrian desert can develop into an extremely harrowing experience, as two British airmen discovered recently. Captain Stirling, British naval officer, and his pilot, Seaman Grall, of the French Marine Aviation Corps, intended to accomplish nothing more than a simple reconnaissance up the Wadi Arab, a broad valley between precipitous mountains running north to the Dead Sea from the Gulf of Akaba, but found themselves suddenly thrust into an adventure that came near finishing both of them. If there is one thing more dangerous than sailing an ordinary aeroplane over the ocean, it is, apparently, sailing a seaplane over the land. The most skilful volplaning in the world will not bring the aviator down gently enough so that his wide pontoons will take the earth in anything like a satisfactory and graceful manner. This was the experience of these two aviators, soon after their engine stopt 4,700 feet in air. A Cairo dispatch in the Brooklyn *Eagle* tells the story:

> The hydroplane came to earth on its floats and the machine turned upside down. Grall, the pilot, was shot out with terrific force, but clear of the machine.
>
> Captain Stirling found himself imprisoned under the wreckage in such a position that his face and chest were resting on the ground and his legs bent back over his head. Petrol was leaking into his mouth and eyes.
>
> He could move his hand, and as soon as he had cleared his mouth of sand, called out to Grall, but received no answer, and jumped to the conclusion that he was dead. The prospect of lingering on, pinned under the machine, was not pleasant, when to his great relief he heard some one coughing and Grall answered his hail.
>
> Lifting the trap door that is at the side of the body, Grall guided his companion's feet to it, and by degrees Captain Stirling wriggled backward and upward, and so got free. Grall had been shot a long way off, and, tucking his head forward, had pitched on the back of his shoulders. He was safe and sound, tho very much bruised and shaken. Immediately on getting clear Captain Stirling looked at his watch, which showed 11.15 A.M., and was still going.
>
> By rough calculations they reckoned that they were eighteen or twenty miles from Akaba and well in the enemy's country. At 11.20 A.M. they set off to walk, after shedding their heavy sweaters, leaving the machine as it was, with its tail in the air and the French tricolor rudder still proudly waving.
>
> Grall was soon in considerable pain, and he could only move slowly, leaning on Captain Stirling's shoulder. At 3.15 P.M. Grall collapsed completely, and said he could get no farther. In three and a half hours they had advanced only five miles.

Leaving his companion hidden, Captain Stirling, tho much shaken, determined to push on to his ship and fetch help. It seemed only a matter of grit and determination for a while, but before long an unwelcome surprize brought him face to face with further difficulties. We read:

> Soon after 4 P.M. Captain Stirling heard heavy guns fired from the ship, and, to his dismay, realized that they were shelling the western side of the valley, and that consequently there must be Turks over on his side. At 4.30 P.M. the sun got behind the mountains, and he was able to push on faster in the dark. About 6 P.M. he heard a horse approaching, and, lying flat in the shadow of a thorn-bush, saw a Turkish horseman pass by, followed by a dog. He rode up to the crest of a sand-hill just above Captain Stirling, and started shouting back something in Turkish to some men in the valley below.
>
> Not knowing whether the man had seen him some way back and was out looking for him, or what he was shouting about, Captain Stirling, as soon as he was out of sight, ran about a mile, making for the low marshy ground, where there was better cover. Having gained this, he worked south again, and at 7.15 P.M. came out on the beach at Akaba. There was no ship to be seen.
>
> By this time he had a considerable thirst, but, seeing Turkish camp-fires in several directions, deemed it inadvisable to move down to the wells, and so hid in some low shrubs near the shore, where he fell asleep, but about eight o'clock woke up and saw the ship quite close to the shore. He went down to the beach and hailed, and presently her search-lights came on him, and he knew he was seen. In a short time a boat had pulled ashore and he was taken off.

Early the next morning a relief party went out to bring the pilot in, but tho they searched with all care and penetrated to a considerable distance inland, nothing was to be seen of the seaman. They had missed him through his unwillingness to remain in his shelter and his attempts to reach the ship by his own efforts. The first day that he was alone he progressed a pitifully short way, for he became giddy at the least effort, and so made only 200 or 300 yards at a time. That night, however, he concealed himself in a ravine and slept soundly, with the result that

> In the morning he found himself considerably better, and was able to push on at a much faster pace, tho he was delayed for some time by a party of Arabs who were driving camels up into the mountains. He saw a number of people with camels in the valley below him, but did not realize that these men were the ship's landing-party searching for him.
>
> About 4 P.M. he was sighted by a

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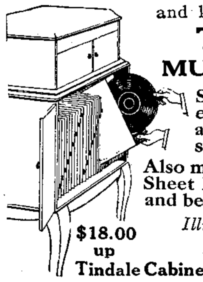

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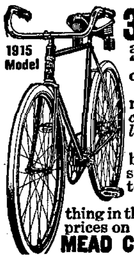

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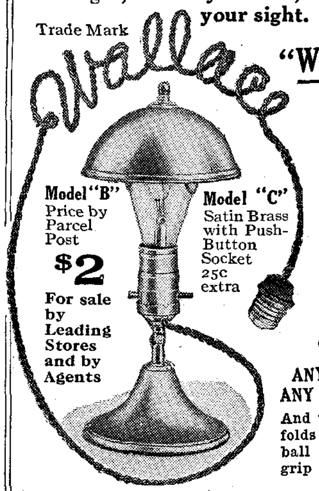

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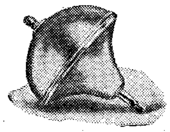

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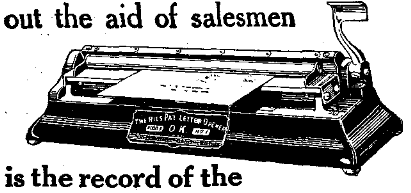

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Turkish horseman, who fired several shots at him, but all went high. He quickly got into the cover of a gully and so escaped. He reached the beach soon after 5 P.M., but was too exhausted to attract the notice of those on board the ship. The captain of the ship, convinced that Grall had walked into the arms of the Turks, who were camped right on his supposed line of advance, steamed away down the gulf after sunset with the intention of returning before dawn in the hope that the pilot might by some extraordinary chance have got down in the night.

However, about 10 P.M. the Captain had suddenly a strong feeling that the man had arrived, and so put about. Arrived back at Akaba, the search-lights were got going and presently a hail was heard. It was Grall, wakened by the search-lights playing on him.

The two cutters were hurriedly manned and dropt, and, pulling to the shore, brought him off at 12.50 P.M.

BOMB-THROWING FROM AN ARMORED AUTO

THIS new form of martial amusement was experienced by a correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, who arrived one day fresh from Paris at the Allied headquarters. This correspondent's favorite form of diversion, he assures us, is NOT bomb-throwing in armored autos. There are a great many things he would rather do than go bomb-throwing at sixty miles an hour on muddy roads, and the more he thinks of his one experience as chauffeur for a bloodthirsty Liverpool clerk in a lieutenant's uniform chasing Germans with hand-grenades, the more things occur to him that he would rather do next time. The correspondent, an American, was reclining cozily on a pile of flour-sacks, "munching what several weeks ago must have been a piece of bread," and holding innocuous and desultory converse with a British lieutenant standing near. Upon this pleasurable interlude, says he, came quickly the hurly-burly of war, when, without warning—

A dozen leather-clad officers—French and English—rushed out of a near-by farmhouse, followed by a score of soldiers hurriedly adjusting goggles. A few rods down the road six armored motor-cars were waiting, and a minute later five motors were humming, while four men, besides the driver, piled into each car, disappearing through little doors cut in the rear, immediately under the Maxims, which peeped out a few inches from the half-inch steel plating.

The sixth car stood motionless, and a British captain hailed the lieutenant at my side.

"Here, lieutenant, you take the last car. Hatton is down with fever. You drive, don't you?" And without waiting for the answer the captain crawled into his steel cage, slammed the door after him, and was off.

A command is a command, even tho your superior rushes off to practically certain death immediately after the order is given; but here was a serious difficulty, which gave the correspondent his chance to be an unwilling and totally unrecognized hero. The sixth car still waited, and meanwhile—

The lieutenant looked sheepish, then swore. He had never driven a car and didn't know the difference between change of speed and brake levers. Still his orders were formal and he turned to me. An hour before I had left my old Clement-Bayard after 125 miles of the worst roads in France, mud nearly up to the radiator, and an impromptu scurry in a 40 horse-power armored Mercedes—taken from the Germans and refitted—on a very vague mission failed to appeal to me. But the lieutenant looked so downcast and spoke so pathetically of ruined chances, spoiled career, etc., that I gave in, squeezed through the door, followed by the now elated officer and two "Tommies" to work the Maxims, and glancing through the slit over the steering-wheel, started off with a jerk after the other five cars, now gray specks on the long stretch of road ahead.

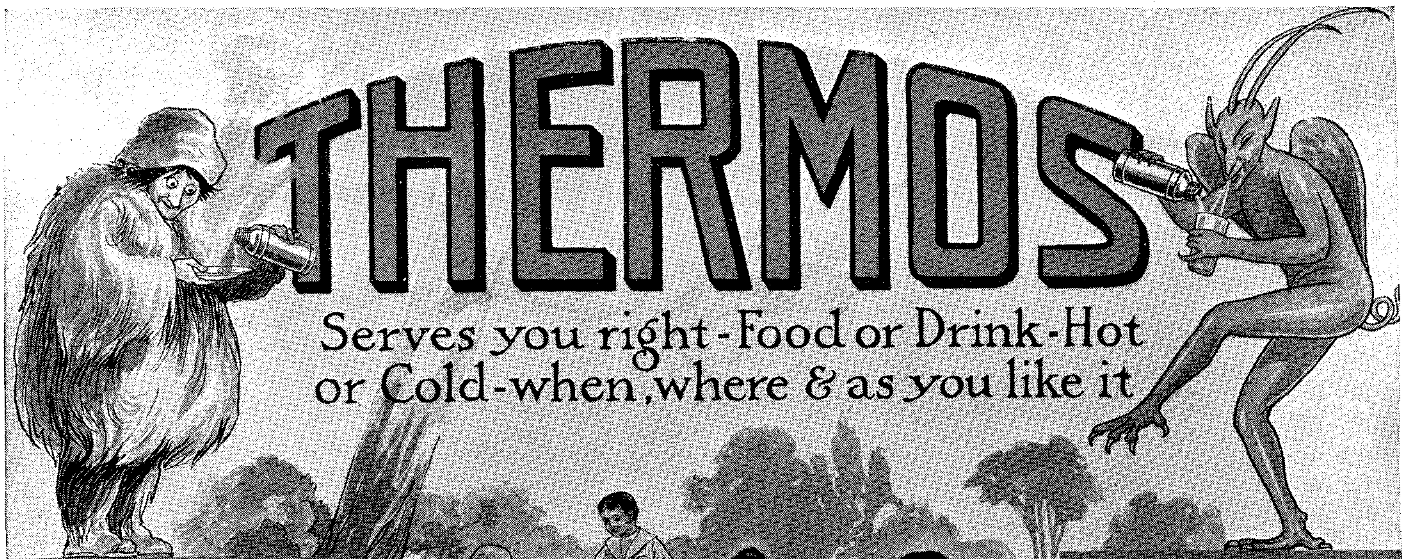
Between jolts I listened to the lieutenant's explanation. It seemed that German armored cars were playing havoc in half a dozen villages north of us, between La Bassée and Armentières, making their raids at most unexpected hours, working their quick-firers, two to each car, against every living thing in sight—soldiers, inhabitants, and even cattle. One of them the other day had bumped at full speed against a chain drawn tight across the road, and another junk pile had been added to the many lining the roads in this region. But those left were bolder than ever, raiding villages fifteen miles out of their lines, and as they had been reported leaving Lille by one of our aviators we were going after them.

I was up against it most earnestly. That habit of mine of butting into others' affairs under the pretense of obliging them had once more played me a nasty trick. I increased the speed, hoping to get abreast of the other cars, be seen by some officer, and ordered off. But no such luck befell me.

That Mercedes was a good car, but a queer one. Imagine an oblong steel box, roofless, placed on a chassis, the sides high as a man's head standing, the front sloping backward over the driver's head. A long horizontal slip, narrowed or widened at will, running around the front, back, and sides, and you have it. The sides of the box were half an inch thick and the motor hood was covered by a steel blanket of similar weight, and which, curving downward in front, protected the radiator. Two Maxims, mounted on pivots fixt to the bottom of the car, could sweep the road from the back or sides at all angles, and were the only firearms besides the men's rifles, and as we raced over the rough cobbles, jumping in and out of mud-holes and ruts, the roar of the powerful motor was lost in the awful din of banging metal, as if a thousand tin cans were dancing a mad jig behind us.

One of the soldiers, leaning over my shoulder, shouted in my ear, that he thought "the hind left tire, sir, was a bit worn, and going as we are, sir, should it blow up we might be delayed!"

"Delayed! Heavens, man, we'd break our blooming necks!" I shouted back. The lieutenant wouldn't stop to change however, and tried to console me by pointing to a coffer under his feet, shrieking: "A surprize for them! Hand-grenades!"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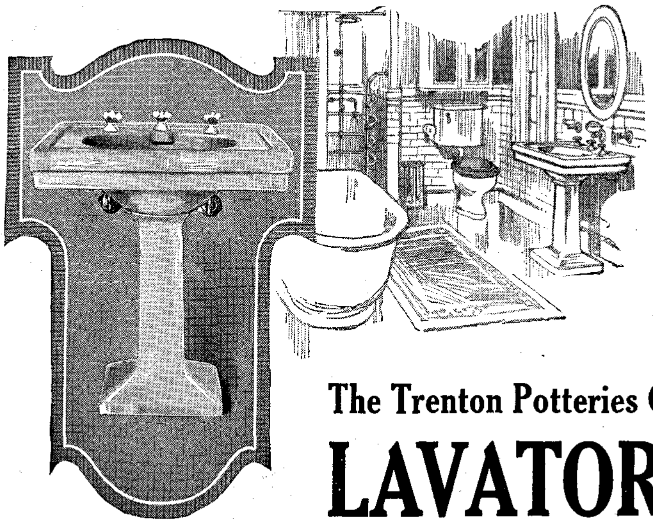

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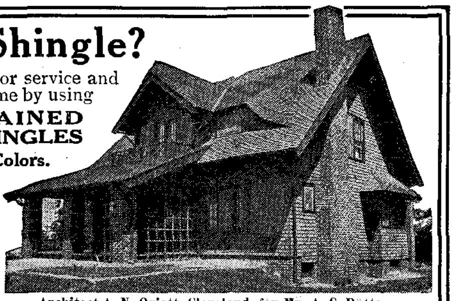

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By the smile on his face I saw he expected me to be pleased, so I smiled in a sickly way and tried to slow down, but my torturer glanced reproachfully at me; and certain that my friends would speak well of me when they heard the fatal news, I rushed on again, eyes on the road, but my mind busy with that combination of a weak back tire and the boxful of bombs under my neighbor's feet.

To the driver's great relief, there came an opportunity farther on to repair the doubtful tire, while the lieutenant watched the road with his glasses. Suddenly: "That's one, sure. I can see their wire-cutters. Let her rip!" and they were off down the road, rushing to meet a distant gray streak that at once stopt, turned, and fled before them. Bouncing and plunging, they followed, in the frantic endeavor to make up the intervening distance in the six or seven miles that lay between the German car and the German lines. Says the writer:

> The 40 horse-power Mercedes was really a wonder, and Mr. Weinbecke, of Düsseldorf, her former owner (I know from the name-plate still on the car), can be proud of her. In five minutes I could see the Germans in front of me with the naked eye. From a man's head they grew to a man's size, and then things began to happen.
>
> Through the narrow main and only street of F—— we pounded, the speed-indicator registering forty-five miles, and as the few half-burned farms rushed by us, the black faces of African troopers appeared cautiously at doors and windows, while threatening guns were lowered as the tricolored bands painted on our steel box flashed by. At times, as gutters were crossed, the wheels, rising in the air, fell back with a crash, while springs groaned and creaked, and the men behind clinging to the sides were jerked bodily to the floor. The lieutenant sat on the floor of the car, the box of hand-grenades between his legs, arms clasped lovingly around it, and I remembered wondering at the courage of the man, a Liverpool clerk, used to dull office routine, rising to a heroic level at the first emergency.
>
> Immediately out of the village we saw the Germans 500 yards in front, just at the crest of the hill, which we climbed after them without changing the gear. They were going their limit evidently, while we still had another five-mile increase in our motor, and I gave it out. The Mercedes leapt forward just as the German mitrailleuse spoke. Two or three light shocks against the sloping armored front, and we veered over to the side of the road, nearly going into the ditch as the wheels skidded over the mud.
>
> Our Maxims were useless to us, and no one thought of using rifles at such a gait. Our only hope lay in overtaking the car ahead and praying that the tires, our only exposed parts, would hold.
>
> "Faster," yelled the lieutenant.
>
> I ignored him, getting already out of the Mercedes all she had in her with the load she was carrying, and anyway we were now within 100 yards of the German, and her quick-firer was beating a tattoo against the steel shield in front of me.
>
> What a somersault should one of our

tires get hit! Throughout the whole chase this thought of tires, I remember, reigned supreme in my mind. Nothing else seemed to endanger us. The slit before my eyes, through which the road appeared, had been so narrowed by one of the "Tommies" that my head must lie right against the steel, and the hail of shots against the outer wall vibrated back into every muscle.

Seventy-five yards more—sixty—forty, and the German swerved from side to side, intent on keeping us behind him. So close our tires were safe, the firing angle being too great for the mitrailleuses in front, and as to ourselves nothing but a shell could penetrate the half-inch steel plate, and the bullets glanced upward harmlessly from the sloping front.

Bending close to me, eyes glued to the slit, the lieutenant spoke.

"Now's the time. When you see my arm fly past, put on the brakes hard. Stop as short as you know how, for the fellow in front is going to stop shorter still."

Fortunately the poor fellow did not have time to reflect upon the probability of his being able to bring his machine to a full stop, even should the men behind him manage to make successful casts of the grenades. He knew only that they were bending over "those vicious black things" in the box behind him, he says, and then—

A smell of burning tinder came to my nostrils along with a warning cry of "Look sharp!" from the lieutenant. And so, more through intuition, I felt his arm flash over my head, my whole weight was thrown on brake and clutch pedals, while the motor, released, turned crazily.

The three grenades, dragging their short fuses, timed at five seconds, sailed true to their goal, over and in front of the on-rushing Germans. I was too busy straightening my own car, which, skidding from behind, leapt across the full width of the road at nearly a right angle, to notice exactly what occurred in front, but when we brought up hard against a pile of crusht stone, which Providence had miraculously placed between us and the ditch, the German car, not ten feet away, was just ending a "whirl of death" act and landing on its side, both front wheels smashed from under it.

Out of the tangle we pulled five men. One, the driver, his breast crusht by the steering-wheel, was dead. Among the four others were broken arms and collar-bones.

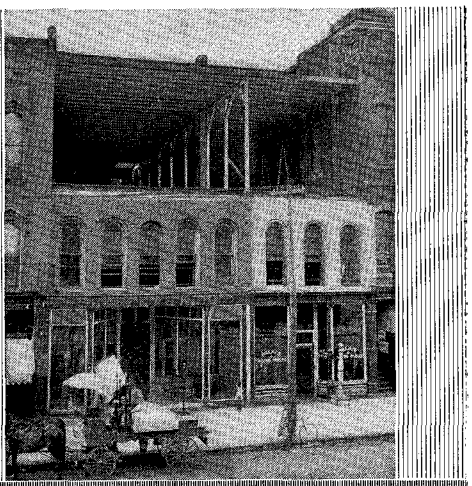
Bandaged and congratulated on their brave efforts against us, the Germans, two officers of the Landwehr and their men, were still ignorant of what had put them out of the race. Their sorrow at not having first thought of this new mode of automobile warfare was intense.

A can of gasoline was spilled over the pile of junk, the mitrailleuses were hammered into shapeless masses, and a match applied. The vanquished armored car ended in a blaze, while its former occupants returned with us, prisoners. An hour later we met the other cars. Not all, for two were missing. Prisoners or destroyed, no one knew. Ours had been the only success of the day.

"To-morrow we'll have better luck," said the lieutenant, hopefully.

42 Years of Service

—the story of a small roof with a great record



Barrett Specification Roofs

Sherfey & Kidd Furniture Store,
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Roofer: Henry C. Smither Roofing & Sheet Metal Co.
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Sims & Smither,
42 years ago.

The photograph above shows a building in Brazil, Indiana, which was roofed in 1872 with felt and gravel along the lines of *The Barrett Specification.*

A few months ago, it was necessary to add another story to the building and the old roof was torn off.

During 42 years the roof never leaked, nor was it patched, painted or repaired.

The owners wrote to the successors of Sims & Smither, who put on the original roof in 1872, saying: "*We want a roof like the old one*"—and a Barrett Specification Roof will, therefore, cover the new addition.

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Copies of The Barrett Specification free on request.

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We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding.

If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

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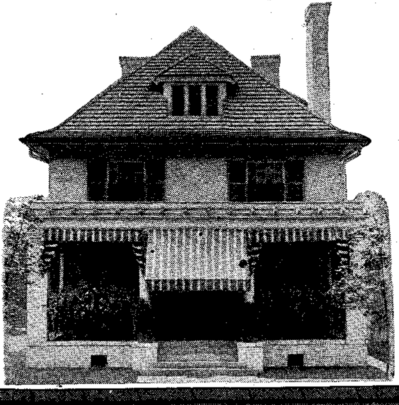

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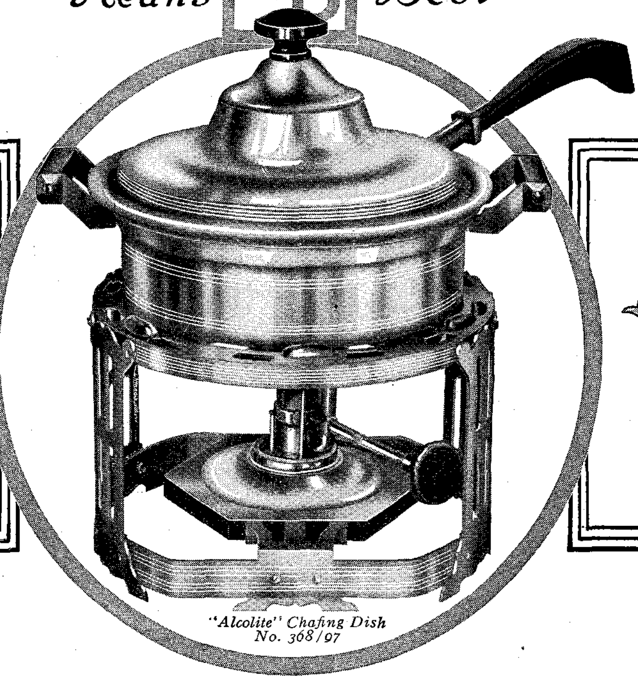
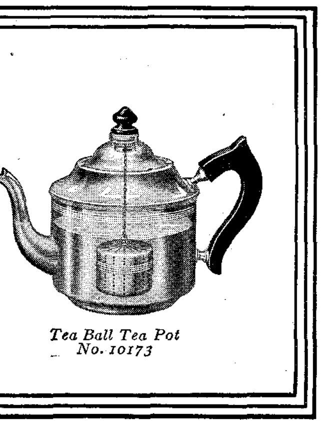


"Alcolite" Chafing Dish
No. 368/97



Tea Ball Tea Pot
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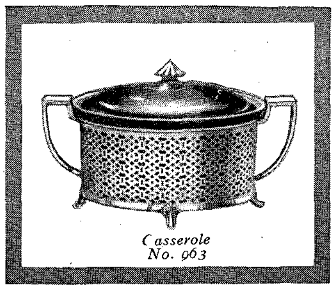
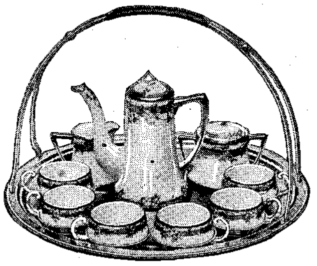
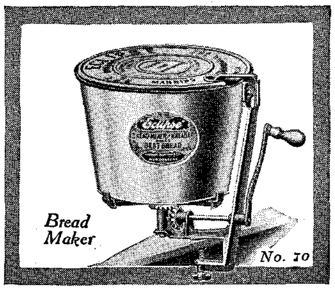


Casserole
No. 963



No. 2025 Set



Bread Maker
No. 10

WHEN WAR INVADES CHILDHOOD'S REALM

HOW does the European War affect children? By this time there is scarcely a parent in this country who continues to hope that all knowledge of the ghastly spectacle across the water may be kept from the youngsters in the household. There are too many pictures and head-lines, and American children are too close to those who read and discuss. They all know of the war, and their fresh imaginations do not fall exhausted as do ours before its magnitude. The London papers give a few entertaining stories of British and French children in the war, both of the active part that older boys have taken, and of the reflection of the war in the daily games of the younger ones. In the case of the latter—and this is especially true of nursery-reared British youngsters—"the first inclination is," as a writer to the London *Times* remarks, "to say that the war scarcely touches little children at all," and that knitting mittens is just work, and watching passing regiments just fun. But, continues the writer:

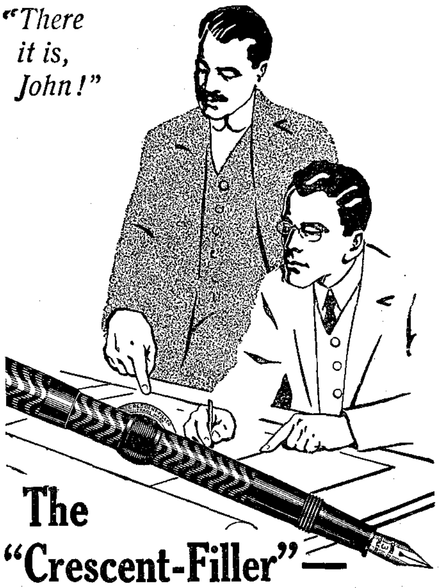
> Just when we imagine that war is altogether out of their minds, they startle us by coming out with some of their own curious little "thinks" on the subject. Suddenly they tear down to the drawing-room, after the sticky and protracted festival of tea, playing two parts at once—of persons in imminent peril from *Zeppelins* and of the bombs dropt upon them. "We drawed down the blinds so that they could not see us," they exclaim breathlessly, "and we blowed into three paper bags and banged them," and they dance on tiptoe round the room with an ecstatic air of secrecy.
>
> Later on, with that delightful inconsequence which poor, tethered grown-ups retain only in their dreams, the *Zeppelin* game melts imperceptibly into another. One, with a white handkerchief round her head, becomes a Red Cross nurse; the other is transmuted, by a billycock hat resting on his small and pudgy nose, into a doctor. A golden-haired doll is carried round the room, with a sofa-cushion for stretcher, the nurse at her head and the doctor at her feet. "Here's your little girl what's wounded," is the cheerful cry, and the doll has her leg carefully bandaged. The doctor then retires to bed on the sofa to be called up by telephone; he answers in a deep, gruff voice, making a receiver of his hands, dashes the billycock over his eyes, and rushes off to administer large, blackened pills made out of sponge-cake.
>
> Properly regarded, there is nothing ghastly or unfeeling in such games. They are played in a kingdom of pretending so very far removed from the realities of life, and, besides, there is a distinction between being killed and dying, tho it may be subtle and hard to define. There is known to be something sad and solemn about death; no one would play a game of dying, but killing goes on in every-day games, when there is no war. It happens when you knock down tin soldiers or a wound-up engine runs into you, or on those rare occasions when, the tea-things having been removed, you are allowed to throw cushions in the drawing-room. Killing games are no more callous and no nearer to real life than those played by the two Miss Moulds in early youth. Mrs. Gamp saw them in the right light, "And likeways what a pleasure," she said, "to see them two young ladies as I know'd afore a tooth in their pretty heads was cut and have many a day seen—ah, the sweet creeturs!—playing at berryins down in the shop and follerin' the order-book to its long home in the iron safe!"

The story that *The Daily Chronicle* prints of Prudent Marius, the fourteen-year old *sergent-fourrier* (quartermaster-sergeant) with the French Army, may partially explain the fact that soldiers in Europe can laugh at an enemy, chaff him, make friends with him, and kill him, all in one day. Prudent Marius has all a boy's mixture of cruelty and kindliness, unfeelingness and gushing sympathy; and so his elder brothers in arms may after all be displaying but the boy in them that never grew up. Prudent Marius is capable of shooting down an unsuspecting enemy in what amounts to cold blood, and yet this is the *Chronicle* correspondent's account of his meeting with the lad:

> I met him on the seashore this morning, where he was extracting great joy out of throwing stones into the rising tide for a mongrel to fetch, and they both seemed so much wrapt up in this simple amusement that only the two gold stripes indicating his military rank induced me to interrupt them. A curious little figure he made in his dark coat and red trousers with a blue stripe and heavy gaiters.
>
> With childlike naïveté he chatted about his warlike experiences, and related how he won his present rank. As I watched this lilliputian officer—scarcely four feet in height—there passed through my mind half-forgotten Henty stories, of the youths who became generals at thirty through deeds of derring-do, of a powder-monkey who became admiral (wasn't it Cloudesley Shovel?), of the Drums of the Fore and Aft, and of Drummer Bent, of the 1st East Lancashires, who has just received his V. C. from the King's hands for more than one gallant action.

Marius will be fifteen this April. He was born at Dijon, the son of a workman. Both father and mother died while the boy was quite young, leaving him to shift for himself. On the outbreak of the war he attached himself as cyclist scout to a regiment on its way to the Alsatian front. He made himself useful, and accordingly was taken on to Lunéville, where his adventures, described by the writer, began:

> Here he acted as ammunition-bearer, dispatch-carrier, scout, and, in fact, was a Jack of all trades. On the sixth day of the war, when the French were hurling themselves in vain against the heights held by the enemy, Marius was shot through the leg and put *hors de combat* for a while.
>
> When the Germans were pressing on toward Paris a section of the French troops were hurried from the eastern frontier to the center, and so we next find our youngster at Mouroux, north of the Grand Morin River. The enemy are in retreat.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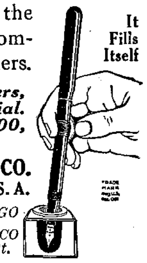

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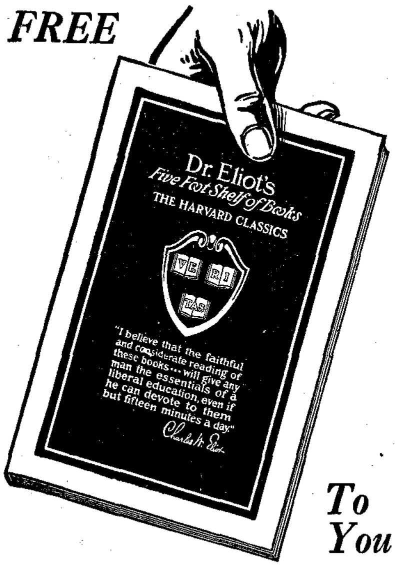
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P. F. Collier & Son, 416 West 13th Street
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You may send me the free booklet containing the story of the Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

Name......................................

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The German rear-guard believe it is safe for an hour or two. An infantry officer marches up to a haystack to get material for a bed. From behind the stack comes a shot and the officer reels and falls dead. A tiny figure, carrying a small carbine still smoking, glides through the tall grass, while the Germans, enraged at the loss of their officer, direct a murderous fire toward the stack. But the boy corporal (as he then was), with the bullets whistling over his head, gains safe cover.

Again the scene changes. Marius is at Crouy, near Soissons (where only yesterday a fierce battle was raging between the French and the Germans). He is now attached to the artillery, and as he hands over a shell to the gunner a small piece of shrapnel strikes him on the face. Again *hors de combat* for a while, and a permanent, if slight, scar as a souvenir.

Next we find him—a full-blown *sergent-fourrier*—in the Arras district, the pet of his regiment—for he is not conceited—and the admired of stalwart Britons whom he chances to meet when carrying messages. In the last four months he has become a hardened veteran, indifferent to cannonade and rifle-fire.

Yesterday he came down from the front on leave, and is wondering if he can take a boat out in a rather choppy sea and have a swim.

PERPLEXED PATRIOTISM

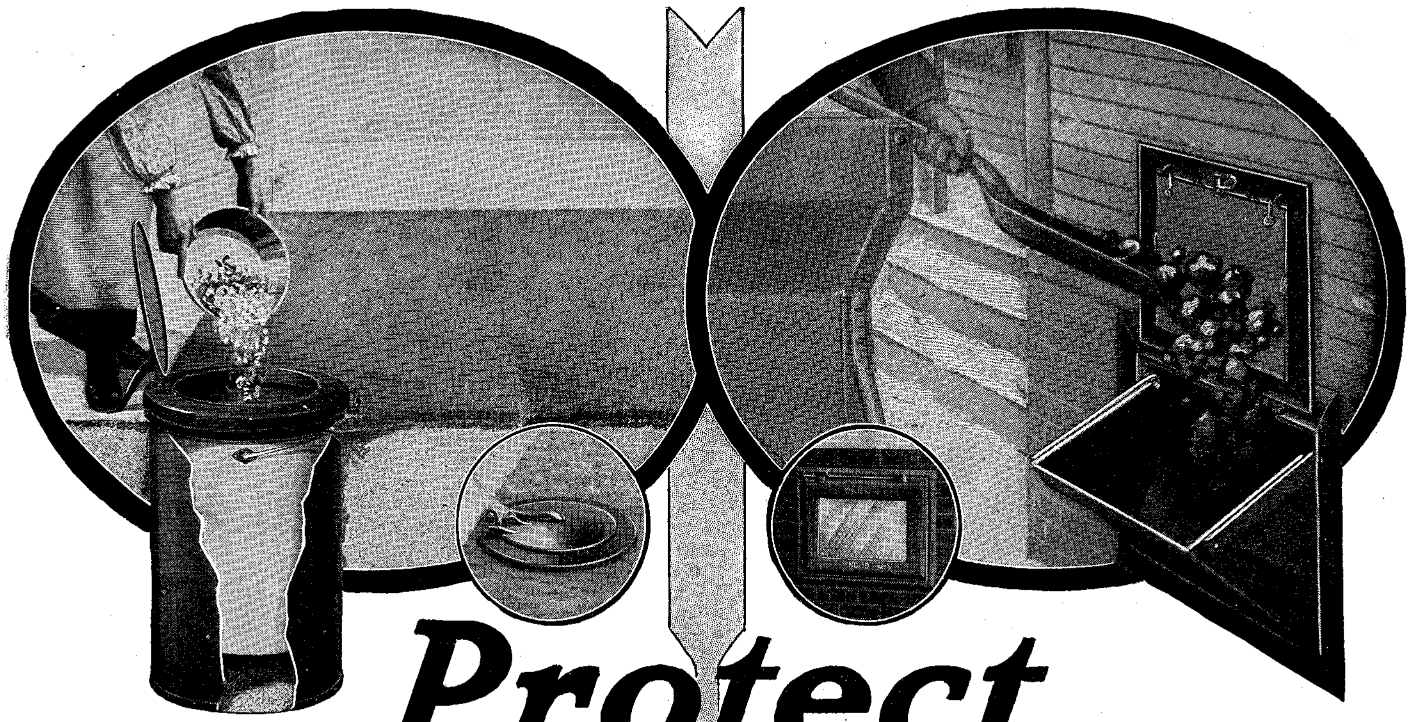
"*WHY should I slay my brother?*" In the letters written by the soldiers, in the diaries found upon them and printed, in the statements to those press correspondents who have made their way among the men themselves, this question recurs again and again in varying form. It is significant that it is asked so much more frequently in this war than in any war before. It is as if the query had been gradually growing, from an unheard, subconscious questioning in days of semi-savagery up to its present form. And many present-day writers find in this a promise, that one day the soldier, armed and accoutered, will, upon his realization of the actual errand that lies before him, suddenly ask himself: "*Why do I go forth to kill?*" and forthwith lay down his arms, turn back, and go about the ways of peace.

In *The Reform Advocate* is printed a story strongly illustrative of this point. The writer, a Russian Jew, was a brilliant student in the Vienna University at the time that war broke out. Because of race prejudice, he had been unable to complete his education in Russia; every attempt made in that country toward education and self-improvement was rendered either impossible or hopelessly difficult. Had not Austria welcomed him, all his hopes must have gone by the board. Suddenly he is compelled to return; he is made one of Russia's armed millions, and sent to Galicia. One can imagine the sentiments of the thoughtful youth, called upon by Russia to fight against the people of his foster nation. But, according to his own story, this was not his experience alone, for, as he says:

> Among all the Russian soldiers, regardless of nationality or religious affiliation, having any degree of intellectual training or education, the question was frequently heard: "Why do we fight Austria? What harm has Austria ever done to us or to other Russians?" In my own case the question often assumed the shape of remorseful conscientious scruples: "Why should I kill Austrian soldiers? That country had only showered blessings upon me, which my own Fatherland had denied me. There I had been permitted to reside anywhere and study at all public institutions, without hindrance by any local authorities. Now I was asked to prove my gratitude for such liberal treatment by killing or maiming the native sons of that country."

Keen as were his doubts and scruples on this point, they were rendered even more poignant by the events that followed. He was employed in the attack upon Przemysl, until, after three weeks of hard fighting, the Russians, tho in considerably greater numbers than the defenders, were driven back. The writer was severely wounded in one of the battles and for several days lay helpless upon the field before he was found. He regained consciousness in an Austrian hospital, surrounded by attendants, among them a surgeon. He relates:

> The surgeon then addrest me, saying: "We must amputate your left leg at once." At the sound of that voice I was seized by deep emotions and cried out: "My dear Mr. Professor!" The surgeon was none other than my own teacher, who had only recently been one of my examiners. He replied: "Is that you, Dawidowicz? There is no time now for greetings; you must at once permit us to place you under the influence of the narcotics."
>
> I awoke minus my left leg, and then for the first time learned that I was in one of the lecture-rooms of the Vienna University, which had been turned into a well-equipped military hospital. Possibly I am in the very room where I had so often sat at the feet of the famous master, anxiously listening to his words of instruction. Now I am lying here as a wounded enemy and being treated and watched over by that very teacher.
>
> I am having the very best of care and attention. My teacher looks to securing me all the comfort possible. For the last three days I have been able to drag myself about without other assistance than my temporary artificial leg. The professor has often talked to me about my future. He has offered to use his influence so as to secure my entire liberty, as soon as I am completely restored to health, instead of having to undergo internment as a prisoner of war. But how about completing my studies? In my own country I would not be permitted to continue them, and the doors of the Vienna *alma mater* might be closed to me as an "enemy." Only yesterday the Professor learned the news that, according to a recent decision of the Austrian Minister of Public Education, the admission to the higher educational institutes was to be denied to all subjects of States at war with Austria, but that exceptions might be made in favor of such students who in their own homes do not belong to the ruling nationality. Thus I shall again be permitted the privilege of continuing my studies at the Vienna University and shall here be able to secure



Protect

your health

Keep yourself and family immune from the dangers of the exposed garbage can. Physicians agree it is the harboring spot for filth and vermin—the breeding place for germs. Protect your family's health, stop flies from gathering and keep your back yard neat with a

your House

Keep the careless coal man from marring and scarring the sides of your house every time he delivers coal. Save your lawn, walk, flowers and shrubs from being ruined by coal dust and stray lumps. Install in the window of your coal bin a

Majestic

Garbage Receiver

It can be buried in your back yard handy to your kitchen door where it is convenient to use but never unsightly. It is water tight—emits no foul odors and keeps contents free from mice, dogs, cats and flies, etc.

No Flies to Swat—No Unclean Yard

Get a Majestic and minimize the fly nuisance, this summer. Everyone knows the old fashioned exposed garbage can has the greatest attraction for flies. It's the fly's chief breeding spot. Bury the can out of sight the Majestic way and drive the flies away. Then with your garbage safely hidden dogs or cats cannot upset it and litter up your yard.

Very Easy to Set in Place

Just dig a hole the size of the ingot iron receptacle or shell. Set the receptacle into the ground. Put the can inside and the top in place. It is always closed.

The only part exposed is the top and door. This opens and shuts with the foot. (See the pictures above). When you want to dump garbage just press your foot on the little step. It closes by itself. Nothing could be more simple to operate or practical to use. The can easily lifts out for emptying.

Cost But $5.00 Up

When you consider how little the Majestic Garbage Receiver cost, it's unwise to risk using an unsanitary one. You can get one as low as $5 suitable for the average family. Large sizes cost a trifle more.

Send Coupon for Free Book

Return this coupon and let us send you our free book that tells all about the Majestic Underground Garbage Receivers and explains the advantages and conveniences of this home necessity. You will never be without one once you use this new modern way of garbage disposal.

THE MAJESTIC CO.
510 Erie St., Huntington, Ind.
The Galt Stove and Furnace Co., Galt, Ontario, Canada

Coal Chute

It can easily be put in a new home or one that is already built. In a house already erected the Majestic Coal Chute can be placed in the opening now occupied by the basement window. The window opening can be arranged to fit the Majestic. In a new house provision should be made for it when building the foundation.

Window and Coal Chute Combined

The Majestic when closed sets flush with the foundation. It has a glass door which serves as a window when chute is not in use for receiving coal and gives splendid light to the basement. The glass is protected when chute is in use by special iron plate. The Majestic is more than just a coal chute. It's a cellar window as well.

Burglar Proof—Strong and Durable

The Majestic locks from the inside securely and is absolutely burglar proof. It is extra durable, and will outlast the building. It has a heavy steel body—cast-iron door frame and boiler plate hopper. When open the hopper comes out automatically, catching all the coal. Every piece of coal gets into the bin without waste or scattering.

Thousands in Use

Thousands of owners of homes, hotels, stores, apartments, etc., have installed Majestic Coal Chutes in their buildings. Architects and Contractors indorse them and specify their use in all the new modern structures. Before your next lot of coal is delivered find out about the Majestic Coal Chute and arrange to install one in your building.

Send Coupon for Free Book

Return this coupon and let us send you all the facts about the Majestic Coal Chute and learn how it saves your house, lawn, walk, flowers and coal. This free book describes every detail of it and is worth while reading. Send the coupon today.

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Send me catalog of Majestic Specialties.

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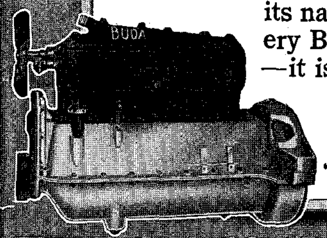
BUDA
MOTOR
"The part to buy the car by"
ESTABLISHED 1881

Performance-Not Price

The maker who equipped your car or truck with the Buda Motor did not select his motor "on price." He was jealous of his reputation and his product; he believed that your satisfaction was part of the bargain when you handed him your check. So, regardless of price, he made comparisons and careful tests and finished by selecting the Buda Motor, built by a great organization which *for 35 years* has backed every last screw and bolt of its product with its name and all its vast resources. Every Buda Motor is not only guaranteed —it is *much more than guaranteed* by the fact that a part of its duty is to live up to the name it bears.



"If the MOTOR is not right, the car is wrong"

THE BUDA COMPANY, HARVEY CHICAGO SUBURB ILLINOIS.

Perfect Lawns

The Ideal Junior Power Mower will keep the lawn in the finest condition, and delight everyone who takes pride in the proper appearance of his lawn.

This power driven mower is more economical to operate than either the hand or horse driven mower—will do the work quicker and better. Ten full hours work costs but 20 cents for fuel—with no loss of power, as is the case when three or four chains are necessary to transmit the power from the motor to the drive wheel.

The motor is 3 horse power SAE rating, high tension National magneto; 4 adjustable cutter blades; 25 inch cut; climbs 40% grades; cuts 5 acres per day. Speed up to 4 miles per hour.

The Ideal Combination Mower and Roller, a larger machine with 38 inch cut $400

Let us tell you more about what the Ideal Power Lawn Mower will do for your lawn.

The Ideal Power Lawn Mower Co.
R. E. Olds, *Chairman* 420 Kalamazoo Street
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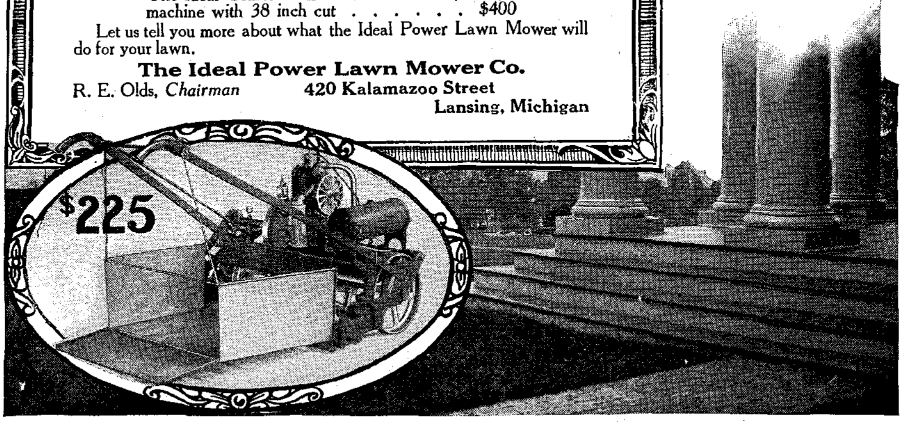
Ideal Junior Power Lawn Mower



my diploma as a physician. Up to now a physician with an artificial leg probably has been the rare exception and not to be met in every-day life, but I fear that after the close of the war people will have to become accustomed to such and other anomalous conditions.

SIGHTSEEING UNDER FIRE

SPLENDID *pictures and descriptions* of the war are filling all the newspapers and magazines—as it appears above five miles back of the firing-line. We see everything but the war. How the wounded are cared for, how the men are fed, how the horses are shod, we know well. But when we come to the real business in hand, the war correspondent can usually prove an alibi. Rarely, except from a safe and distant height, have we seen actual battle, with the air full of singing hornets whose sting is death, or standing beside the man behind the gun in the entrenchment, watching him dispatch his messengers of eternity. Rarely has the reader followed the course described by Robert Dunn in the New York *Evening Post*, where he tells of his experiences in the German trenches one wild night not long ago. Several of them started out for the trenches, but not until it was dark, for a bullet-swept area must be crossed on the way over which it would be impossible to walk in the daylight. He writes:

Ahead, over the swelling battle-field, the boom of artillery was dying fitfully, only to be replaced by glimmering rocket-lights shot from the trenches, which, like flashes of greenish lightning, reticulated the torn timber and tottering walls of houses. The soupy mud was ankle-deep. Momently, emerging out of the obscurity, we met whining provision-carts, a belated field-kitchen, a lone horseman with the dull gleam of a cigar at the apex of his great cape. A well-traveled road, too defiant an artery of life, in its ceaseless traffic to and fro, with death, defeat, or victory.

I do not know just where the rifle-bullets began kicking around us. But until we reached the village they must have been spent ones, since on our northwest course woods and a swell of land cut off the French trenches to the north, tho soon they were not half a mile away as the crow flies. What our host had said about heavy firing all night on the sights got by day was true enough. But in all the twelve hours we were under fire we heard only at scattered intervals the purr of a machine gun or the thunder of *granaten* (detonating-shells). They told me afterward that I must be deaf. At first I certainly read no menace in the wiry notes that entered the song of the rising wind in the tall, tufty-topped poplars that made the road an avenue.

"Please—please," came from the lieutenant, "to walk ten meters apart from each."

I dropt behind the bow-legged non-com., who was in the van, and Reed observed the thirty feet in my rear. Suddenly every one had stopt talking. You can read all sorts of fears into a stormy night under swishing branches. Certainly in the fields to the right bullets were striking

More Leisure for You, Madam—

A Perfect, Seamless, Aluminum-Lined 12-Quart Fireless Cookstove, $8.00

Better cooked food and 50% saving in fuel. That's what it will mean to you to have a Caloric Junior Fireless Cookstove in your kitchen.

This wonderful, new model removes from fireless cookery the one great inconvenience that heretofore has almost over-shadowed its usefulness, namely, the necessity of handling and cleaning radiators. The

Caloric JUNIOR Fireless Cookstove

(No radiators to heat, clean or handle)

is almost as convenient as an extra maid. You simply put your dinner into the Caloric, put the Caloric on the stove, allow it to heat for a little while—that's all the heat needed to cook the dinner. Your time is your own for the rest of the day.

The food cannot burn—the Caloric patented Ventilating Valve prevents that. And such cooking as it does! Better than you have ever been able to obtain by any other means.

With a Caloric Junior you can cut down on your table allowance (because the food goes farther) save fuel, roast, bake, boil and stew with most satisfactory results and just about double your leisure hours.

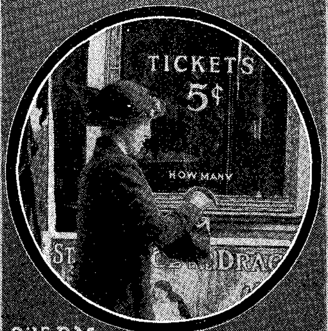
The Caloric Junior does not cost more—it costs less—$8.00 for a perfect 12-quart Caloric Junior. The Caloric Junior Electric attaches to any light socket, $12.00. ***Ask your dealer to show you.***

You will enjoy reading the Caloric Catalog—it's free. Write for it.

The Caloric Company
Dept. D. Janesville, Wisconsin

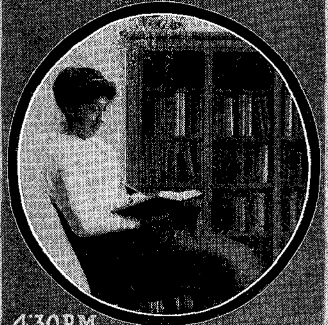
My husband says—"The Caloric makes an old rooster taste, like a spring chicken"

2 P.M.
MADAM PUTS THE DINNER IN THE CALORIC



2:15 P.M.
SHE SPENDS AN HOUR AT THE PICTURE SHOW

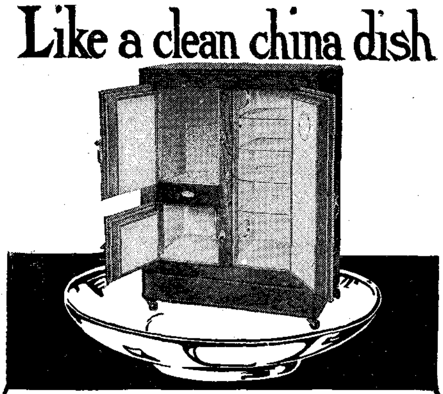
3:15 P.M.
SHE SHOPS AWHILE



4:30 P.M.
STILL HAS TIME FOR AN HOURS READING

6 P.M.
A PIPING HOT MEAL FROM A COOL KITCHEN

Like a clean china dish



Superb Porcelain Lined—the delight of every woman's heart—the pride of every housekeeper. Here's that famous refrigerator with the seamless, scratchless, germ-proof lining, the genuine

Leonard Cleanable

Don't confuse this wonderful one-piece lining with paint or enamel. I will mail you—free—a sample of Leonard Porcelain that will quickly show you the difference. **You can't scratch it even with a knife.** It's everlasting—easily kept beautifully sweet and clean. You'll never be satisfied with anything else. Can be arranged for outside icing and water cooler. Style shown is No. 4 in polished oak case. Size 35x21x45. **$35.00**

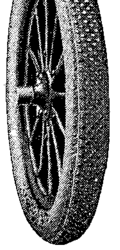
50 Styles, $15.00 up; Freight Paid

to Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. I take the risk; send for catalog today. Money returned if you are not perfectly satisfied. Ask for sample of porcelain and I'll mail my booklet, "Care of Refrigerators." Every woman should have a copy of this valuable book.

C. H. LEONARD, President

Grand Rapids Refrigerator Company
133 Clyde Park Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich. (1)

Don't Throw Away Your Worn Tires



For over three years European motorists have been getting from 10,000 to 15,000 miles out of their tires by "half-soling" them with Steel Studded Treads.

In eight months over 20,000 American motorists have followed their example and are **saving $50 to $200 a year in tire expense.**

WE SHIP ON APPROVAL without a cent deposit, prepay express and let you be the judge. ***Durable Treads*** double the life of your tires and are sold under a **signed guarantee for 5,000 miles without puncture.** Applied in your own garage in 30 minutes.

SPECIAL DISCOUNT offered to motorists in new territory on first shipment **direct from factory.** A postal will get full information and sample within a week. **State size of tires. Don't wait—write today.**

THE COLORADO TIRE & LEATHER CO.
323 B Goetz Building, W. Austin Ave., Chicago, Ill.
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Rats, Mice, Roaches

—exterminated in one night. No mixing, no muss, no trouble with Rat Bis-Kit Poison. Place a little of either kind wherever these pests annoy you. They quickly seek it, eat it, die outdoors, hunting water. Results guaranteed or money refunded.

Rat Bis-Kit Poison

Biscuit or Paste

Biscuits (for rats and mice) 15c and 25c packages. Paste (for roaches, waterbugs, rats and mice) 15c, 25c and $1 tubes. Keeps indefinitely. At any druggist or direct from us prepaid.

THE RAT BISCUIT CO.
135 No. Limestone Street
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Ohio

RAT BIS-KIT
RAT BIS-KIT PASTE
THE NEW POISON IN THE TUBE

with pops like very venomous fire-crackers; but the taut-wire vibrations overhead were but inviting sighs, surely, in the concerted night-sounds of a proper front. A time, I reflected, when the bachelor fatalist has a mean advantage, less of will than temperament.

Perhaps it was a desperate venture, for unattached civilians thus to incur the dangers of actual warfare, merely for the sake of news and a story such as no one else would have. Nevertheless, in spite of attempts on the part of the genial Bavarians to discourage them, they attempted it. And because they did so, and one of them wrote back his story of the night's adventures, we, too, may go the way they went, stumble through the mud, down to the foremost trench, and risk our lives with Allied bullets skipping around our ears—and all quite safely at home in our favorite armchair.

Half-way down to the entrenchments, says Mr. Dunn, two of the original four correspondents in his party came to a halt. They were married men, and there would be no Iron Cross sent to their families if they did not return. They had seen enough, and heard enough of the singing flight of those bullets in the dark. As he describes, Mr. Dunn and his bachelor friend, with their Bavarian Red Cross guide, continued:

The rain was sheeting down through air curiously clear. Riegel, with a warning about my pocket-flash, rippled the circle from his own upon the wobbling planks leading to the highroad, and we were in its ankle-deep gray soup once more, between the lofty poplars. We kept our old direction for a full quarter-mile before turning—to the right again—first down a cross-road, finally into the château grounds.

At first, the spell and terror of that highway, descending in ever louder metallic voices, concentrated in this: the ceaseless stream of life it bore; that this stream, silent, lightless, as tho leaderless, should flow on through such a hellish darkness, so serene, secure. But the night was its compulsory time for feeding the slaves of the trenches, relieving the exhausted with fresh forces, carrying out the dead and wounded. By day, a man or cart appearing on that road might forthwith be the hash of a 7.5. And the night, when artillery can not aim, only brought a more scathing, microscopic blast from rifles, guessing at targets on the day ranges. And pretty close guessing, for at the farthest the road here was but a half-mile from the French trenches, with the modern rifle's even trajectory two miles.

"*Geh rechts! Geh rechts!*" The muttered rule of the road echoed every moment. Two kitchens—*Ghoulash Kanonen*—gritted past. Hot food is wheeled to the very mouth of the *Laufgraben*, all hands eating in the darkness of seven in the morning and the evening, only twice a day. A stretcher next, the limp form under its blanket rising and falling too yieldingly to the pace of the four bearers. A short file of privates, who seemed to stagger slightly—stagger, not duck. In the loom of a rocket their mud-coats were ashen, their mute countenances copper-green. Not once did I hear an order given, see so much as an under-officer. The traffic was running itself. The least man in the ranks knew his stunt, automatically. Here at last I realized to the full that organization, concentration, mighty spirit—the feared, scoffed-at ideal of the indomitable German machine—its unhuman perfection—in duty—by discipline.

We had turned at the cross-road, due north, getting the fire no longer enfilading, but straight in our faces. The rockets, whose glare only we had seen up to now, appeared as blinding green stars, hovering slowly, the small parachutes from which they hung invisible, down a clear expanse to the right. But ten times as persistent, blinding, as any photographer's calcium flash. The dripping trees, mud, drenched fields, swam and glinted under them as if cased in ice or glass. We zigzagged among great pits in the road dug by *Granaten*. A crumbling high brick wall on the right, running with us and so giving no shelter, ushered into the château grounds.

Ahead, huddled a torn mass of low buildings. We met a horse and driver carting cord-wood. "For the Colonel at the farm," remarked Riegel casually. "But little wood for burning is left anywhere else." We passed under an archway into the open again. Close to the ground in one house a cellar window glowed faintly. "Field-quarters," said the young man, and loosening his arm which I held, "*Sehen Sie Brücke?*" A tiny plank bridge. So seared here by shell-fire was the ground that the incessant raid had cut deep channels between the pits. Yet every moment we veered around undrained ones, glossy ponds some eight feet in diameter. A lone soldier limped past. "*Verwundet?*" asked Riegel solicitously. "*Nein.*" Caving-in earth in the trench had mashed his foot.

Stumbling on, they came of a sudden upon a picture at once fairylike and fantastic beyond imagination. Following the topography of the region, war goes where it wills without regard for the handicraft of man, and so it was that here in the thick of the firing stood what should have been a beautiful little palace, surrounded by gently sloping lawns and all the usual signs of peaceful elegance. Instead:

Dead before us rose the château, or what had once been such a thing. Even as lit by the floating fire-balls beyond, I have now a mental image of it confused—Maeterlinckean. For instantly such an association filled me; this was the very country of the *macabre* master, the very staging he would conjure. Perhaps the sheen of the park pond, a sudden glimmer of marble limbs through bushes on the right, aroused it. Low, very broad steps mounted to a series of stately engaged columns between two shallow wings. But above, all was crumbling, without roof or cornice. And the moment's shelter it gave only served as a sort of sounding-board to the streams of bullets that it blocked.

Beyond the château lay yet 200 yards of the worst territory yet covered; down the hill to the *Laufgraben* that were their goal. The air seemed to the strangers as thick with bullets as with snowflakes in a blizzard. Of course, no one was going to

PENN

The Razor With Perfect Blades

A Personal Message Addressed to Twenty Million Men in America on the Subject of a Daily Habit

EVERY morning millions of men go through the pleasurable or painful process of shaving. The daily shave is a fine habit. The smooth-shaven cheek makes a man look better, feel better and work better. For this is the age of the man-who-keeps-young.

In response to the demand of the man-who-shaves-himself, safety razors were invented. I think that there are about one hundred different kinds on the market—at least they were on the market. Some of them had points of merit while others were about as efficient as the sharp-edged mussel shell with which the Indian scraped the hair from his jowl. Some of them lived up to the name of "safety" because you couldn't shave yourself, let alone cut yourself with one.

Out of the hundred so few have survived that you can count them on the fingers of one hand. To them, as well as to those which failed, America owes a debt for having popularized a healthy, wholesome habit.

Ask any safety razor manufacturer what was the rock on which his ship of Hope was wrecked and he will instantly respond—"Why, on the blade end of the business of course. We couldn't get the blades right."

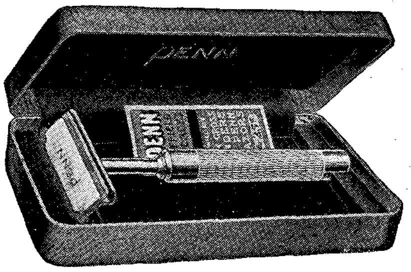
All my life has been spent in the cutlery and hardware business and I've followed safety razor history from its beginning. I made up my mind that, given the right steel, the right process of forging and finishing, a perfect blade could be made.

I will not attempt to take you through the details of patient study and work through which my associates and I went in our determination to produce that perfect safety razor blade. Sufficient to say that we kept at it until we had it—positively.

We had succeeded in producing at last a perfect blade—and along with it we had perfected a method of making that blade which resulted in absolute uniformity. Not only was the first blade of a batch perfect, but the thousandth and ten thousandth were exactly the same as the first.

From numberless formulæ of steel we found one which when made up with English Sheffield stock gave us a wonderful, fine-grained, edge-holding blade.

When we were absolutely sure by unending tests that our blades were right the rest was comparatively easy.



Our next step was to build a holder for the perfect blade. After careful study of the various safety razors on the market, we determined that the Penn Safety must incorporate certain essentials, viz., simplicity, correct shaving angle, proper weight and balance in head and handle, and, finally, distinctive appearance.

Right here let me bring up a mighty important point. At no time in the development of the Penn Safety had we given much thought to the question of what price we ought to retail it. Our thought had been: "Make the best safety razor in the world and the price will take care of itself. If it's the best, men will not hesitate to pay a fair price."

So eight months ago when we had completed our manufacturing plans and were ready to offer the Penn Safety to the public, we came to our decision regarding the price. We found that this razor, complete with extra blades, could be sold in the large way for which we have laid plans at a price of one dollar.

It is obvious to anyone that the success of a safety razor manufacturer depends upon his re-sales of blades. Our profit, therefore, lies in the extra blades which you are going to buy.

Genuine quality of Penn blades is the sole factor upon which we depend for re-sales. The re-sale cost must be low. Under these circumstances we are able to supply you with Penn Blades in packets of five for twenty-five cents.

The illustration will give you an idea of the appearance of the Penn Safety. The holder is made in two parts only, and is triple silver-plated. The handle is solid metal with neat knurling and just naturally drops into correct position for shaving. The "head" or blade-holding section is the simplest imaginable. Just give the handle a half-turn twist, insert the blade, tighten the handle, and you are ready to shave. So simple you'll wonder why someone didn't think of it before. The "head" is set at the correct angle to the handle and a smooth bar guard makes it impossible to shave yourself other than properly and safely.

Men, who own Penn Safeties have told us that in efficiency, simplicity and handsome appearance, the Penn is in a class by itself. If this becomes the general verdict of men in America we will be satisfied. At least that is what we have striven for—from the making of the perfect blade, the simple handsome holder, and the severely plain permanent case in which it comes to you.

You can buy the Penn Safety at your dealer's—it is on sale almost everywhere. Look at it; see if it isn't even better than we have pictured it; for one dollar you can take it home and try it with the certainty that the blades are perfect and that the entire outfit is about the best small investment you ever made.

But if you should fail to find it at your dealer's, we are willing to send you an outfit direct from the factory. All you have to do is to wrap a dollar bill in this advertisement with your name and address on the margin and mail it at our risk. Do it now while you are thinking of shaving satisfaction. The Penn Safety and its wonderful blade will satisfy you.

(*Signed*)

A. C. Penn

President

A. C. PENN, Incorporated, 100 Lafayette Street
NEW YORK CITY

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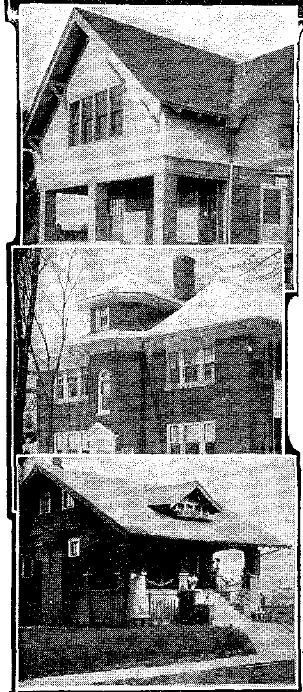

STUDY these pictures closely—you'll see that all these handsome homes have shingle roofs. But if you could actually see the buildings themselves you would marvel at the brilliant beauty of the shingles—red, greenish gray, garnet, emerald and brown. It's a beauty that lasts too, because they are Flex-A-Tile Asphalt Shingles. And Flex-A-Tile Asphalt Shingles are fit in every way to crown the handsomest homes.

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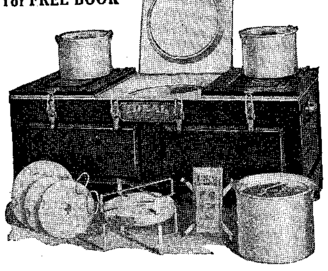

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be afraid, but curious, unwonted feelings would come, and a great deal of supposedly calm, cool reasoning must be done, to keep a man from instinctively crouching low and running. Says the writer:

> You reasoned that the bullets which detonated like loud toy torpedoes, in the mud, on trees, on brick, were the ones to ignore. The singing, zinging ones that passed you by were the devils that the next instant might. . . . They flew like swarming wasps with some new sped-up, metallic buzzing apparatus—creatures that having begun a concerted assault upon you, suddenly changed their minds two inches from your face, and swerved away. Yet when the first sort pocked a stone a foot off, or the tree you were passing on a level with your eyes, they bore a maddening, personal challenge. Then, perversely, all my inner, excited, and exhilarated being turned the more vengefully against them.
>
> The average, the essence of it was just that. And if Riegel stood it, took his chance thus night by night—to say nothing of his mute, peasant ranks—why shouldn't I? We were all flesh and blood, each with but his single life to lose. Still, there were moments when mere anger curdled into a kind of giddy desperation; these, once or twice, before we reached the bottom, as all Flanders seemed to blaze up too clear, and yet confused around us, in the blinding emerald of the floating flares. Then they saw us, live and pallid targets, dodging in and out among the shadows. Then all sounds rattled up into a tumult.
>
> A board bridged a ditch in a thicket; we stumbled across it, plunged down, to find ourselves knee-deep in water, both arms outstretched on each side into the banked mud walls of the approach-trench.
>
> The lieutenant led, then I came, then Reed. Standing, just our heads would show over the top of the earthworks; and, since we were still head-on against the fire, it might seem useless to keep them ducked. But the first yards of floundering forward showed the sense of and the provision for that. The trench twisted, always raising against us a collar of soil. And the floundering! Long ago, of course, we had doused our light. Here and there, either on little piles or thrust into the walls, planks had been laid; but our feet only felt out the wood to collapse with it; or stamped into the side soil to slip again to the ice-cold bottom. It recalled nothing more than certain desperate trails I have followed in our Northern wilderness, tho by day. This was beyond anything.
>
> You had to lunge out both fists, one into the mud on either side, to keep balance. Even so, my coat absorbed the mud-water like a lamp-wick, the splashing plastered our faces, and Reed's oaths behind were the right and only talk. And never two feet from us through the ruff of earth did those "exploding" reports cease, or the taut singing overhead.
>
> Suddenly Riegel chuckled. I had waded out from between our six-foot-wide walls, bang against a great muffled creature. And "Bing!" he welcomed me, quite unawares, till he turned his bearded face, lowering the rifle from his shoulder, but keeping the muzzle stuck through the small square port in the top of the mud-bank. He grunted something as I tried

to scramble from the water into the small cubicle where he stood, hollowed from the wall.

It was the firing-line at last, all right. The fellow was only contributing his little whisper of destruction to whatever neutral fools might be plashing about among châteaux and muck, a scant four hundred feet away—across that thin line dividing all the hates and armies of the world. After our long, helpless facing of hundreds like him, only turned the other way, one craved a champion to even the score; or merely to celebrate our being in one of that pair of great parallel burrows that to-day reaches from the North Sea to Mülhausen, four hundred miles; that since the Great Wall of China has never had its match in history, and that (Heaven help us!) will never see its death-dealing equal.

Plowing through the soaking mud of the trenches, Mr. Dunn came every now and then upon little indentations in the outer wall of the trench, with what seemed an armored rim projecting upward from the trench-wall. In each of these cubicles, on raised ground that held him above the level of the water in the main trench, stood a soldier, dogged and impassive, firing slowly and regularly into the dark in the direction of the hostile entrenchments. He writes:

"They don't wait for orders!" I asked Riegel, "but just shoot as they please?"

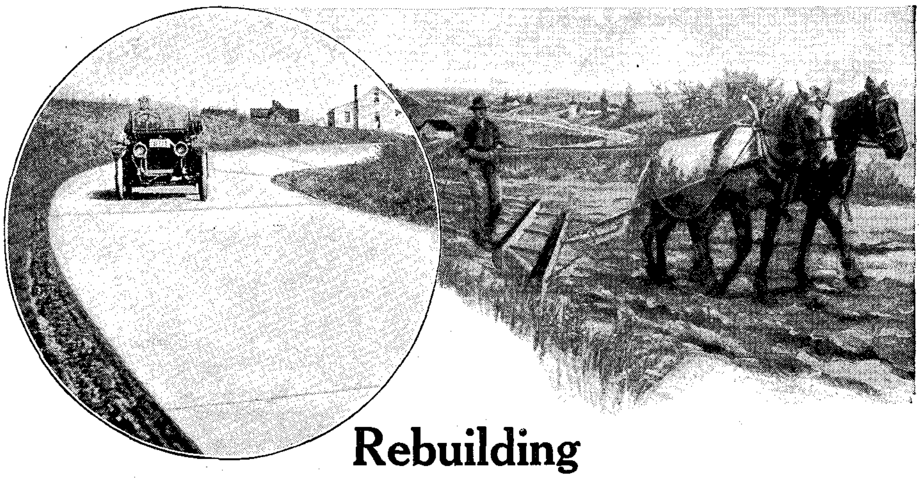
He nodded. "And for how long?" I asked.

"Two hours on duty, then two off—to sleep if they can—for thirty-six hours." (I don't pretend to quote his German.) "Then three days' rest at V——, and return. These men's relief comes to-night at half-past eleven."

We had stept up into an alcove, longer and drier than the others, where the firing side of the trench seemed to bulge outward slightly. Riegel lifted a flap of tent-cloth, crouching under it, and bade us follow.

We found ourselves in a square cavern, a sort of big dog-house, some 5 x 9 feet in linear, but not four feet high. The walls were mud, except for boards on the entrance side, and the roof was black tar-paper under the planking. A young man with deep black eyes, prominent teeth, and a rather startled look, which proved to be native to him, was sitting changing his socks on a thin flooring of straw. A candle burned on a cigar-box sunk into one wall, a note-book beside it. Opposite him, sitting on a heap of coats, blankets, cowhide knapsacks, by a lighted stove no more than six inches across, a tall sergeant held a telephone, buzzing its inevitable "Turr-turr-turr." From a peg near by hung a pair of field-glasses, a hunting-knife, and a felt-covered canteen. A bag of pink candy peeped from a side hole in the mud.

A tight squeeze-in for so many of us. Riegel did his best to compose and unlimber us, stopping only, with his warm Bavarian intuition, at the superfluousness here to introduce and explain. His mate of the socks, holding up one muddy boot, stared, grinned himself into greetings. Reed seized the moment to unpocket the fizz, and I the card deck. Neither one spoke English, nor ever had heard of a dissipation called poker. Still, they tum-



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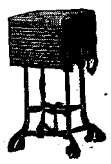

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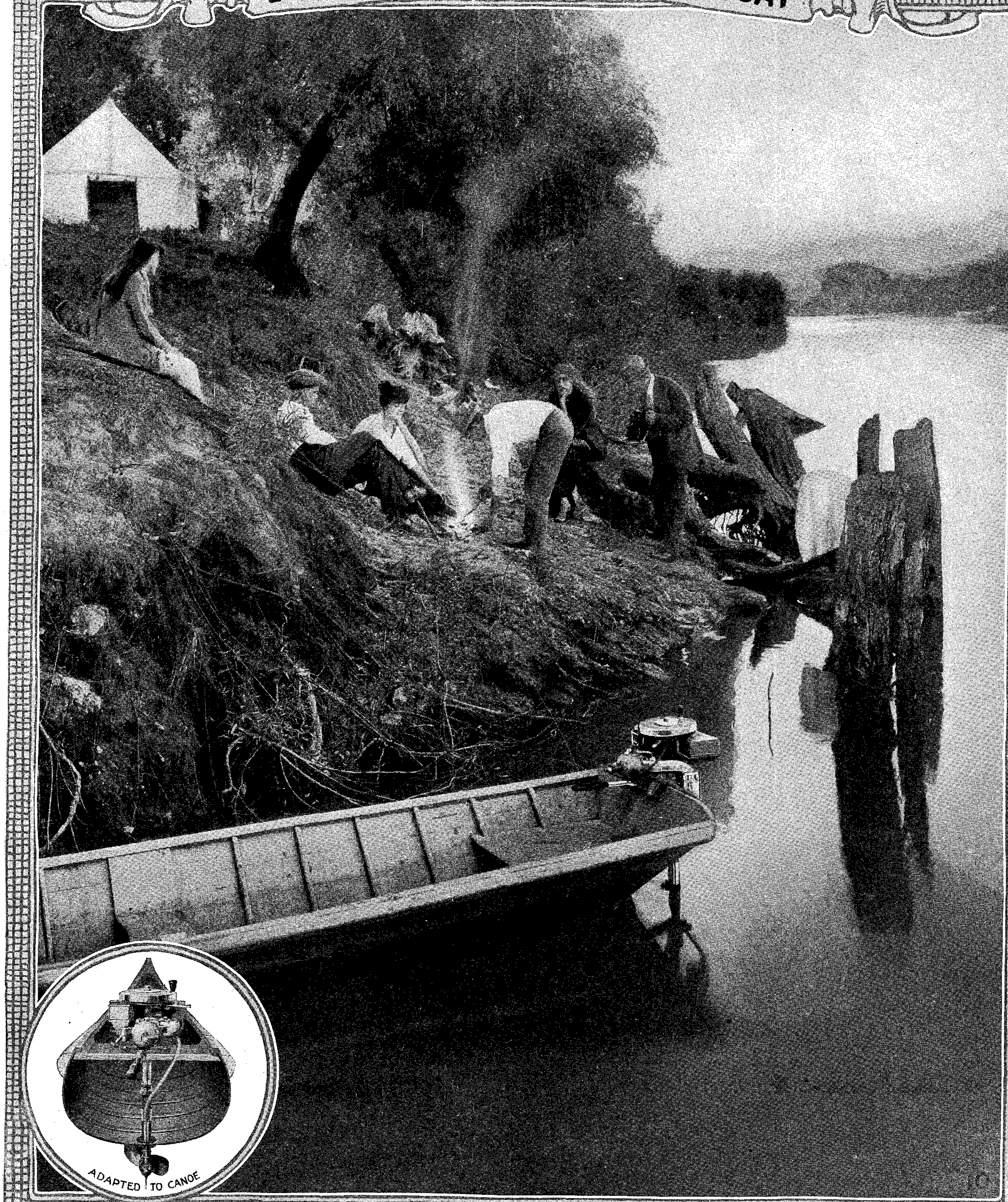

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> bled to our teaching; they would play a hand. You could tell by their quizzical stares, as I dealt up, on the straw, that they felt exactly as we did the foolish joke of the thing. The sergeant as well, for when Reed had the cork out, he dug up an aluminum cup from the dunnage, which we filled and drained in turn.
>
> Riegel called for a new hand, Reed drew to a pair, the lieutenant of the teeth took three, and I two. I had queen, king, ace of spades, a long shot to fill a royal straight, well in keeping with all the other risks survived. But I failed; drew the queen of hearts, which yet won the hand. Riegel had nothing. Reed hadn't bettered his pair of trays, and our host threw down jacks. We were starting another round when the post arrived. A dripping cap thrust through the flap, and the same orderly who had brought the colonel's mail placed a bundle of newspapers on the straw and vanished. There were Lille papers of that very morning, Düsseldorf ones of the day before. From them the startled-looking officer drew a letter with very slant handwriting, which absorbed him, and, reflexly, the rest of us for many minutes. Riegel winked at me with a sly unction.
>
> Then we gossiped, as much as the German language permitted Reed and myself. There were several points about this war to be cleared up at the point of the bayonet, as it were. For instance, how about the stories so sedulously circulated in Berlin that, in contrast to the rancor between the German and English lines, friendly notes were tossed across between German and French trenches? The pair here laughed incredulously; they had never heard of such a thing, and didn't think it likely. Only, when the last news came of 100,000 Russian prisoners taken in the East, they had torn the head-lines from the official communiqué, wrapt them around a stone, and flung it into the opposing ditch. We told them about the officer we had met in Brussels—he spoke English, having lived for two years in Newark—who on Christmas day had crawled out of his trench and spent half an hour chatting with a British officer between the lines, who had done the same, while all shooting was called off.
>
> That was not impossible. Always in war, as the closer one comes to the fighting the fiber of officers becomes finer, so in like proportion rancor and prejudice against the enemy diminish. "If the end ever comes to this war," I said, "it will begin right here in the trenches." They nodded, amazed a bit, but seeming to find the idea reasonable, as if they wished it might be so. "Neither side is fighting for any idea—principle," I said; "but for trade, and to cover the blunders of chancelleries."
>
> "*We* are only defending ourselves," retorted Riegel, properly schooled as he was in official sentiment. "Fighting for life, for our ideal of empire."
>
> "*Idealismus*," muttered Reed, who, I knew, was restive to get outside, and pry sociological catchwords out of the fellows with the rifles.
>
> And soon outside we went, to the bitter end of Riegel's section of trench; into contrast as overwhelming, abstractly, as if, physically, we had at once been shot down. The mud walls of the cavern had smothered the outer tumult to the last whisper, inside there in a wadded silence and warmth. Now we were exposed again, in all the wild, flying, racketing, pitchy darkness of war.

They went on, knee-deep in water, stumbling along "that crooked groove of warm humanity and death." Evidently, says he, word had got abroad that friendly strangers were visiting the lines, for—

> As we passed some of them, a head would turn, and a hoarse voice mutter dryly, with a sort of gleeful pride:
>
> "*Zünftig, nicht? . . . Zünftig!*"
>
> *Zünftig* is upper Bavarian slang, equivalent to, "We're the boys, eh?"
>
> A huge warm paw would be thrust out to seize and shake your hand. Between these posts were sections carved in the walls and hung with tenting. In them the men rested for their two hours off duty. We pulled aside the flaps to see them there, sitting hunched on their hairy knapsacks—there was no room to lie—leaning against one another like falling ninepins, drowsing with eyes shut and hairier chins on their grimed bosoms. Just as, unlike the quiet General Staff trench at Arras, where the officers' cave was hung with Persian rugs, Riegel's had straw, so here there was no jocose "Restaurant zur Wilden Wanze" lettered in the men's cells, as we had seen down there.
>
> "Der Herr Doktor," said Riegel, lifting a flap in the inner bank. And lying full length on another shelf, likewise no bigger than a coffin, a lank, somewhat sallow being, the regimental surgeon, crouched up to greet—
>
> "*Amerikaner?*"—and confide with the instant intimacy of the pits that he knew a young lady over in the States. Fumbling in his knapsack, he drew out an addrest post-card. Since it might the least hearten that person to know that her friend was so loyally cheerful and safe, I remember the direction, to Miss Annie Goerz, 1304 West Front Street, Plainfield, N. J. She should have read his message before seeing this.

At last they had seen it all, and for a few moments had lived the uttermost of war that one can experience without actual torture and suffering and death. And so, with less elation than on the forward march, but at no less risk to life and limb,—

> Back to the officers' cave we sloshed, and to bottled beer, be it not forgotten: It was after eleven o'clock. The sergeant by the stove clapped the telephone to my ear, and distinct and far away I could hear the tinkle-tinkle of a piano. So that was what the colonel had meant by the "concert," which we were not missing, after all. Some one was playing down in the divisional headquarters, at the lower farmhouse, the Chopin waltz in A flat, I recognized, as a drip from the tar-paper overhead trickled down my back. We started stumbling and wading out toward the château, I being the last to leave the shelter. And when he saw me there alone, the sergeant pulled me back by the shoulder, fumbled in his knapsack, and silently opened under my eyes a little black jewel case which held some golden Bavarian decoration, and his Iron Cross. Then he handed me the deuce of clubs, which I had dropt from the card-deck.
>
> Emerging from the pit, crossing the little bridge, passing the torn wrought-iron gates into the noisome and ghostly château grounds, I had exactly the feeling of a mountain-climber who has won a perilous apex, only to face the more dangerous

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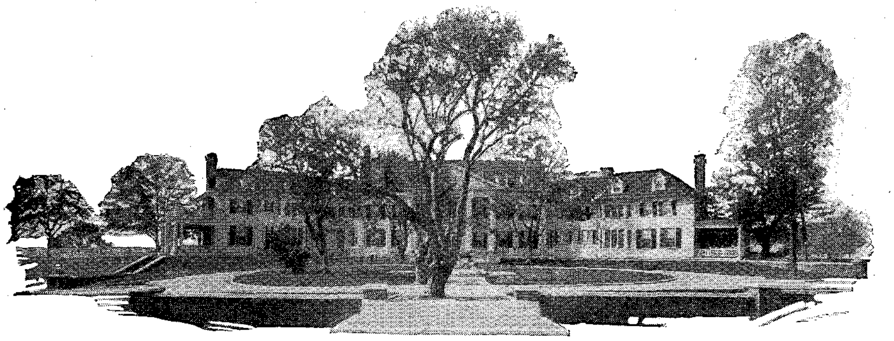

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Mr. Dodson is a Director of the Illinois Audubon Society.

descent. Reed showed a splash of mud on his right cheek, made by a Mr. Tisch landing on the trench-top at a level with his head. But it was by the crumbling pillars of the château, the glimmering marbles of the pond, that I first began trying to pigeonhole mentally the secret of the order, automatism, concentration, the grave, stolid spirit in this small section of the great German machine at its job, that we had glimpsed. It was magnificent. What was its key? The game of death no more tensed any one's nerves than its routine seemed to bore them. Is the German divinely, or devilishly, gifted above other peoples for this business of fighting? He is no Oriental, no fatalist; nor, with his sentimentalism and introspection, can he momentarily love fighting for its own sake, as do the Celts and the English. Could it be patriotism, discipline, alone? Nothing else seemed left. And if it were these, then they have been carried to some *n*th power, beyond the grasp of men who do not know the soul of this race as their own.

Riegel led us down to the field headquarters, where we had seen the glow in the cellar window. "Les caves du château," welcomed the genial major there, rising from his brass kerosene lamp, with a gesture at the ranks of empty shelves where wine had been stored. That very afternoon a *Granate* had burst through the window and taken the foot off his bed. The customary orderly, at the customary telephone, sat in a Louis-Quinze chair. A gilt Directoire mirror reflected our faces, and my trousers were muddying some pink brocade. Next to the atrocities on sugar-beets in the war, my heart bleeds most for the violated dignity of whole antique-shops-full of "art" furniture. As we left, there breezed in to go on duty, night glasses about his neck and code-book in hand, a student-like captain with eye-glasses—the only officer we met who did not seem to accept us without reserve, whose eyes searched us with estimation and doubt. I doubt if he was a Bavarian.

In the road outside the grounds we passed the night relief for the trenches. They came down between the inky avenue of poplars, in single file, muffled, bent forward, huge-booted. Except for the guttural "*Geh rechts!*" of the under-officer leading, there was not a word, not a salute, as they vanished on by the hundreds with shouldered rifles to that next cycle of their tragic routine, which might always be their last. Then a couple of belated *Ghoulash Kanonen*, and we were turning in at the farm-gate.

Outside the kitchen-door, rose a three-foot heap of black beer bottles. The thin scribe and the stout scribe, still sitting at the white supper-table, asked us to show our Iron Crosses, tho having none of the vain hindsight to declare that, as things had turned out, they wished now that they had gone with us. The colonel's concert was over, the men of his post, who had been playing on harmonicas and hand-made guitars strung with telephone-wire, having turned in. But the telephone rang up to announce "Parsifal," this time played from the very hall of the château. The artist was the *Hauptmann* commanding one of the two trench machine guns, a lawyer in peace times. In all, besides him, that night at this customary diversion by the regiment of connecting up all the field-telephones, we heard a general and two colonels perform acts, at least not very cruel,

This is to Men
Who Buy More Tubes Than Tires

It is to Prove Your Need for Goodyear Laminated Tubes

Right Inner Tubes will, on the average, outlast any Tire. If your Tubes don't, these facts should be considered.

Goodyear Tubes are Laminated. That is, they are built up, *layer on layer*. They are also extra-thick. Our records for years show that Tubes built this Goodyear way outlast any Tire. Four Tubes outwear five Casings.

They are built by Goodyear standards, by the men who build Goodyear Tires. And these super-tires, as all know, have won top place in Tiredom.

14% Better—20% Lower

This year, Goodyear Inner Tubes are built better than before. Our smaller sizes have been thickened 12½ per cent. Our larger sizes are thickened 16⅔ per cent. Yet they are built of pure rubber as always.

That means that today's Tubes average 14 per cent better than the Tubes which made the records told above. Yet the price is one-fifth less.

Months ago we added this extra weight. Then on February 1st, when we made our last great tire-price reduction, we reduced Tube prices by 20 per cent. Now these heavy, Laminated Tubes cost about the same as others.

This is largely the result of enormous production. Our Tube sales last year increased about 38 per cent. And Goodyear policy is to give every saving, in some way, to our users.

Please mark this: Despite this added thickness, you pay about the same for Goodyear Laminated Tubes as for other Tubes today.

Layer on Layer

Goodyear Laminated Tubes are not built by a tube machine, of one thick piece of rubber. They are made of thin rubber sheets, wrapped layer on layer, then vulcanized together in a solid rubber tube. See the picture.

Flaws are thus seen, and the sheet is discarded. Layer by layer every part of the Tube wall gets the most careful inspection.

Then our valve patch isn't stuck on. It is made a part of the Tube. No loosening here, no leakage.

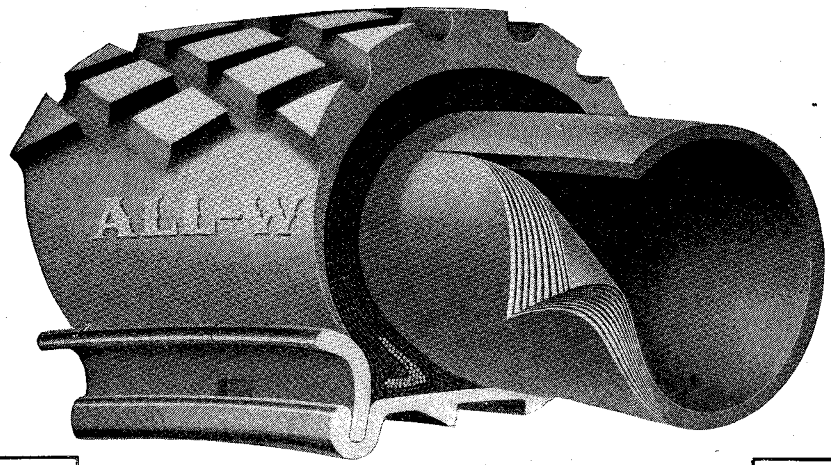
This leak-proof construction, plus pure rubber, plus extra thickness, accounts for Goodyear Tube supremacy.

Let Goodyear Tubes Convert You to the Tires

If you still use other tires than Goodyear's, at least adopt our Tubes. Tubes built our way are certainly better than solid tubes, or lighter tubes, or tubes given weight by mineral adulteration. Prove for yourself that there are Tubes which outlast any tire.

Goodyear Laminated Tubes, with their vital advantages, cost you no extra price over most Tubes.

Then bear in mind that Goodyear Fortified Tires give as much extra value as our Tubes. They embody five exclusive features, each of which adds life to them. They too have been reduced in price, for the third time in two years. Any dealer will supply you.



Goodyear Tubes Are Gray

Pure rubber tubes are gray. To color them we would need to add mineral matter in rather large percentage. That would mean adulteration. And minerals overheat. Heat, due to friction, is a tube's worst enemy. That is why Goodyear Inner Tubes are always gray, the natural rubber color.

This is a section of both Tube and Tire. The Inner Tube is pictured to show the layers which compose it. In completed Tubes these Layers, of course, are vulcanized together into one solid rubber Tube.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., Akron, Ohio

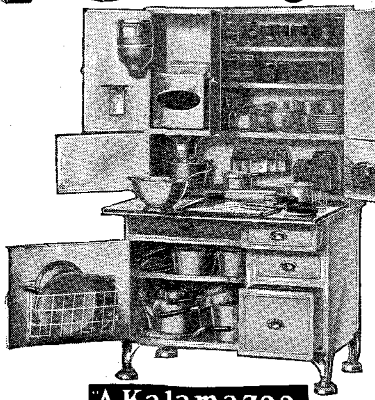
GOOD YEAR
AKRON, OHIO
Laminated Tubes
Extra Heavy Tubes—Uncolored
Built Layer on Layer
By the Makers of Fortified Tires

(2256)

PAY AS YOU USE

Take months to pay for the big, beautiful Kalamazoo all-metal kitchen kabinet—white enameled inside and out. Lasts a lifetime. Nickeloid sliding table top. 8-piece crystal set all included.

Kalamazoo Kabinets and Tables $6 up Direct From Factory



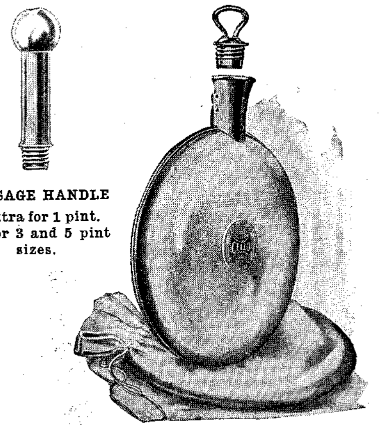
"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

Before you buy any kitchen cabinet, try the Kalamazoo in your own home. Write us. Get our offer to send you one of these fine white-enameled, *nickel-trimmed cabinets* fully equipped for **30 Days' Trial.** We pay freight and guarantee safe delivery. Use the cabinet as your own. If not satisfactory return it. It won't cost you a cent. Write for our big, new, art-illustrated kitchen book, giving full information. **Ask for catalog No. 11**

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Manufacturers,
Kalamazoo, Michigan

FREE Color Printed BOOK

Nothing Can Happen to This Hot Water Bottle



MASSAGE HANDLE
35c extra for 1 pint.
50c for 3 and 5 pint sizes.

CELLO
METAL
HOT WATER BOTTLE

Sold to you with a *guarantee* instead of a *caution* against boiling water.

Never disappoints, cannot crack, burst or leak, because made of the finest brass, heavily nickeled.

It is economy to insist upon the Cello for it will serve you faithfully for a lifetime.

No awkward angles—curved to fit the body comfortably—dainty blue flannel bag makes it soft as a pillow. Stays hot all night. Self-sterilizing every time you fill it.

Ask for the Cello at your drug or department store—in 1, 3 and 5 pint sizes, prices $1.75, $2.00 and $3.00 respectively.

Should you fail to find the Cello, order direct from us, mentioning the size wanted and name of your dealer, and we will deliver by parcel post prepaid. Your money back if you are not more than satisfied.

A. S. CAMPBELL CO.
285 Commercial Street Boston, Mass.

Between numbers, the colonel would cut off the line, to ring up a trench as one might Central, to ask the time of night. And you heard this:

Col. M. (sipping his anisette)—"*Ich muss die Verluste wissen.*"

Orderly (repeating from phone)—"*Drei tot und drei verwundet.*"

Col. M.—"*Gefangene?*"

Orderly—"*Nichts.*"

Col. M.—"*Gefecht Starke.*"

And so forth. It appeared that his two regiments for the day were three ammunition-wagons and four French officers to the good. The average daily losses were seldom more than a dozen, these piping days. And then came a message from headquarters which caused the good man to cross his legs on the other side—no more. I did not understand all of it, but it was to this effect: Information had been received of a general shifting of the enemy's personnel all along the line. Each regiment must ascertain and report the character and number of the troops directly opposed to it.

Did it mean a coming attack? Who could tell? he shrugged. We all turned in on the bunks right there, at 1 A.M., except Riegel, who had vanished down to the corps' base for his three days' breathing spell.

DREAMS IN THE TRENCHES

"TO sleep, perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub; For in that sleep of death what dreams may come!" It is very like a "sleep of death," the heavy, nerve-taut slumber with which the soldier at the front must "knit up the ravell'd sleave" that many days of unnatural fatigue and strain of body and mind have wrought. It is to be expected that dreams come then. V. J. Youmans, in the New York *Evening Post Magazine*, writes of these:

> Naturally enough the normal dream-life of the soldier is profoundly affected by his novel and oftentimes terrible experiences at the front. A British army surgeon in charge of one of the field-hospitals has taken the trouble to make inquiries of his patients regarding their dreams. Some of them had developed somnambulism, and were often found wandering about in their sleep with great terror and anxiety depicted on their faces. The explanation usually lay in a dream that they had lost their regiments. In fact, this dread of losing contact with their fellows seemed to be the commonest cause of nightmare.
>
> They dreamed they were wandering through endless trenches as complicated as an artificial maze, or were lost alone in dismal forests. The slightest noise during sleep called up visions of exploding shells or the tramp of armed men, often causing them to cry out in fright. In the face of real danger these dreamers of terror were quite as brave as their fellows. Another common night-terror was the dream of a sudden call to arms to which they were unable to respond because of inability to find some indispensable article of attire or equipment.
>
> Still another exasperating and particularly horrible nightmare was the discovery of a live shell in the bed, on the point of exploding, and from which the dreamer was unable to escape. Several men dreamed they were on the point of being bayoneted themselves because they could not withdraw their own bayonets from the body of a man they had just killed. Sudden awakenings caused by the near-by explosion of shells often produced curious semi-hysterical conditions in the more nervous patients. In one case there was partial blindness; the man could not connect letters into words; he could read the letters, but could not pronounce the word when spelled, nor write it when pronounced.

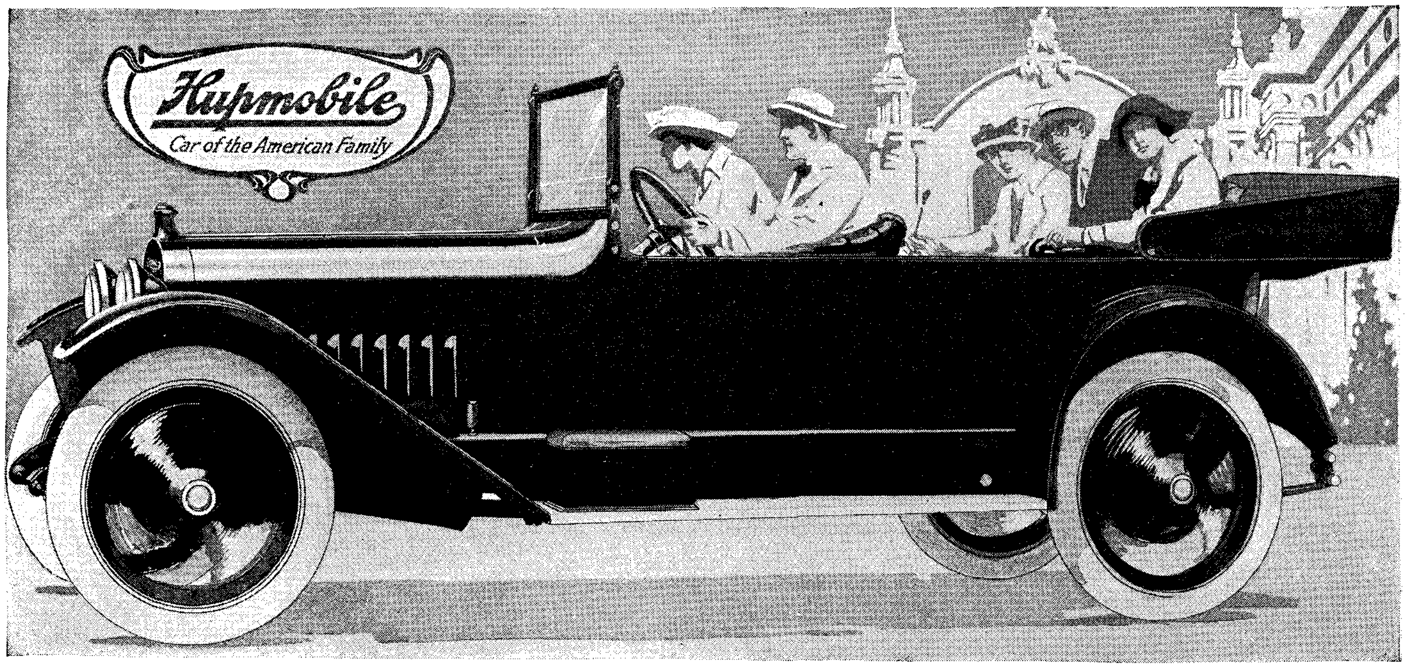
UNVARNISHING JESSE JAMES

THE recent death of Frank James, of the celebrated James gang and the brother of the dime-novelesque Jesse James, has brought out much gossip over the deeds of this crew of marauders. As ever in the case of those whose careers have passed into the realm of legend, many heroic acts have been attributed to the Jameses, and there has been a tendency to regard the romantic side of their lives, forgetting the actual, unpleasantly prosaic side. In answer to one writer who goes so far as to credit the gang with "strenuous fighting for the South," one Frank B. Ray, late lieutenant of the 39th Infantry, Missouri Volunteers, rises to a point of correction, and, in a letter to the New York *Sun*, insists that the "plain fact is" that none of the gang "ever did any fighting whatever for the South," and that they, with the Anderson brothers, were simply "outlaws and desperadoes of the worst class," who took advantage of the confusion of the times "to murder and plunder for their own benefit and pleasure." He describes the formation of the James-Anderson gang:

> Bill and Jim Anderson, desperadoes from the Western border, organized the gang from deserters of both armies, outlaws, Indians, and escaped convicts. They raided small towns and villages in Missouri, robbing banks and stores regardless of the political bias of the owners. The only difference they made was to kill those who were known to be Union men. Fighting Union troops was the last thing they wanted, neither did they waste time or effort in tearing up railroads and burning bridges; robbery and murder were all that interested them, and there was nothing whatever heroic or patriotic in their career.

It is true that when General Price entered Missouri in 1864, and many new companies were recruited, Anderson did attach himself to companies under Todd, Thrailkill, and Brison, but—

> The accession of this band of desperadoes was not hailed with any pleasure by the recruits, who would have little to do with them. Neither did Colonel Todd, who was in command, undertake to exercise any authority over Anderson, altho their march was continued together. They reached Monroe County on September 26, camping at night on Long Branch, on the Audrain County line. Paris, the county seat of Monroe, was then occupied by several companies of the 39th Missouri Infantry under Major Johnson.
>
> These were raw recruits, just enlisted


Hupmobile
Car of the American Family

People Who Know the Hup Best Are the Best Hupmobile Salesmen

Almost Every Hup Owner Will Tell You—

"I bought a Hupmobile because of its reputation for consistent and satisfactory service. It's the most economical and most dependable car I know. I get more than 18 miles to a gallon of gasoline. I have less tire trouble than those who drive other cars. I have had no repair bills or expensive adjustments in thousands of miles of Hupmobiling. I could not get equal satisfaction from any other car on the market."

The Woman Who Drives a Hup Says—

"A Hupmobile ride is a positive luxury. I have never been in so comfortable a car. For the woman driver the Hupmobile is ideal. Simply move the switch—the motor starts instantly and silently. My car is delightfully easy to handle. The non-stallable motor gives me a feeling of safety in all kinds of traffic. The Hup is the only car in which my husband has implicit confidence—which he is willing to have me drive alone."

Ask Any Garageman About the Hup—

"I see lots of Hupmobiles, for lots of people drive them. Very few come to me for repairs. The Hup is built right—and stays right. The motor is a wonder for power and silence. I have talked to a lot of Hupmobile owners who come here for oil and gasoline—they all say the Hup is a corking good car. If there is anything wrong with a car I soon hear of it, and believe me, Hup owners are Hup boosters."

Get an Engineer's Opinion on the Hup—

"From radiator to rear axle the Hupmobile is best engineering practice. The long stroke motor is a great puller. The spiral bevel gear axle is mighty unusual in a car at $1200. The starter is a wonder for silence and simplicity. The car is built of fine materials, and in a factory that has the reputation of building its stuff right. The design is simple, the parts are accessible, and it is sturdy all the way through. I don't know of a better motor car value than the Hupmobile at $1200."

The Hupmobile Farmer Will Say—

"Any car I own has to stand hard knocks. I don't drive on city streets or have an expert garageman just around the corner. That is why I own a Hup. The Hupmobile likes work It is the sturdiest car I know. It is an easy rider on rough roads, and it never gets out of kilter. The price is right, too. The Hupmobile is more for the money than any car I know. Any farmer hereabouts will tell you I drive my car harder than most—and have less trouble."

Any Hupmobile Dealer Will Tell You—

"Of course I am prejudiced in favor of the Hup. But I want to give you one thought. I am in this business to make money. Any car I handle must have the value to make it sell easily; it must give the owner the kind of service that makes it stay sold. You cannot afford to take chances on one car. It's certain that I cannot afford to take chances on scores of cars. That is why I sell the Hup. know none of my competitors has a $1200 car that even approaches the Hup in value. I know every Hup I sell will make me a permanent customer, and will sell more Hups. It may surprise you to know that fully half the Hupmobile owners in my territory are repeaters. They buy Hupmobiles year after year.

Why They Believe the Hupmobile Is the Best Car of Its Class In the World

Generally speaking, nearly all automobile owners are more or less pleased with their purchase.

It is the degree in which they are satisfied—the extent of their enthusiasm—that establishes the standing of cars.

In that respect the Hupmobile presents a unit of loyalty from Coast to Coast.

Because Hupmobiles have always been good cars.

And because the **principle** upon which the Hupmobile is built, has never changed.

That principle is to build for those who want not just an average car, but a car above the average—yet at a reasonable first cost, and with that real economy which makes it easy to own.

The Hupmobile has steadily, consistently, unfalteringly catered to that class from the first day of its existence.

It has won and held that field. And holds it today with a certainty enjoyed by no other car in America.

And that approval is deepened and intensified by the distinguished good looks of the 1915 Hupmobile;

By its roomy, luxurious comfort for five passengers—seven if you prefer.

Its sturdiness and economy;
Its powerful motor;
Its silent, smooth-running, spiral bevel-geared axle; and
The completeness of its equipment.

We feel free to refer you to any Hupmobile owner—or any man or woman who knows motor cars.

Ask them about the Hupmobile.

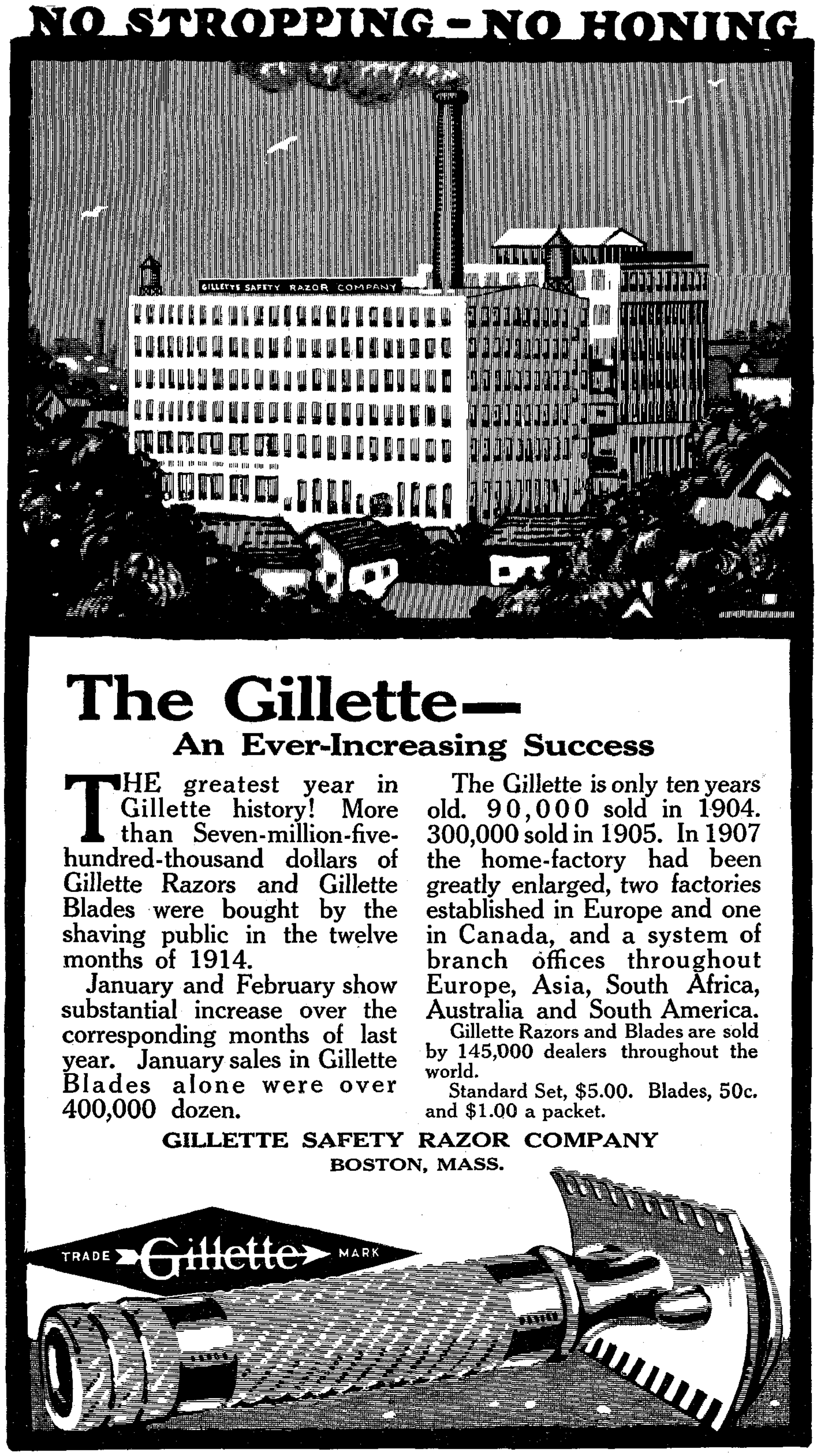
Then let the car itself convince you beyond all doubt.

Five-Passenger Touring Car	**$1200**
Seven-Passenger Touring Car	**1225**
Five-Passenger Sedan	**1365**
Coupe	**1325**

Fully equipped; f. o. b. Detroit

Hupp Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

1915 Year Book on Request



NO STROPPING—NO HONING

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY

The Gillette—
An Ever-Increasing Success

THE greatest year in Gillette history! More than Seven-million-five-hundred-thousand dollars of Gillette Razors and Gillette Blades were bought by the shaving public in the twelve months of 1914.

January and February show substantial increase over the corresponding months of last year. January sales in Gillette Blades alone were over 400,000 dozen.

The Gillette is only ten years old. 90,000 sold in 1904. 300,000 sold in 1905. In 1907 the home-factory had been greatly enlarged, two factories established in Europe and one in Canada, and a system of branch offices throughout Europe, Asia, South Africa, Australia and South America.

Gillette Razors and Blades are sold by 145,000 dealers throughout the world.

Standard Set, $5.00. Blades, 50c. and $1.00 a packet.

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BOSTON, MASS.

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VENUS PENCILS

Made in 17 degrees (6B softest to 9H hardest) of never varying, uniformly graded quality, also 2 copying. Ask for free trial sample and booklet.

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is one of the strong features that have helped to earn the present world-wide reputation and endorsement of the **DAUS IMPROVED TIP TOP DUPLICATOR.** No printer's ink used. No expensive supplies. 100 copies from pen-written and 50 copies from type-written original. Sent on ten days' trial without deposit. Complete Duplicator with "**Dausco**" Oiled **Parchment Back** negative roll, ... $5

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London Smoking Mixture
"There's something about it you'll like"
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at Hannibal, and had been sent to Monroe County to obtain horses and serve as mounted infantry in ridding the State of guerrillas. Their only arms were Springfield muskets, which few of them had ever fired. Major Johnson heard of the movement of the rebels in the afternoon of September 26, and getting together what mounted men he had, about 250 in number, he started in pursuit. Leaving Paris at midnight, he struck the trail before daylight and was only about four hours behind them.

The rebels turned south and reached Centralia, a small town on the north Missouri railroad, about noon. They burned the railroad depot and some other buildings, plundering all the stores. While thus engaged a passenger-train came in from St. Louis, which was seized and burned.

Anderson took every man on the train who had any clothing which indicated that he was or had been a Union soldier and drew them up in line. There were twenty-five of them; nearly all were furloughed or discharged from hospital and on their way home. Every one was shot through the head as they stood by Bill and Jim Anderson. Very soon afterward information was brought that Johnson was in close pursuit of them, and they hurriedly left the town and sought the nearest woods, about a mile or more away, where they drew up in line of battle awaiting the attack of Johnson.

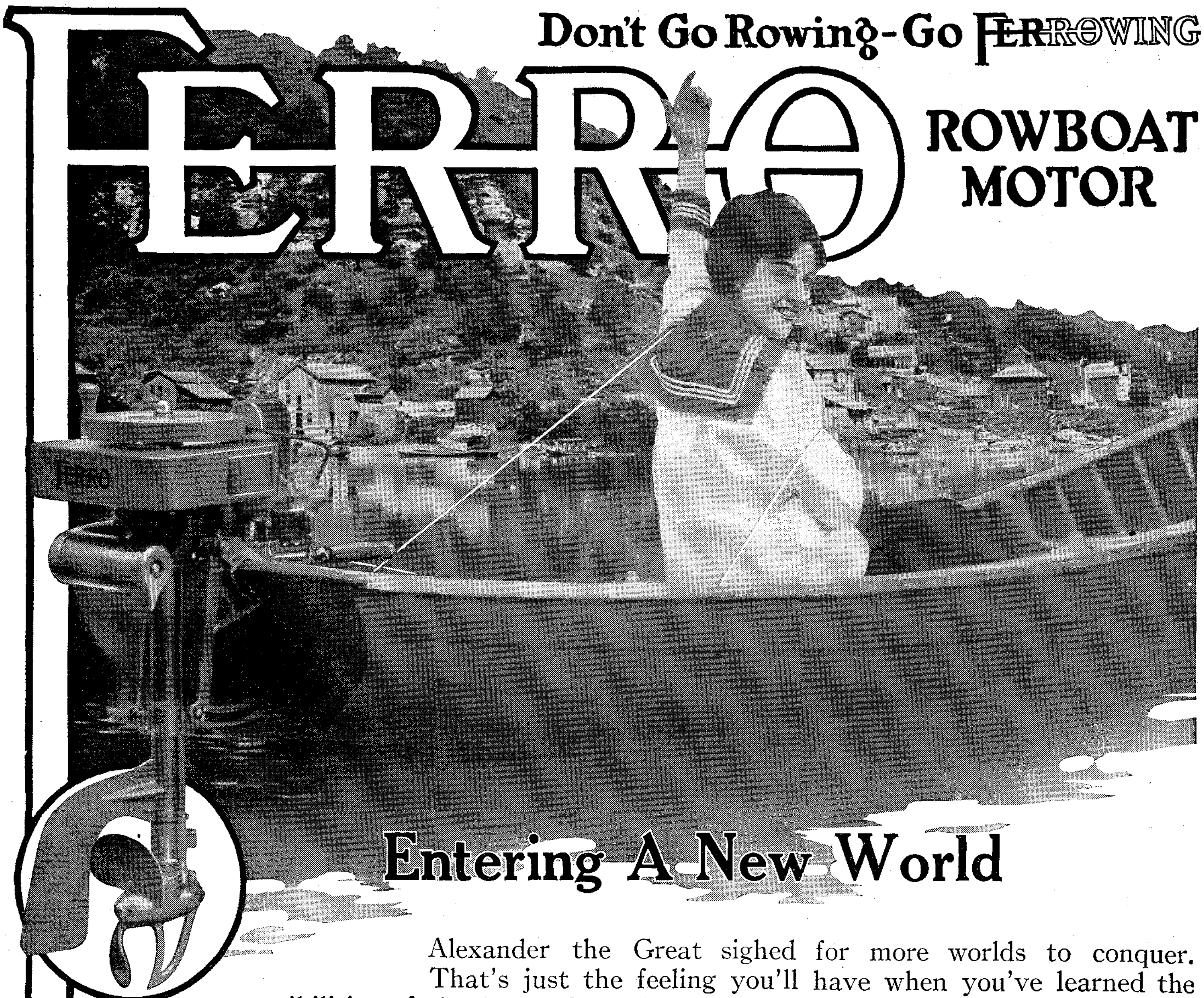
We are told that when Major Johnson entered Centralia and viewed the work of the cutthroats, all his caution forsook him, and, altho he had been warned that the rebel gang outnumbered his command more than two to one, he determined to exterminate them then and there. Suiting action to intent—

He cast aside all prudence, divided his small force, leaving Captain Theis with his company, about one-third of the command, at Centralia as a reserve and marched with his devoted band of raw recruits, not 200 in number, armed with long muskets and mounted on green plow horses, to attack over 400. Dismounting his men as they drew near the woods and leaving every fifth man to hold horses, he advanced and ordered his men to fire.

With the volley the horses stampeded, and Anderson with his desperadoes charged upon them with bridle rein in teeth and a "navy" in each hand. A very few who managed to get to their horses and had good horses got away; the others, to a man, were ruthlessly and mercilessly slaughtered. Johnson and nearly all his officers were not only killed, but scalped.

It is creditable to the survivors of the war on both sides that the inhuman excesses which the fratricidal conflict engendered have been so generally allowed to lapse into forgetfulness, as disgracing our common American manhood, and I do not now recall this dreadful massacre in order to cast discredit upon the South. Her heroes, who so stedfastly stood before us and fought to the last ditch, are her sacred legacy of enduring honor, but the cowardly desperadoes and murderers with whom Frank James associated himself possest neither courage nor patriotism, and their names and deeds should be allowed to pass into well-merited oblivion.

Don't Go Rowing-Go FERROWING



Entering A New World

Alexander the Great sighed for more worlds to conquer. That's just the feeling you'll have when you've learned the possibilities of the Ferro Detachable Rowboat Motor. It opens up a new world of pleasure and recreation. It does for thousands of lovers of the water what the moderate priced automobile has done for other thousands on shore—opening up unseen beauties hitherto inaccessible because of the expense.

It reveals undreamed of opportunities in familiar seaside resorts, in camping and picnic grounds, by lake and river, in swimming holes and fish-haunted pools, places often near home—yet too far to visit by the old, tiresome, hand blistering method.

With this dependable little power plant you can truly "carry your motor boat with you," for it can be attached in a few seconds to any rowboat or canoe.

And with a Ferro you have no worry about getting back safely. Under all conditions on river, lake and bay it has shown a superiority and trusty reliability in performance deserving of the title "The motor that takes you there and brings you back."

It is all important in buying a rowboat motor to get a real power plant that works easily and perfectly and won't get out of order. The Ferro is the one motor that was built right *first* and priced *afterwards*. Here are some of the features that you can be sure of only by getting a Ferro—

Bosch High Tension Magneto, reversible and waterproof. Efficient ignition is always assured.

Genuine Float-Feed Carburetor. It makes starting easier. Saves fuel and does not require continuous adjustments. A shut-off valve prevents loss of gasoline when carrying the motor about.

Scientifically Constructed Muffler assures quiet running and puts no extra load on the motor, like an underwater exhaust or silencer.

Weedless Propeller. 9 inches in diameter with two blades and low pitch making the Ferro very speedy.

Rudder, Tiller and Steering Ropes. These are part of equipment and are indispensable to convenience.

Other Important Features. The cylinder of best gray iron accurately cast and machined. Piston and rings designed to give best compression and minimize carbon deposit. Crank-shaft specially forged and heat-treated. Connecting rod is a drop forging, lighter and stronger than a bronze casting. Bearings are babbitted and have unusually large surface, are accurate to 1-1000 of an inch, and grooved for lubrication.

The whole motor is beautifully finished and the workmanship throughout is equal to that of the best marine motors.

$85 complete with Bosch High Tension Reversible Waterproof Magneto.

$65 With Waterproof Battery Ignition.

Fill out coupon for full information. If you are interested in larger boats, ask for details about Ferro Marine engines.

The Ferro Machine & Foundry Co.

341 Hubbard Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

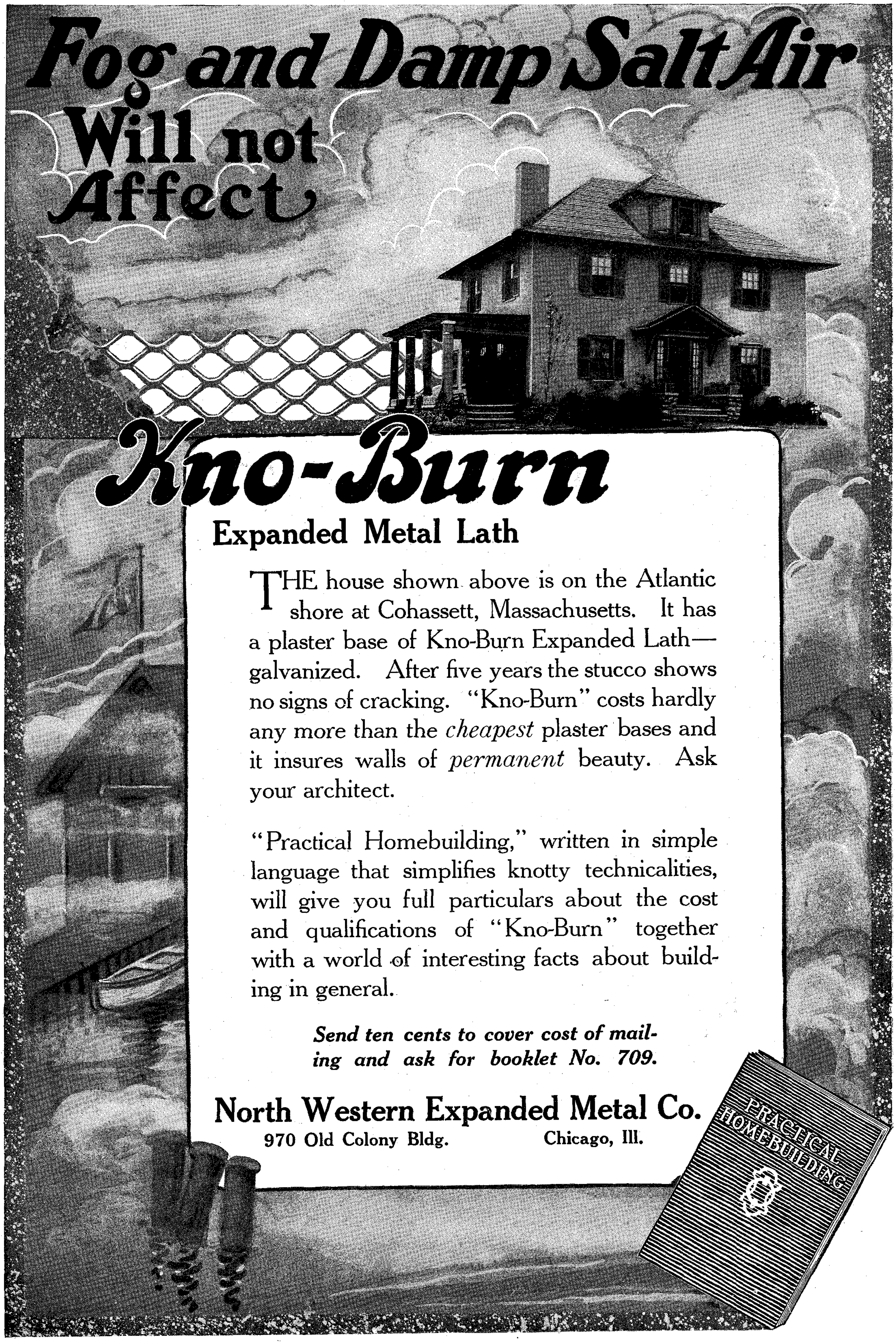
Please send me full information about the Ferro Rowboat Motor as checked below.

Literature for User__________Literature for Dealer________

Name____________________________________

Address__________________________________

Town____________________State____________



Expanded Metal Lath

THE house shown above is on the Atlantic shore at Cohassett, Massachusetts. It has a plaster base of Kno-Burn Expanded Lath—galvanized. After five years the stucco shows no signs of cracking. "Kno-Burn" costs hardly any more than the *cheapest* plaster bases and it insures walls of *permanent* beauty. Ask your architect.

"Practical Homebuilding," written in simple language that simplifies knotty technicalities, will give you full particulars about the cost and qualifications of "Kno-Burn" together with a world of interesting facts about building in general.

Send ten cents to cover cost of mailing and ask for booklet No. 709.

North Western Expanded Metal Co.
970 Old Colony Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Undeniable.—"Father, what is a convalescent?"

"A patient who is still alive, son."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Strategy.—Waiter—"And will you take the macaroni au gratin, sir?"

Officer—"No macaroni—by gad! It's too doocid difficult to mobilize."—*London Opinion.*

Grateful.—Boreleigh—"Some men, you know, are born great, some achieve greatness—"

Miss Keen—"Exactly! And some just grate upon you."—*Boston Transcript.*

Her Offer.—Lady (about to purchase military headgear, to her husband)—"I know it's more expensive than the others, dear, but—well, you see you're too old to enlist, and I really feel we ought to do something!"—*Punch.*

Candor.—From the Kansas City *Star* (head-lines in adjoining columns):

Only Extra Session Will Prevent
President's Visit to Kansas City.
Wilson for
Extra Session.

—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Willie's Doubts.—William's uncle was a very tall, fine-looking man, while his father was very small. William admired his uncle, and wished to grow up like him. One day he said to his mother:

"Mama, how did uncle grow so big and tall?"

His mother said: "Well, when uncle was a small boy he was always a very good boy, and tried to do what was right at all times; so God let him grow up big and tall."

William thought this over seriously for a few minutes, then said: "Mama, what kind of a boy was papa?"—*Associated Sunday Magazines.*

The Connoisseurs.—Two farmers, attired in corduroys and gaiters, were strolling through a picture-gallery, where they looked, and apparently felt, decidedly out of place. But at last they brought up before a picture which really seemed to please them—a portrait of a lovely girl with a particularly ugly bulldog.

"This is something nice, Dick," said one. "What is it called?"

Dick referred to the catalog.

"'Beauty and the Beast,'" he said.

The other man looked closer at the bulldog.

"Ah!" he sighed, appreciatively, "he is a beauty, too!"—*Tit-Bits.*

Unconscious Humor.—Some of the finest jokes extant come through the fact that the printer's finger slips. Here are some which, like all others, are funny a long, long, long time afterward—never at the time.

A Chicago paper reported that the propeller *Alaska* was leaving port with a cargo of 40,000 bushels of cats.

A Buffalo paper, in describing the scene when Roosevelt took the oath of office as President, said it was a spectacle never to be forgotten when Roosevelt, before the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and a few witnesses, took his simple bath.—*Associated Advertising.*

Subnormal.—"What is the shortest way to the Bronx?"

"Through the Bronchial Tubes, I s'pose."—*Puck.*

Time to Leap.—Nora—"Why did you accept him the third time he proposed?"

Dora—"Because he said it would be the last time."—*Judge.*

Explained.—She—"Why do they paint the inside of a chicken-coop?"

He—"To keep the hens from picking the grain out of the wood."—*Lehigh Burr.*

S. O. S.—"Why are you flying your flag upside down, Suburbs?"

"To let the neighbors know that the cook's gone and all invitations are off."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Break, Break, Break.—"He's suing the company that constructed his artificial limbs."

"On what grounds?"

"Non-support."—*Buffalo Express.*

Art in Everything.—"Every time I read Shakespeare I discover some idea that hadn't struck me before."

"Yes," replied the man who yawns. "But isn't it pretty much the same way with an insurance policy?"—*Washington Star.*

In "Zeppelin" Times.—"I can't understand it. A month ago you cut her dead, and now you can't make too much fuss over her."

"My dear, it's quite simple. She has the biggest cellar in the district."—*London Opinion.*

Sherlock at Fault.—(From "Western Wanderings," by Conan Doyle, in the February *Cornhill.*) The catching seemed to me extraordinarily good, especially the judging of the long catches by the bleachers, as the outfields, who are far from any shade, are called.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Marvel of Training.—Rose had called on her afternoon out to see her friend, Arabella. Arabella's mistress had just purchased a parrot, and Rose was much interested in the bird.

"Birds is shore sensible," she observed. "You kin learn them anything. I uster work for a lady that had a bird in a clock, an' when it was time to tell de time ob day it uster come out an' say 'cuckoo' jest as many times as de time was."

"Go along. Yo' doan' say so," said Arabella, incredulously.

"Shore thing," replied Rose, "and de mos' wonderful part was dat it was only a wooden bird, too."—*Harper's.*

Taking Precautions.—A rosy-cheeked youngster drest in his best clothes entered the village post-office and carefully laid a huge slice of iced cake on the counter.

"With my sister, the bride's, compliments, and will you please eat as much as you can?" he said.

The postmistress smiled delightfully.

"How very kind of the bride to remember me," she cried. "Did she know of my weakness for wedding-cake?"

"She did," answered the youngster, coldly, "and she thought she'd send yer a bit of it this afternoon just to take the edge off yer appetite before she posted any boxes off to her friends."—*Tit-Bits.*

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Our New Red Sunflower

TO know our "New Red Sunflower" is to love it. For tall borders and in shrubbery it is most effective. Its six feet of height are full of grace and distinction, whether on a large or small place.

The illustration below gives but a faint idea of its real beauty which lies much in its brilliant coloring: dark center with petals of bright rich red merging to yellow at the tips.

We want you to grow this wonderful flower this year, and will send a generous package of the seed and our 1915 Spring Catalogue (of 144 pages) for ten cents in stamps or money.

We believe a good many will ask for this: better write promptly to make sure of yours.

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A Way Out.—"I say, Hodge, why do you always put 'dictated' on your letters? You don't keep a stenographer."

"No; but to tell the truth, old chap, my spelling's exceedingly rocky."—*Boston Transcript.*

She Was a Thinker, Too.—"I have been thinking it over, and I have concluded that *two can live as cheaply as one, and so*—"

"So have I; and that being the case, you and I will continue to be two instead of becoming one."—*Houston Post.*

Tamed.—"Wombat used to be a great outdoor man and all-around sport. Is he reconciled to married life?"

"I think so. I called on him recently and found him sifting ashes with an old tennis-racket."—*Kansas City Journal.*

Habitual.—Relative—"He is sleeping so quietly that I wonder if we will know when the end comes."

Wife of Dying First-Nighter—"Yes, we will. He will get up and go out about five minutes before the end."—*Puck.*

Mortified.—"What is the matter with your old cat? She looks disconsolate these days."

"Pap hurt her feelings dretfully. Brung home a mouse-trap last week. I told him not to do it. Cats has got their feelings same as anybody else."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Innocents Abroad.—Little Girl (who has been sitting very still with a seraphic expression)—"I wish I was an angel, mother!"

Mother—"What makes you say that, darling?"

Little Girl—"Because then I could drop bombs on the Germans!"—*Punch.*

Proof.—"Pst! Are you looking for German spies?"

"*Mais oui!*" said the policeman, taking from under his cape his notebook and pencil.

"Then go to the Hôtel de Blanc and arrest the proprietor. He's put up at least two concrete beds there. I know, because my wife and I slept in 'em last night."—*Washington Star.*

Less Particular.—A lady of Somerset bewailed the loss of a somewhat ill-bred but extremely wealthy neighbor who had been very liberal in his help to her country charities.

"Mr. X—— is dead," said she. "He was so good and kind, and helpful to me in all sorts of ways. He was so vulgar, poor, dear fellow, we could not know him in London, but we shall meet in heaven."—*Tit-Bits.*

Superior Tactics.—"What did you learn at the school?" the boss asked the fair young applicant for the stenographer's job.

"I learned," she replied, "that spelling is essential to a stenographer."

The boss chuckled.

"Good. Now let me hear you spell 'essential.'"

The fair girl hesitated for the fraction of a second.

"There are three ways," she replied. "Which do you prefer?"

And she got the job.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

GARDEN TALKS

Soil Foods

A country physician, whose hobby is gardening, impresses his neighbors by his remarkable success. His flowers and vegetables excel all others thereabouts.

"Doctor," said a neighbor one day, "tell me the secret of your remarkable garden success."

"It is easy," the medical man replied. "I have applied the same principles to the soil as I would to a patient. First, I had the earth diagnosed—analyzed to find out what was lacking, consequently what treatment it needed. Then I fed it the needed food to build it up. I did not apply chemicals which stimulate plants at the expense of the soil, but I gave it those fertilizers which are rich in humus."

A library could be written on the subject of fertilization. The feeding of correct foods to the soil is as vital as the feeding of nourishing foods to the human system. Two aspects of the soil should be studied: First, the physical—its texture, substance and condition. Clays and hard-pans require elements which will make them friable. Loose sandy soils need foods which will enable them to hold moisture. Second, the chemical aspect of the soil, which involves a knowledge of fertilizers. This is best determined by analysis. If your soil is sour, it must be sweetened by lime. If deficient in humus, this necessity must be supplied.

Barnyard manure is recognized as the chief contributor of humus, provided it is in proper condition when applied. However, unless thoroughly rotted, it is almost certain to impart weed seeds. It is often difficult to secure and disagreeable when applied.

Happily, there are now on the market a number of humus-supplying preparations, dried animal manures, etc., which are wholesome soil foods, inexpensive, and unobjectionable. Every owner of a garden or an estate should investigate these and order a sufficient supply for early application.

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150 Union Terminal Building, Jacksonville, Fla.

Where It Is.—" I wonder what has become of the old-fashioned dime novel? " remarked the old fogy.

" It has gone up to a dollar and a half," replied the grouch.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Caught on First.—HE—" I'd no idea you would accept me the first time I proposed."

SHE—" And did you think I would the second time? "

HE—" Oh, there would have been no second time."—*Boston Transcript.*

Not Posted.—TEACHER—" Where is the Dead Sea? "

TOMMIE—" Don't know, ma'am."

" Don't know where the Dead Sea is? "

" No, ma'am. I didn't even know any of them was sick, ma'am."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Acquired Virtue.—Ethel used to play a good deal in Sunday-school, but one day she had been so good that the teacher said in praise:

" Ethel, my dear, you have been a very good girl to-day."

" Yeth'm," responded Ethel. " I couldn't help it. I dot a stiff neck."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

CURRENT EVENTS

EUROPEAN WAR

IN THE EAST

March 2.—Kraszna, in Eastern Galicia, the Austrian base for the advance on Lemberg, is captured by the Russians, with 6,000 prisoners and armament.

Petrograd announces success against the Germans near Osowiec an near Przasnysz; but Germany claims that two Russian forts at Osowiec are completely demolished.

The Dardanelles Anglo-French fleet is joined by the Russian cruiser *Askold.* Mine-sweepers are clearing a 13-mile channel within the strait. Three more Dardanelles forts are silenced, on the Asiatic side.

March 3.—There is a report of an army of 100,000 landed to assist the war-ships in their operations against Constantinople. It is claimed that the Sultan is fleeing from Constantinople.

March 4.—The Russian Black Sea fleet is reported passing Burgas, Bulgaria, on its way to close the Bosporus and prevent the escape of the Turkish fleet. Russia claims advances all along the battle-front, with the exception of Breskid Pass, in the Karpathians, where the Austrians still attack successfully. It is announced that the Austrians are evacuating Czernowitz, in Bukowina.

March 5.—Petrograd reports Archduke Joseph's Austrian army in full flight in East Galicia.

March 6.—Allied war-ships in the Ægean Sea bombard and destroy one Smyrna fort and other batteries.

March 8.—Petrograd reports desperate fighting in the Polish province of Suwalki, on the northeastern end of the German line, between the Niemen and Vistula rivers.

Austria is reported holding ground doggedly, in the face of terrific loss in the Karpathians, particularly in the neighborhood of Baligrad.

March 9.—Berlin states that 22 French

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Chrysanthemum plants, grown from same cutting in same soil, in Phipps' Conservatory, Pittsburgh, Pa., the one at left with Radium Brand Fertilizer (R. A. F.), at right with ordinary commercial fertilizer. The comparison of the flowers in their natural state is far more striking even than shown by the camera.

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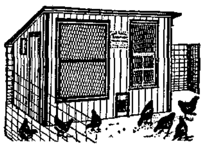

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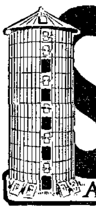

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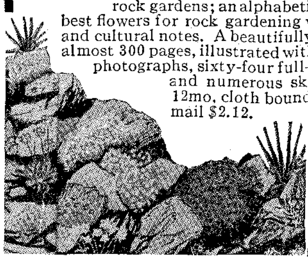

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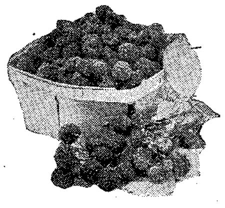

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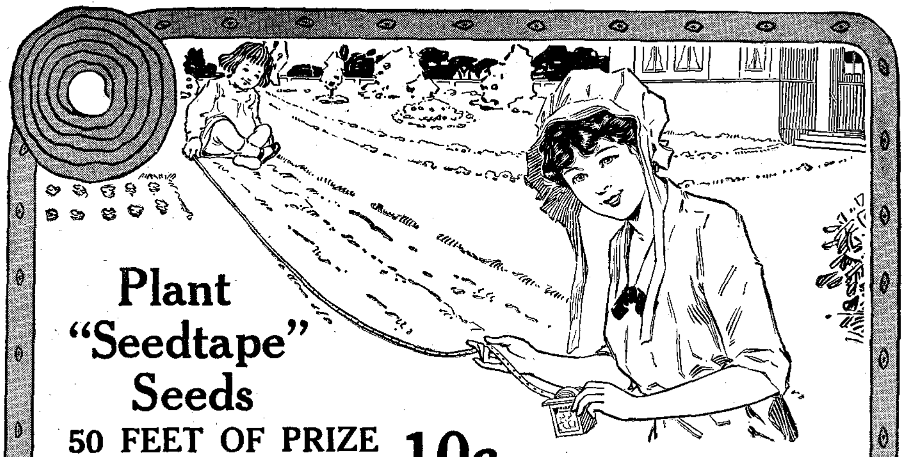

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transports have been sighted off Malta, evidently bound for the Dardanelles.

IN THE WEST

March 3.—The Allies claim that ground is gained on the Belgian coast near Ostend.

Between Perthes and Souain, in the Champagne region, say Paris reports, the French have gained in a fortnight over half a mile on a front of three and one-half miles.

March 5.—The French claim further advances north of Perthes and northwest of Beausejour, besides general favorable conditions to the northwest and in the Vosges. Berlin announces the German capture of Vauquois in the Argonne region and of Badonvillier. It is declared that in night attacks on Celles the French have lost over 1,000 men.

MARINE

March 3.—The German Government informs this country, through Minister van Dyke, that American relief-ships bearing supplies for Belgians will be granted safe passage through the war-zone.

March 4.—The Dover flotilla of British destroyers reports the sinking of German submarine *U-8*.

March 5.—Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux is appointed to replace Vice-Admiral Sir John Jellicoe as commander of the British Home Fleet.

March 8.—The British Admiralty refuses to the officers and crew of the German submarine *U-8* the honors of prisoners of war, pending their indictment on murder charges.

March 9.—German submarines sink three British merchantmen at widely different points in British waters, one off Scarborough, one off Hastings, and one off Liverpool. In the first instance 37 lives were lost.

GENERAL WAR NEWS

March 6.—It is reported in Berlin that the number of prisoners of war in Germany has increased 200,000 since January 1, making a present total of 781,000.

March 7.—Press and populace in Athens make decided demonstrations for war and against the King's determination to preserve the nation's neutrality.

March 8.—Great Britain announces its intention of enforcing its blockade against American cotton.

March 9.—The House of Commons authorizes the British Government to take over the entire engineering trade of the country, combining it under Government management for the promotion of an increased supply of munitions of war.

The British Admiralty reports that German submarines, from January 21 to March 3, sank 15 British steamships out of a total of 8,734 of over 300 tons of all nationalities that arrived at or departed from British ports within that space of time. Twenty-nine lives were lost. Between February 1 and March 5, says the report, twenty-five ships were unsuccessfully attacked.

GENERAL FOREIGN

March 5.—United States Consul Silliman, at Vera Cruz, is instructed by Secretary Bryan to demand that General Carranza end the crisis of affairs at Mexico City and insure the safety of American lives and interests.

It is announced that Great Britain will

permit the exportation of wool to this country.

By Chinese concession the Japanese railway grant in Manchuria is extended ninety-nine years.

March 6.—The French liner *Touraine*, carrying American Red Cross nurses and doctors among its passengers, and war supplies as freight, takes fire 700 miles west of Brest. Four other liners come to the rescue, but the *Touraine* finally manages to steam to port under her own power.

A second republic is set up in Portugal by the northern enemies of the military government, who proclaim Gen. A. X. C. Barreto, "President of the Republic of Northern Portugal."

The Greek Cabinet resigns, through disagreement with King Constantine V. over its war-policy.

March 8.—Carranza is informed that his relinquishment of Mexico City, with the consequent abandonment of American lives and interests to Mexican guerrillas, will necessitate definite steps on the part of this country to secure the desired protection.

March 9.—Americans in Mexico City are warned by Secretary Bryan that they must leave immediately. It is reported from Mexico that facilities for departure are unavailable.

DOMESTIC

March 3.—Brigadier-General Scott leaves Washington for Utah to arbitrate the present difficulty with the Piute Indians.

March 4.—Colonel Goethals receives the rank of Major-General, and Brigadier-General Gorgas is promoted to Major-General, Medical Department.

Congress adjourns.

March 6.—Out of the 180 miners imprisoned in the Layland mine, West Virginia, on the 2d, 47 are rescued after four days' entombment.

March 7.—The Driggs-Seabury Ordnance Corporation of Sharon, Pa., formerly manufacturers of rapid-fire guns and shells, refuses all orders from abroad for arms, and announces that henceforth it will manufacture only such articles as "may be used in times of peace and are necessary for the prosperity and happiness of mankind."

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BEWARE OF SUBSCRIPTION SWINDLERS!

Swindlers are at work throughout the country soliciting subscriptions for popular periodicals. We urge that no money be paid to strangers even tho they exhibit printed matter apparently authorizing them to represent us, and especially when they offer cut rates or a bonus. THE LITERARY DIGEST mailing list showing dates of expiration of subscriptions is never given out to any one for collection of renewals. Better send subscriptions direct, or postpone giving your order until you can make inquiry. If you have reason to suspect that the members of your community are being swindled, notify your chief of police or sheriff, and the publishers, and arrange another interview with the agent at which you can take such action jointly as may seem proper.

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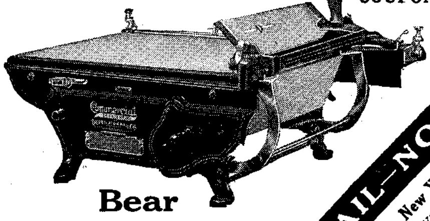

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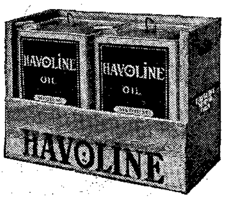

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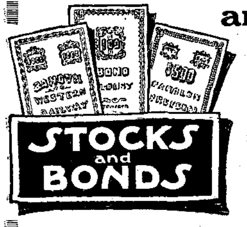

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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

BONDS FOR A WOMAN

A READER of *The Wall Street Journal* asked the editor for a list of bonds suitable to purchase for his wife. "I want," said he, "something that will pay as good a rate of interest as possible, with a proper regard for safety of principal." The editor replied that the best investment for a woman is "in bonds that are legal for investments by savings-banks in such States as New York and Massachusetts." These can now be purchased at prices which will return about 4.51 per cent. for railroad issues and about 4.25 per cent. for municipals. As between railroads and municipals, the possible purchaser is reminded that if her income is subject to the income tax, there are good reasons for buying municipals instead of *railroads, the income from municipals being* free of tax. No good reason is seen for a woman not putting some part of her funds in United States Steel collateral trust five per cents., which are now selling around par. A few of the best railroad issues legal for investments by New York savings-banks are named as follows, with present prices and yields:

	Price	*Yield, Per Ct.*
Atchison general 4s, 1995	91¼	4.40
Atlantic Coast Line 1st 4s, 1952	91	4.52
C., M. & St. Paul gen. conv. 4½s, 1989	101	4.45
Great Northern 1st & ref. 4¼s, 1961	99	4.29
Northern Pacific prior lien 4s, 1997	89½	4.48
Pennsylvania cons. 4½s, 1960	103¾	4.31
Southern Pacific 1st ref. 4s, 1955	84½	4.89
Union Pacific 1st 4s, 1947	95	4.29

There are other good bonds which for one reason or another do not come in the savings-bank class, but which "seem to be sufficiently safe for a woman's investment if she understands that she sacrifices some *degree of safety in order to secure the higher* yield that such bonds return." Following are bonds of this class:

	Price	*Yield, Per Ct.*
Atlantic Coast Line L. & N. coll. 4s, 1952	86	4.82
Baltimore & Ohio gold 4s, 1948	88	4.73
Interb. Rap. Tran. 1st & ref. 5s, 1966	98	5.11
Colorado & Southern 1st 4s, 1929	86	5.44
L. & N., Atla., K. & Cin. div. 4s, 1955	88½	4.64
Third Avenue 1st ref. 4s, 1960	81¾	5.03
Northern Pacific gen. lien 3s, 2047	63	4.62
Seaboard Air Line 1st 4s, 1950	81	5.18
South. Pacific-Central Pac. coll. 4s, 1949	82⅝	5.07
Southern Railway 1st cons. 5s, 1994	98¾	5.06
Bethlehem Steel 1st extension 5s, 1926	99⅞	5.01
General Electric deb. 3½s, 1942	78	5.00

The differences in yield among the above bonds "is a fair indication of their ranking." Diversification should always be kept clearly in mind in making investments. Besides choosing from the latter list, an investor might also make choice from the legal for savings-bank issues named in the first list.

EQUIPMENT COMPANIES HARD HIT

What *The Wall Street Journal* calls "a year of veritable famine in orders" was last year to the so-called equipment companies, that is, the companies which supply railroads with their cars and locomotives. Figures presented of the gross earnings last year for eight leading companies show *gross earnings "just half those of 1913,"* while the net earnings after charges "were only a quarter of those for the earlier year." Causes cited for this extraordinary decline are "the unbending attitude of the Commerce Commission in the first half of the year, and the war in the second half," two influences which "scared the railroads into abstemiousness." The result was a decline in the gross revenues for the eight companies of nearly $100,000,000. The net earnings of these companies over expenses and charges in 1913 were equal to 9.3 per cent. on their combined capitalization; the net earnings in 1914 shrunk to less than 2½ per cent. Following are tables showing gross and net earnings of the eight companies:

GROSS EARNINGS

	1914	*1913*	*Decrease*
Baldwin Loco	$13,616,163	$37,630,969	$24,014,806
Am. C. & Fdy.*	11,100,000	27,000,000	15,900,000
Am. S. Foundries	11,125,091	17,425,940	6,300,849
Pressed Car	13,375,090	30,967,360	17,592,270
N. Y. Air Brake	2,915 932	3,244,312	328,380
Am. Loco.†	9,987,438	54,868,175	24,880,737
J. G. Brill Co	4,903,510	9,154,433	4,250,923
Rail. S. Spring	4,351,465	7,688,185	3,336,720
Total	$71,374,689	$187,979,374	$96,604,685

* Year ending September 30.

† Year ending June 30. Other years to December 31. Decrease in gross was equal to 51.3%.

NET EARNINGS

	1914	*1913*	*Decrease*
Baldwin Loco	$350,229	$4,017,800	$3,667,571
Am. C.& Fdy. (def.)	65,808	1,721,653	1,787,461
Am. S. Foundries*.	240,993	1,489,950	1,248,957
Pressed Car	892,351	2,374,816	1,482,465
N. Y. Air Brake	641,046	654,512	13,466
Am. Loco.	2,076,127	6,185,305	4,109,178
J. G. Brill Co	158,883	909,143	750,260
Rail. S. Spring	374,454	1,121,660	747,206
Total	$4,799,891	$18,474,839	$13,806,564

Other figures show the extent to which orders fell off. Those for cars in 1913 called for 150,000 cars; last year only 80,000 were ordered. Orders for locomotives shrank *much more, that is, from 3,470 to 990.* Meanwhile, the present year "starts off as much poorer than last year as last year was poorer than the year before." In the first two months this year only 7,232 cars were ordered; in the first two months last year 23,500 were ordered. In locomotives the decline has been from 182 last year to 97 this.

These conditions have led to much discussion as to the outlook for dividends on the preferred and common stocks of these companies. It was foreseen early in the year that even the preferred dividends of several companies were likely to be passed unless trade soon took a decided turn for the better. No such turn, however, is yet in sight. Of the eight companies named above the American Car and Foundry has declared for the current quarter its regular dividends on both classes of stock, which is said to have caused no surprize, since it has been the habit of this company to set aside each year a sufficient sum to pay the common dividend for the next year. The dividend on the common declared for this year, therefore, comes out of money that was reserved a year ago, but for the year ending in April this year "the company will show *nothing earned on the common."* One of the companies has already passed its dividend on the preferred stock, and it is anticipated that some of the others will do so, if not for the present quarter, at least for the ensuing one. Preferred dividends on these stocks in several cases are cumulative—that is, if not paid in one year they remain a charge for payment later. Of the general outlook the paper quoted above says:

"Locomotive companies will have a

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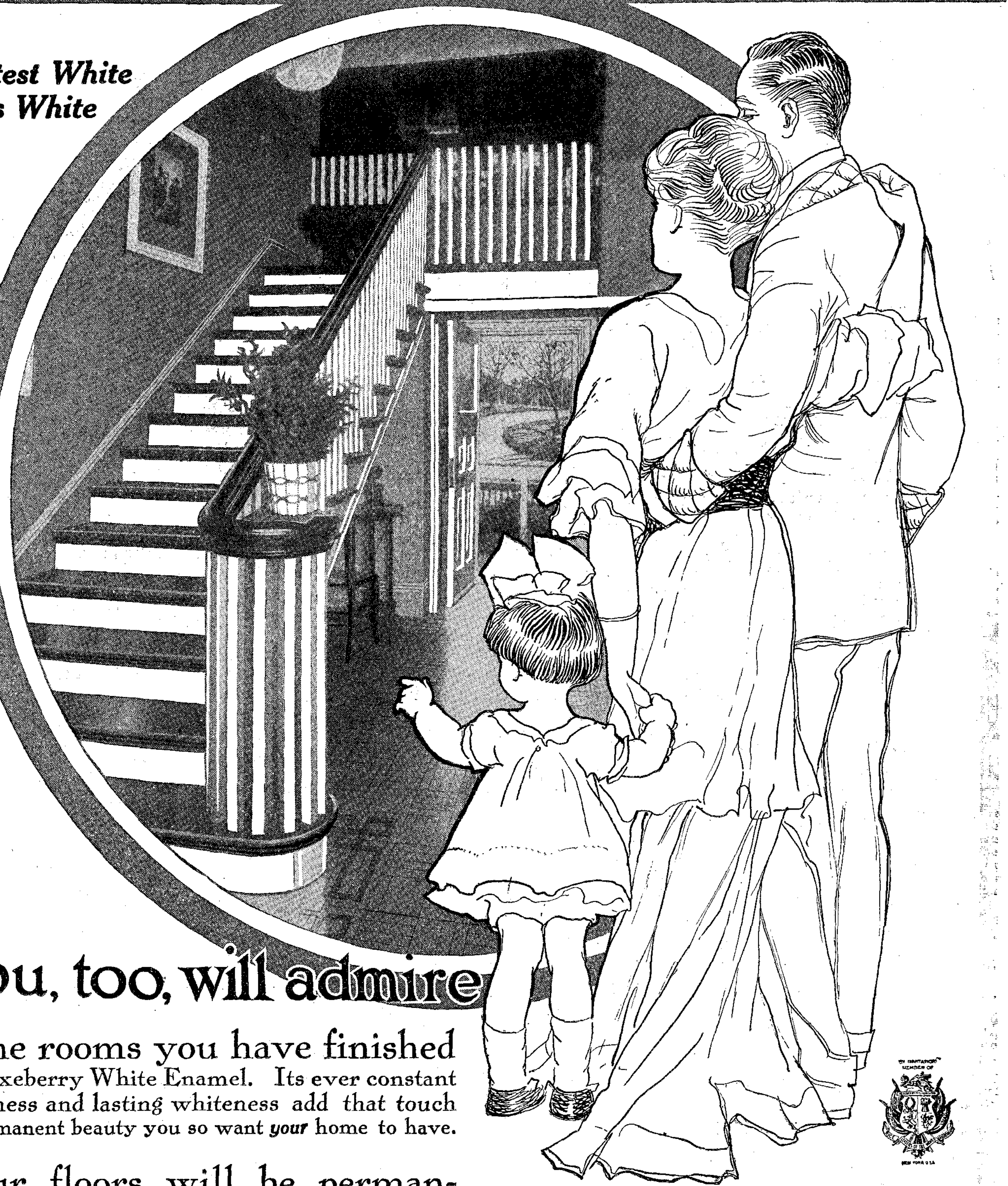

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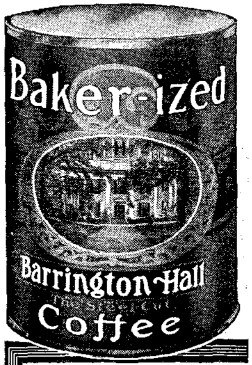

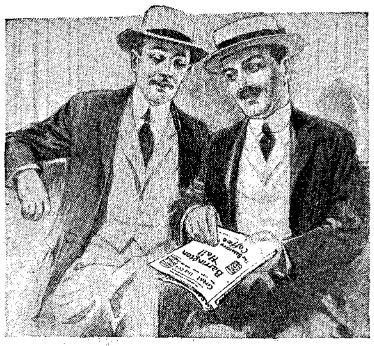

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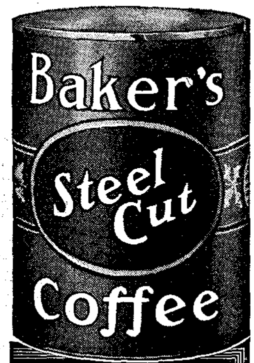

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LET us send you a trial package. Then you can see for yourself that it is not only better and purer, but that it costs less per cup than ordinary coffee, as it makes more cups to the pound.

A Trial Can Free

SEND us your grocer's name and we will send you a trial can of Barrington Hall, enough to make six cups of delicious coffee, and booklet, "The Evolution of Barrington Hall." This explains the three stages of progress through which this famous coffee has passed.

At first Barrington Hall was sold whole or ground as ordinary coffee is today, then steel-cut with the bitter chaff removed, and finally Baker-ized. In it we have retained the good points of our older methods and adopted new features (explained in booklet) that make it economy without economizing. A luxury not at the expense of health, but one that is an aid to correct living.

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Steel-Cut Coffee lacks a little in quality and in evenness of granulation when compared with Baker-ized Barrington Hall, but the chaff with its objectionable taste is removed from it also. It is far superior to the so-called cut coffees that are offered in imitation of Baker-ized Coffee.

Our Coffee is for sale by grocers in all cities and most towns. Where not for sale, we will send it by Parcel Post prepaid until arrangements can be made with your grocer to supply you.

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224 No. Second St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Coffee

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MISSIONS The following books will be of interest: "The Pacific Islanders—Missions to the South Seas" (Pierson), $1.00; "A Hundred Years of Missions" (Leonard), $1.20; "Blue Book of Missions" (Dwight), $1.00; "Raymund Lull," first Missionary to the Moslems (Zwemer), 75c.; "Miracles of Missions" (Pierson), $1.00, paper 35 cts.; "Forward Movements in Missions During the Last Half Century" (Pierson), $1.50; Encyclopedia of Missions, $6.00; The Missionary Review is published monthly at $2.50 per year.

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rough path to tread this year. Even if orders were taken for large numbers of engines, it would require a great deal of money to finance the building of them, so that present resources which are not large would be strained in the process. Not one of the locomotive companies, and probably but one of the car companies, is making its preferred dividend at present, and it can be said that for the first half of 1915 this situation will prevail.

"The idle-car surplus is so large at present that railroads are having no difficulty in procuring all they need. Roads are not only foregoing new equipment, but are not buying materials for the upkeep of existing rolling-stock; specialty companies making tires, springs, wheels, etc., are likewise staring at leaden sky."

FACTS AS TO ONE GREAT RAILWAY SYSTEM

Interesting facts are contained in a statement recently compiled by "an employee of the Pennsylvania Railroad." Figures are presented in a series of brief statements singularly striking. For example, this road owns more than enough trackage to reach around the world; its employees number 220,000 men; of its many millions of income, 47.4 cents of every dollar therein go to employees as wages. Following is the statement:

"Is 11,730 miles long.

"Has 26,200 miles of track, enough to reach around the world.

"Has 630 miles of four-track railroad, 821 miles of three-track railroad, and 3,717 miles of two-track railroad.

"Operates in 13 States where more than half the population of the United States lives.

"Normally employs about 220,000 men; almost ten employees per mile of track.

"It has 7,561 locomotives, 6,884 passenger-cars, 281,590 freight-cars.

"It operates more than 3,000 passenger-trains a day.

"It carries more than 500,000 passengers a day.

"It operates more than 4,000 freight-trains a day.

"It handles more than 1,300,000 tons of freight a day.

"It normally pays in wages more than $500,000 a day.

"It pays 47.4 cents for wages out of every dollar of operating revenue.

"It pays 25.2 cents of every dollar of operating revenue for material and supplies.

"Its taxes take 4 cents out of every dollar of operating revenue.

"It buys about a quarter-million dollars' worth of material every day.

"It is owned by approximately 100,000 different shareholders.

"It has more than 44,000 women shareholders.

"It has about 3,000 all-steel passenger-cars in service; one-third of all the steel equipment in the United States.

"It was the first railroad to introduce steel-passenger equipment.

"It was the first railroad to build all-steel box cars.

"It has on its roll of honor 4,295 employees who are receiving pensions.

"It has paid out in pensions in the past fifteen years more than $10,000,000.

"It has 77 employees who have been working for the railroad fifty years and still at it.

"It has on its roll of honor 143 men who worked for the railroad fifty years before retiring.

"It retires every employee on a pension at the age of seventy years.

"It has five vice-presidents on its West-

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ern line who have worked for the system upward of forty years.

"It hauls every day to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Brooklyn, and Jersey City a quarter-million quarts of milk.

"It has invested in its signal system approximately $23,000,000.

"It has spent since 1902 in improvements resulting in the elimination of 1,052 grade-crossings more than $34,000,000."

OUR WEALTH AND OUR DEBTS

Six bulletins recently issued by the Census Bureau deal with assessed valuations of property in this country, national, State, and county debts, and statistics of revenues and expenditures. Large totals are dealt with in these bulletins. The statistics given cover a period in most cases of fifty years or more. Following is a summary as given in *Bradstreet's:*

"The assessed valuation of all property subject to *ad valorem* taxation in 1912 for the forty-eight States and the District of Columbia amounted to $69,452,936,104. There was a constant increase in assessed valuations from 1860 to 1912, except during the decade from 1860 to 1870, which, it may be noted, covered the period of the Civil War. The most marked increase, however, was in the decade from 1902 to 1912, in which period the assessed valuation of all property increased by 96.5 per cent., or, in other words, almost doubled. In part, it is explained this increase was due to changes in the bases of assessment in certain States. In the same period the per capita assessed valuation advanced from $448.33 to $715.48, the gain amounting to 59.6 per cent. This lower rate of increase in the per capita average than in the total is of course due to the growth of population in the meantime. On the other hand, the average tax-rate per $100 of assessed valuation decreased from $2.05 in 1902 to $1.94 in 1912, a decline of 5.4 per cent.

"For convenience and completeness we make room for a comparative summary of the debts of the nation, the States, and the minor political divisions for the years 1913, 1902, and 1890:

	Total Net Indebtedness		
Div'n of Gov't	*1913*	*1902*	*1890*
Total	$4,850,460,713	$2,838,896,122	$1,989,112,842
Nation	$1,028,564,055	$969,457,241	$851,912,752
States	345,942,305	239,369,271	211,210,487
Minor Div's	3,475,954,353	1,630,069,610	925,989,603

"In the following table are presented comparative figures of per capita net indebtedness for the same years:

	Per Capita Net Indebtedness		
Division of Government	*1913*	*1902*	*1890*
Total	$49.97	$35.99	$31.76
Nation	$10.59	$12.22	$13.60
States	3.57	3.03	3.37
Minor divisions	35.81	20.74	14.79

"A comparison of the figures given in the first table set forth above indicates that the total net indebtedness, that is, the total debt, less sinking-fund assets and funds available for the payment of debt of all the divisions mentioned, showed in 1913 an increase of 70.9 per cent. over 1902, and that the increase in the period from 1890 to 1902 was 42.7 per cent. In other words, there was a considerably greater relative increase in the later period. A glance at the totals will show that the increment was much the greatest in the case of the minor divisions, including counties, cities, villages, towns, townships, school districts, and other similar divisions. The total net debt for these—$3,475,954,353 in 1913—represented an increase of 113.2 per cent. over the total for 1902, whereas the increase in 1902 over 1890 was only 76 per cent. Next in order in relative increase, tho smaller in total than either that of the minor civil divisions or of the national government, was the net indebtedness of the States, which showed an increase of 44.5 per cent. from

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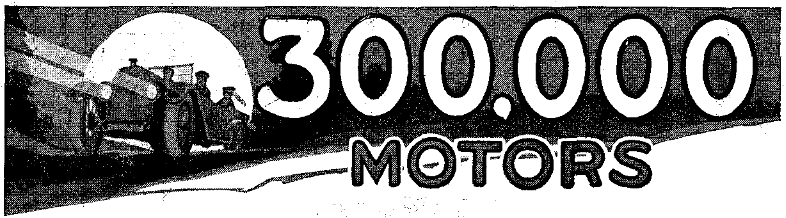

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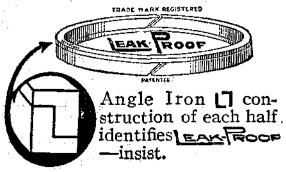

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1902 to 1913 and 13.3 per cent. from 1890 to 1902. The smallest relative increase in net indebtedness was in that of the nation, which was 6.1 per cent. from 1902 to 1913 and 13.8 per cent. from 1890 to 1902.

"When we consider the figures of per capita net debt we find that both the burden of debt and the increase thereof have been greatest in the case of the minor divisions. As will be seen, the net per capita indebtedness of the minor divisions was $35.81 in 1913, as compared with $3.57 for the States and $10.59 for the national government. The per capita debt of the minor civil division showed an increase of 72.7 per cent. from 1902 to 1913 and of 40.2 per cent. from 1890 to 1902. The per capita debt of the States showed an advance of 17.8 per cent. from 1902 to 1913, as compared with a decrease of 10.1 per cent. from 1890 to 1902. The per capita net debt of the nation showed decreases for both periods, falling 13.3 per cent. from 1902 to 1913 and 10.1 per cent. from 1890 to 1902.

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THE GOLD-SUPPLY OF THE WARRING NATIONS

It was recently stated by Sir Edward Holden, a leading London banker, that Germany's supply of gold would enable her to prolong the war for at least a year. While she might continue to fight still longer, she would after a year be thrown upon an irredeemable currency basis. James H. S. Umsted, in the New York *Sun*, takes this statement as the text for an interesting outline of the present gold-supply of the European nations and the sources whence it may be increased through the output of mines, etc.

"The gold-production of Europe proper is almost negligible. Armies on land and navies on the seas have cut off the two

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Teutonic allies from power to increase their gold-supply from outside their borders. They can not build up a merchandise trade balance on which to draw gold; even Germany's sales of her American securities, if successfully managed, could not get gold to her. But reichsmark exchange in New York is now at a discount of about 7 per cent., and has been still lower in recent weeks. On the other hand, the Allies of the Entente have the power to divide the annual gold-production of the world according to the power they may possess by ownership of producing mines, a favorable trade balance, or their credit.

"In Germany and Austria-Hungary immense emissions of paper currency have been made in connection with war financing. But the Dual Monarchy may be dismissed from consideration. At best its gold standard was a precarious one, maintained practically by artificial exchange operations. The Hapsburg empire is now a financial drain on Germany. So, to deal solely with the German Reichsbank, it can collect to its coffers no more than the domestic stock of gold in Germany, if every coin should be successfully commandeered from private and institutional possessions.

"There is no recent estimate from the United States Mint, an undoubted authority, but its data as of December 31, 1912, gave $650,000,000 as the amount of gold in circulation in Germany outside of bank- and treasury-holdings; the circulation in Austria-Hungary was less than $50,000,000. The former amount has been increased by imports in excess of exports, tho English financial authorities contend emphatically that the rates of exchange have not warranted these net imports; that the shipments to Germany from London in the last two years "have not been made in accordance with economic laws." But Germany's circulation, plus these import gains, has been reduced by whatever additions have been made to the stock of the Reichsbank. In one year these were, in round figures, $100,000,000. The London *Statist* hardly concedes $350,000,000 as Germany's present circulation of gold. But whatever be the true amount, it is the maximum limit to which the Imperial Bank can expand its gold holdings.

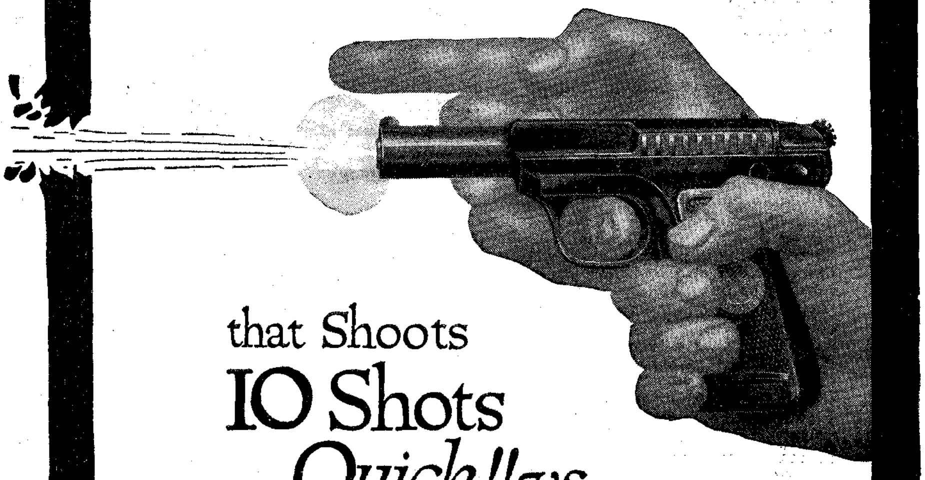
"What are the gold resources of the Allies? Accepting the Mint statistics for want of better ones, the gold in circulation in Great Britain is about $336,000,000; in France, $581,000,000; in Russia, $354,000,000—a total of $1,271,000,000. The gold circulating in Australasia, South Africa, and Canada is comparatively unimportant, perhaps $25,000,000. The grand total may be about $1,300,000,000, or double the supply of Germany extraneous to the banks. There are no means of estimating with any degree of accuracy the hoards of India, yet as a last resort, if they could be exploited, they would cast a tremendous weight in the scale.

"But the British Empire has a fabulous sum to draw upon from each year's gold output of its colonies. In round figures, the annual production of all British territory is:

South Africa	$200,000,000
Australasia	54,000,000
Canada	12,000,000
British India	12,000,000
Total	$278,000,000

"France can add but a mite to the 'pool' of the gold-supplies of the Entente. She produces less than $2,000,000 herself and gets but $2,000,000 a year from Madagascar. The war will doubtless cut down the operations of the Siberian mines, but nevertheless the probable gold-production of the Russian Empire in 1915 is estimated by experts at about $26,000,000.

"Altogether, we may conservatively place the annual gold output in the countries and colonies of the anti-Germanic league at more than $300,000,000, not



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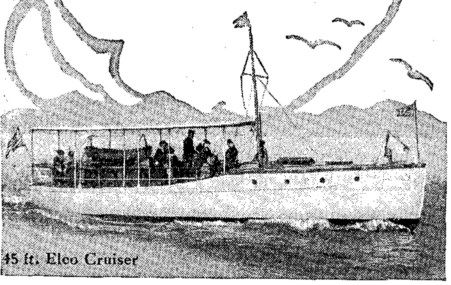

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counting Japan's yield of $7,500,000. The command of the seas vitalizes the resources of the Allies and contemporaneously throws the two Germanic belligerents strictly upon home provender.

"The present status of the gold basis for the paper obligations of the contending nations is not so strong in contrast as are their future gold resources. The Bank of England has not availed itself of the suspension of the Bank Act by issuing notes uncovered by gold; every pound note has been backed by a sovereign in gold. The treasury notes issued by the Government amounted, by the latest report at hand, to about $186,000,000, against which there was 'ear-marked' in the Bank of England as a redemption fund $102,000,000 gold. The exact figures show a gold cover of 55.10 per cent. for these notes. But only by consolidating the two accounts can we reach a fair estimate of the strength behind England's fiduciary currency. By the statements of the bank and of the treasury as of January 13, the Bank of England notes and the emergency treasury notes in actual circulation or held by other banks totaled £72,379,704; the total gold held by the bank, including that "ear-marked" against the emergency notes, was £89,860,894. The gold held was actually in excess of the notes subject to redemption in possession of the public by £17,481,190; say, more than $87,000,000!

"Such a position can not be matched by any other of the warring nations. Of England's allies the Bank of France, according to its last available statement—that of December 10, 1914,—held a gold cover against its notes in circulation of nearly 41½ per cent. There can not have been a material change since then, for Bank of France notes are now at a small premium across neutral Continental borders. On December 29, 1914, the Bank of Russia statement showed a gold cover of 61.73 per cent. for its note circulation. The Imperial Bank of Germany is still very strong in gold, displaced from circulation by various note emissions; but nevertheless its gold cover for its note circulation is only 46.40 per cent. Such a percentage after six months of colossal warfare testifies to the efficiency of Germany's financial mobilization. But what of a year, two years hence, when every gold mark in the Empire shall have been gathered into the Reichsbank? The war expenses will call on all the nations involved for ever-increasing note issues. But as has been shown, if the Allies retain command of the seas, they can build up their gold reserves by $300,000,000 mined from the earth each year. The day must come when Germany's only mines will be the printing-presses."

Did He Mean It?—Supper was in progress, and the father was telling about a row which took place in front of his store that morning:

"The first thing I saw was one man deal the other a sounding blow, and then a crowd gathered. The man who was struck ran and grabbed a large shovel he had been using on the street, and rushed back, his eyes blazing fiercely. I thought he'd surely knock the other man's brains out, and I stept right in between them."

The young son of the family had become so hugely interested in the narrative as it proceeded that he had stopt eating his pudding. So proud was he of his father's valor, his eyes fairly shone, and he cried:

"He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?"

Father looked at him long and earnestly, but the lad's countenance was frank and open.

Father gasped slightly, and resumed his supper.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"N. A. D.," Chicago, Ill.—"Please give the meaning of the word *defenstrate* as used in the following: 'That awful pedagog of Berlin, who used to *defenstrate* his pupils when they played amiss.'"

The word *defenestrate* means "to throw out of the window" (from the Latin *fenestra*, window, and *de*, from), but there is no good authority for its use. You will find the related noun "defenestration" in the New Standard Dictionary; this word refers "to a mode of executing popular vengeance practised in Bohemia in the Middle Ages."

"W. H. B.," Rockport, Texas.—"Kindly tell me if the following invitation is grammatically correct: 'The Graduating Class of Montgomery Academy requests your presence at their Commencement Exercises.'"

We suggest that you say "The members of the Graduating Class . . . request . . . ," etc.

"M. G. B.," Vernon, B. C.—"(1) Can the word *arch* be used as an adjective as in this sentence? 'The three *arch* characters of the story,' etc. Can it be used with the same sense as in the prefix and at the same time be applied to two or more objects as in the sentence submitted? (2) Please give me the preferred pronunciation of *rout*. 'The enemy is *routed*.' Is *ou* in *rout* in this sentence pronounced as *oo* in *loot*, or as *ou* in *out?* If both are correct, which is preferable? What is the pronunciation of the diphthong in this case? 'I shall take the Southern *route*.'"

(1) *Arch* may be used as an adjective in the sense you indicate, altho it is not of frequent occurrence in literature. Still, it has good authority. Shakespeare, "Henry VIII.," act iii, scene 2, says: "A heretic, an *arch* one, Cranmer." In the sense of "most important," *arch* is properly used in the plural in the sentence quoted. (2) In the word *rout*, meaning to defeat disastrously, put to flight, the *ou* is pronounced like that in *out*. There is no alternative pronunciation. *Route*, as, "I am taking the Southern *route*," is pronounced as *root*, or, colloquially, in the same way as *rout* above. Both words are derived from the same source, the Old French *route*, from the Latin *rupta*, from the Latin *ruptus*, past participle of *rumpo*, to break, with the general sense of destroying in the one case and of opening or clearing in the other.

"V. T. C.," St. Paul, Minn.—"(1) What is the correct pronunciation of 'maxixe'? (2) Arnold Bennett has written 'Clayhanger' and 'Hilda Lessaways.' Has the third novel of the series been published?"

(1) *Maxixe* is pronounced *ma-shi'she*—*a* as in *artistic; i* as in *machine; e* as in *over*. (2) The third novel of the series, "Denry the Audacious," and the fourth, "Old Adam," have been published, and the fifth will appear some time this year. The publishers are Messrs. George H. Doran & Co., New York.

"C. M.," Joplin, Mo.—"Is the word *drug* used correctly in the following sentence? 'This has *drug* along,' etc."

There is no such word as *drug* in this sense. The past participle of the verb *drag* is *dragged*, not *drug*, and your sentence should read, "This has *dragged* along," etc.

"S. T. J.," Northampton, Mass.—"Please tell me the meaning of the word *solute* in its chemical and physical sense."

A *solute* is a substance dissolved in solution, as opposed to the "solvent" or dissolving agent. It is practically equivalent to the New Standard Dictionary's definition of "solution," 1. (2).

"E. C. T.," Tucson, Ariz.—"With reference to the use of the word *hire*: I am the owner of a horse and buggy; correctly speaking, do I *hire* the horse and buggy (in that I receive pay for use of the same)?"

The New Standard Dictionary defines "hire" as "1. To contract for the labor and services of, or for the temporary possession and use of, for a compensation. 2. To grant the use of (a thing) or the services of (a person) for pay; let; lease." So both the owner and the user may be said to *hire* a horse and buggy.

WAR-WORDS-AND-THEIR-MEANING

Readers of The Literary Digest *will find this unique supplement invaluable in understanding and discussing many names and terms that have come into prominence during the European War, some of which are commonly mispronounced. It pronounces and locates the more important cities, rivers, and battle-fields, and will prove most handy for use in conjunction with the war-maps issued with* The Literary Digest *of January 9th. Also, it gives and pronounces the names of the prominent military and naval leaders, war-ships, etc., of the belligerents and includes definitions of a large number of terms of frequent occurrence in the daily press-reports. The pronunciations given are indicated according to the system employed in Funk & Wagnalls* New Standard Dictionary.

EXPLANATION OF SYMBOLS

ɑ	as in *a*rtistic.	o	as in *o*bey.	ɑi	as in *ai*sle.	th	as in *th*in.
ɑ̄	as in *a*rt.	ō	as in g*o*.	ɑu	as in s*au*erkr*au*t.	th	as in *th*is.
a	as in f*a*t.	ɵ	as in n*o*t.	iu	as in d*u*ration.	s	as in *s*o, *c*ent.
ā	as in f*a*re.	ō	as in *o*r.	iū	as in f*eu*d.	z	as in *z*est, wa*s*.
e	as in g*e*t.	u	as in f*u*ll.	ɵi	as in *oi*l.	ch	as in *ch*urch.
ē	as in pr*ey*.	ū	as in r*u*le.	k	as in *k*in, *c*at, *q*uit.	j	as in *j*et.
ı	as in h*i*t.	ʊ	as in b*u*t.	g	as in *g*o.	sh	as in *sh*ip, o*c*ean, func*t*ion, ma*ch*ine.
ī	as in pol*i*ce.	ʊ̄	as in b*u*rn.	ŋ	as in si*ng*.		

ʒ as in a*z*ure, lei*s*ure, vi*s*ion.
ɑ as in *a*sk.
ə (unstressed) as in sof*a*, over, gutt*u*ral, mar*ty*rdom.
ı (unstressed) as in hab*i*t, sen*a*te, surf*ei*t, bis*cu*it, min'*u*te, privi*le*ge, vall*ey*, Sund*ay*, cit*ie*s, r*e*new.
H as in lo*ch* (Scotch), a*ch*, mi*ch* (German).
ṅ as in bo*n* French).
ü as in L*ü*beck (German), D*u*mas (French).

The single accent (′) indicates the primary or chief accent; the double accent (″) indicates the secondary accent The double dagger (‡) indicates a variant form. The abbreviations used are as follows: Ar. = Arabic; *Aero.* = Aeronautics; Eng. = English; F. = French; G. = German; Gt. Brit. = Great Britain; *Mil.* = Military; Rus. = Russian; Serv. = Servian; U. S. = United States.

A

Aa′chen, 1 ɑ̄′Hen; 2 ä′Hĕn, *n.* **1.** A government in the Rhine province, Prussia. **2.** Same as Aix=la=Chapelle.

a′er-o-gram, 1 ē′ər-o-gram; 2 ā″ĕr-o-grăm, *n.* A wireless message.—**a′er-o-gun,** *n.* A cannon specially constructed for use against aeroplanes and air=ships. **an′ti=air″craft gun‡.**—**a″er-o-nau′tics,** *n.* The branch of physics which treats of floating in or navigating the air, as in an air=ship, or its practise.—**a′er-o-plane,** *n.* A flying=machine sustained in the air when moved through it, as by a motor=engine, with the planes at a slight angle.

air′=base″, *n.* A place constituting a base of operations or point of departure for air=ships.—**air′=man″,** *n.* One who navigates the air, as in an aeroplane.

Aisne, 1 ān; 2 ân, *n.* A river and department in N. central France, where Germans made a strong defense, Sept. 11, 1914.

Aix″=la=Cha″pelle′, 1 āks″=lɑ=shɑ″pel′; 2 āks″=lä=chä″pĕl′, *n.* A cathedral city, capital of Rhenish Prussia; German air=base.

Al′der-shot, 1 ōl′dər-shot; 2 al′dĕr-shŏt, *n.* A town and national military camp in Surrey, England.

Al′len-stein, 1 ɑ̄′len-shtɑin; 2 ä′lĕn-shtīn, *n.* A town in East Prussia province, Prussia, south of Königsberg.

al-ly′, 1 a-lɑi′; 2 ă-lȳ′, *n.* A state or sovereign leagued with another, as by treaty or common action.—**al-li′ance,** *n.* A connection formed by treaty between sovereign states, as for mutual aid in war, as the **triple alliance** between Germany, Austria, and Italy formed in 1883.

Al-sace′, 1 al-sēs′ *or* ɑl″sɑ̄s′; 2 ăl-sāç′ *or* äl″säç′, *n.* A former department in N. E. France; now part of Alsace=Lorraine.

Alt′kirch, 1 ɑ̄lt′kirH; 2 ält′kĭrH, *n.* A town in S. Alsace, Germany; entered by French, 1914.

Am′i-ens, 1 am′ı-enz *or* (*F.*) ɑ″mī″ɑ̄ṅ′; 2 ăm′i-ĕns *or* (*F.*) ä″mī″äṅ′, *n.* A cathedral city in N. central France; entered by German troops, Aug. 31, and evacuated September 11, 1914.

Ant′werp, 1 ant′wərp; 2 ănt′wĕrp [F. **An″vers′,** 1 ɑṅ″vār′; 2 äṅ″vêr′], *n.* A city in N. Belgium; occupied by Germans after bombardment, Oct. 9, 1914.

ar″bi-tra′tion, 1 ɑr″bı-trē′shən; 2 är″bi-trā′shon, *n.* The hearing and determining of a controversy by a person or persons mutually agreed upon by the parties to the dispute. Compare Hague Tribunal, under Hague.

Ar″gen″teau′, 1 ɑr″ʒɑṅ″tō′; 2 är″zhäṅ″tō′, *n.* A village in N. Liége province, W. Belgium; occupied and partly destroyed by Germans, 1914.

Ar″gonne′, 1 ɑr″gɵn′; 2 är″gŏn′, *n.* A wooded plateau in E. France, between Toul and Mézières; scene of severe fighting between Germans and French, 1914–1915. **Forest of Argonne‡.**

Ar″lon′, 1 ɑr″lɵṅ′; 2 är″lôṅ′, *n.* A city, capital of Luxembourg province, S. Belgium; entered and partly destroyed by Germans, 1914.

Ar″men″tières′, 1 ɑr″mɑṅ″tyār′; 2 är″mäṅ″tyêr′, *n.* A manufacturing town in Nord department, N. France; occupied by Germans in 1914.

ar′mi-stice, 1 ɑ̄r′mı-stis; 2 är′mi-stĭç, *n.* A temporary cessation of hostilities by mutual agreement.

ar′my, *n.* A large organized body of men armed for military service on land. Armies usually include the **standing army,** that kept under arms in times of peace, and the **reserve,** that liable to be called upon for service in war.—**ar′my=corps″,** *n.* The largest division of an army including all branches of the service, usually containing about 33,000 men.—**army service corps,** that department of an army which has charge of the commissariat, the ordnance stores, and the transportation of troops.

ar-til′ler-y, 1 ɑr-til′ər-ı; 2 är-tĭl′ĕr-y, *n.* **1.** Cannon of any sort. **2.** That branch of military service which operates ordnance. **3.** Troops belonging to such branch of the service.—**field=a., foot=a., horse=a., mountain a., seacoast a., siege=a.,** artillery named from the manner or place of use.

As′quith, 1 as′kwith; 2 ăs′kwĭth, **Herbert Henry** (9/12 1852–). A British statesman; premier since 1908.

Au″gus-to′vo, 1 ɑu″gūs-tō′vo; 2 ou″gus-tō′vo, *n.* A town in Suwalke province, Russian Poland; Russians defeated Germans, Oct. 2, 1914.

Av-lo′na, 1 ɑv-lō′nɑ; 2 äv-lō′nä, *n.* An Albanian seaport on the Adriatic sea: occupied by Italy, Dec. 25, 1914.

B

bal′ance of pow′er. A state of affairs among a community of nations such that no single nation or combination of nations may acquire or possess a degree of power that endangers the independence of any other.

bat-tal′ion, 1 ba-tal′yən; 2 bă-tăl′yon, *n.* A body of infantry composed of two or more companies, forming a part of a regiment.

bat′ter-y, *n.* *Mil.* **1.** An earthwork enclosing cannon. **2.** A company of artillerymen, or their guns and other equipment. **3.** The armament of a vessel of war, or a special part of it.—**mountain battery,** a battery of light guns that may be transported, as on the backs of horses, in marshy, rough, or mountainous regions.

bat′tle=cruis″er, *n.* A battle=ship of high speed.—**bat′tle=ship″,** *n.* A heavily armored ship designed to fight in line of battle and usually carrying from four to ten guns of heavy caliber with a proportionate number of lighter rapid=firing guns.

Beat′ty, 1 bit′ı; 2 bēt′y, **Sir David** (1871–). A British vice=admiral; defeated German cruiser squadron in North Sea, Jan. 24, 1915.

Beau″vais′, 1 bō″vā′; 2 bō″vâ′, *n.* A cathedral city, capital of Oise department, N. France.

Bel′gi-um, 1 *bel′jı-um*; 2 *bĕl′gi-ŭm, n.* *A kingdom of N. W.* Europe, whose neutrality was violated by German troops, Aug. 4, 1914.

Bel-grade′, 1 bel-grēd′; 2 bĕl-grād′, *n.* An ancient fortified city, capital of Servia; taken by Austrians, Dec. 2, and retaken by Servians, Dec. 15, 1914.

bel-lig′er-ent, 1 be-lij′ər-ent; 2 bĕ-lĭg′ĕr-ĕnt, *n.* A power or person engaged in legitimate warfare.

Berch′told, 1 berH′tōlt; 2 bĕrH′tōlt, **Leopold von** (1863–). An Austrian statesman; minister for foreign affairs.

Bern-har′di, 1 bērn-hɑ̄r′dı; 2 bern-här′di, **Friedrich A. J. von** (1849–). A German general; author; *Germany and the Next War.*

Be-san″çon′, 1 bə-zɑṅ″sɵṅ′; 2 be-säṅ″çôṅ′, *n.* A fortified city, capital of Doubs department, E. France.

Beth″mann=Holl′weg, 1 bēt″mɑn=hōl′vēH; 2 bet″män=hōl′veH, **Theobald von** (1856–). Chancellor of the German Empire (1909–).

bi′plane, 1 bɑi′plēn; 2 bī′plān, *n.* A form of aeroplane consisting of two planes arranged one above the other.

blue′jack″et, *n.* A sailor in the navy.

bomb, *n.* A hollow projectile of iron, generally spherical, containing an explosive material which is fired by concussion or by a time=fuse.

bom-bard′, *vt.* To throw bombs into; attack, as a town, with bombs and projectiles.—**bom-bard′ment,** *n.* A prolonged attack, as on a city, with heavy guns; also, an aerial attack with bombs, as by aeroplanes or dirigible balloons.

boom, *n.* *Maritime.* A chain of logs or the like to intercept the advance of a vessel, as into a harbor.

Bor″deaux′, 1 bēr″dō′; 2 bôr″dō′, *n.* A seaport city of S. W. France; temporary French capital during German invasion, 1914.

Bos′ni-a and Her″ze-go-vi′na, 1 bɵz′nı-ə, her″tsə-go-vī′nɑ; 2 bŏs′ni-a, hĕr″tse-go-vī′nä. A province in S. Austria=Hungary.

Bos′po-rus, 1 bɵs′po-rus; 2 bŏs′po-rŭs, *n.* A strait between the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora, separating European from Asiatic Turkey.

boy scout. A member of a world=wide organization for training boys by recreational but non=military methods, initiated in England in 1908 by Lieut.=Gen. Sir Robert Baden=Powell.

Bra′bant, 1 brɑ̄′bənt *or* (*F.*) brɑ″bɑ̄ṅ′; 2 brä′bant *or* (*F.*) brä″bäṅ′, *n.* A province in central Belgium; capital, Brussels; occupied by German troops, Aug. 20, 1914.

breech, *n.* The part of a gun or cannon behind the closed end of the bore.—**breech′=block″,** *n.* The movable piece which closes the breech of a breech=loading firearm, but is withdrawn to insert the cartridge and replaced before firing.

bri-gade′, *n.* *Mil.* A body of troops of any arm consisting of two or more regiments.

Bru′ges, 1 brū′jız *or* (*F.*) brüʒ; 2 bru′ges *or* (*F.*) brüzh, *n.* A city, capital of West Flanders province, Belgium.

Brus′sels, 1 brus′elz; 2 brŭs′ĕls [F. **Bru″xelles′,** 1 brü″sel′; 2 brü″sĕl′], *n.* A city, capital of Belgium; taken by Germans, Aug. 20, 1914.

Bu″ko-wi′na, 1 bū″ko-vī′nə; 2 bu″ko-vī′na, *n.* A province of E. Austria; capital, Czernowitz.

Bü′low, 1 bü′lo; 2 bü′lo, **Bernhard, Prince von** (1849–). A German diplomat.

Bun′des-rath, 1 bun′dəz-rɑ̄t; 2 bun′des-rät, *n.* The federal council of Germany or Switzerland. [G.]

Bzu′ra, 1 psu′rɑ; 2 psu′rä, *n.* A river in Russian Poland, tributary of the Vistula; scene of German advance against Russia, Dec. 20–26, 1914, and Feb. 1, 1915, and repulse by Russia, Feb. 2–4, 1915.

C

cais′son, 1 kē′sən; 2 cā′son, *n.* A four=wheeled ammunition=wagon.

Ca″lais, 1 kɑ″lē′; 2 cä″lā′, *n.* A fortified seaport town in N. France.

Cam″brai′, 1 kɑṅ″brā′; 2 cäṅ″brâ′, *n.* A city in Nord department, N. France.

camp, *n.* **1.** A group of tents or other shelters for the use of soldiers. **2.** The place where such quarters are established. **3.** The occupants of such quarters. **4.** The army; military life.—**concentration camp,** a camp for the segregation of non=combatant aliens so as to prevent them from aiding the enemy, as in raids.—**intrenched c.,** a system of fortifications for the defense of cities, etc., consisting of an outer line of forts near enough together to be of mutual support, and of intervening batteries with the area enclosed by them.

ca-pit′u-late, 1 kə-pit′yu-lēt; 2 ca-pĭt′yu-lāt, *v.* To surrender on stipulated terms.—**ca-pit″u-la′tion,** *n.* **1.** A conditional surrender. **2.** A charter or treaty.

captive balloon. A balloon moored to the earth and used by the military for observation purposes.

car, *n.* An automobile or railroad=car.—**armored car,** an automobile or railroad=car for use in war, protected by steel armor and usually armed with a quick=firing gun.

car′riage, *n.* That which supports or carries something; as, a *gun=carriage.*—**disappearing carriage,** a movable mechanical appliance on which a coast=gun is mounted and by means of which it is raised for firing and lowered for protection and loading.—**hydraulic=recoil c.,** a gun=carriage fitted with a hydraulic appliance which checks the recoil.

car′tridge, *n.* A charge for a firearm, or for blasting, in a case or shell of metal, paper, etc.—**car′tridge=clip″,** *n.* An ap*pliance made of sheet metal which holds together a number* of cartridges at their bases, and facilitates the rapid loading of a magazine rifle.

cav′al-ry, *n.* Troops trained to maneuver and fight on horseback.

cen′sor, 1 sen′sər *or* -sɵr; 2 çĕn′sor, *n.* An official who examines, and sanctions or suppresses the forwarding of (correspondence, news, etc.), as from the front during war.

Châ″lons′, 1 shɑ″lɵṅ′; 2 chä″lôṅ′, *n.* A city, capital of Marne department, N. France; site of French national military camp.

chan′cel-ler-y, 1 chɑn′sel-ər-ı; 2 chȧn′çĕl-ĕr-y, *n.* The dignity of a chancellor, or the building in which his office is located; by extension, the foreign office of a European power.

Chan″til″ly′, 1 shɑṅ″tī″yī′; 2 chäṅ″tī″yī′, *n.* A town in N. France; 25 m. N. of Paris.

char″gé′ d′af″faires′, 1 shɑr″ʒē′ dɑ″fār′; 2 chär″zhe′ dä″fâr′. [char″gés d′af″faires′, *pl.*] [F.] **1.** The officer in charge of diplomatic business in the absence of a minister or ambassador. **2.** A subordinate diplomatic agent.

Char″le-roi′, 1 shɑ̄r″lə-rwɑ̄′; 2 chär″le-rwä′, *n.* A mining and manufacturing town in S. W. Belgium.

Char″le-ville′, 1 shɑr″lə-vīl′; 2 chär″le-vīl′, *n.* A town in W. France; N. of Sedan.

Châ″teau′=sa″lins′, 1 shɑ″tō′=sɑ″laṅ′; 2 chä″tō′=sä″lăṅ′, *n.* A town in Lorraine, Germany, N. E. of Nancy, France.

Châ″teau′=Thier″ry′, 1 shɑ″tō′=tyā″rī′; 2 shä″tō′=tyê″rȳ′, *n.* A town in Aisne department, N. France.

Chau″mont′, 1 sho″mɵṅ′; 2 cho″môṅ′, *n.* A town on the Marne river, in Haute=Marne department, N. E. France.

chief of staff. The senior staff=officer of the general under whom he is serving.—**chief of general staff,** the officer responsible for drawing up plans of attack and defense, for military training, for intelligence work, and for the higher education of officers.

Church′ill, 1 chūrch′ıl; 2 chûrch′il, **Winston Leonard Spencer** (1871–). A British statesman; *First Lord of* the Admiralty from 1911.

co-ag′u-len, 1 ko-ag′yu-len; 2 co-ăg′yu-lĕn, *n.* A preparation (discovered by Prof. Theodor Kocher of Berne) which will instantly stop the flow of blood. It is in the form of a powder, and must be dissolved in water before being applied.

coast′=guard″, *n.* **1.** [Gt. Brit.] Coast=police who guard against smuggling. **2.** [U. S.] The men who man the life=saving stations.

com″man-deer′, 1 kɵm″ən-dīr′; 2 cŏm″an-dēr′, *vt.* **1.** To force into military service. **2.** To take possession of (property) for public or military use, under pretext of military necessity.

com′merce=de-stroy″er, *n.* A fast cruiser or other armed vessel, as a converted merchantman, intended to prey on, capture, and destroy the merchant shipping of an enemy.

Com″mer″cy′, 1 ko″mār″sī′; 2 co″mêr″çȳ′, *n.* A town in Meuse department, N. E. France.

com″mis-sa′ri-at, 1 kɵm″ı-sē′rı-ət; 2 cŏm″i-sā′ri-at, *n.* **1.** The department of an army charged with the provision of its food and daily necessities. **2.** The officers and employees of this department. **3.** The supplies furnished; food=supply.

com-mis′sion, *n.* A document issued by a government, conferring designated rank, power, or authority on a person named therein; also, the rank or authority so held.—**commissioned officer,** an officer, of rank from second lieutenant upward, who holds his commission in the army from the government.—**non=commissioned officer,** an officer, of rank below second lieutenant, appointed by regimental commanders.

com″mu″ni″qué′, 1 kɵ″mü″nī″kē′; 2 cŏ″mü″nī″ke′, *n.* An official announcement. [F.]

com′pa-ny, *n.* A subdivision of a regiment, under the command of a captain.

Com″pi″ègne′, 1 kɵṅ″pī″ā′nyə; 2 côṅ″pī″ê′nye, *n.* An ancient city in Oise department, N. France; Joan of Arc captured there, 1340.

concert of Europe. An agreement between the principal European powers to take only combined action on the Eastern question.—**c. of the powers,** an understanding reached in 1900 between the leading European nations, the United States, and Japan, by which their attitude toward China was determined.

con-cor′dat, 1 kɵn-kēr′dat; 2 cŏn-côr′dăt, *n.* Originally, an agreement between the papal see and a secular power; hence, any public act of agreement, as a treaty.

con′ning=tow″er, *n.* The low, shot=proof pilot=house of a war=vessel, especially of an ironclad or submarine.

con-scrip′tion, 1 kɵn-skrip′shən; 2 cŏn-scrip′shon, *n.* A compulsory enrolment of men for military service; a draft.

contraband of war. Anything that a neutral is prohibited by the laws of war from furnishing to either belligerent. Arms, ammunition, and military supplies are classed as **absolute contraband;** grain, horses, etc., as **occasional contraband;** and goods consigned to a neutral country which may be transferred to a belligerent, or goods consigned to a belligerent country which may be used by the army or navy are considered as **conditional contraband.**

con″ver-sa′tions, 1 kɵn″vər-sē′shənz; 2 cŏn″vĕr-sā′shons, *n. pl.* The interchange of views between the governments of European countries.

con′voy, *n.* **1.** A protecting force accompanying property in course of transportation, as a ship at sea. **2.** The property so accompanied.

cord'ite, 1 kērd'ɑit; 2 côrd'īt, *n.* An explosive compound consisting of cellulose nitrate and a restrainer, such as vaseline.

Co"ro-nel', 1 kō"ro-nel'; 2 cō"ro-nĕl', *n.* A seaport in Concepcion province, Chile, off which the German Admiral Von Spee defeated the British under Sir Christopher Cradock, Nov. 1, 1914.

cos'sack, 1 kes'ak; 2 cŏs'ăk, *n.* One of a race inhabiting S. E. Russia supplying irregular cavalrymen to the Russian army.

Cou"lom"miers', 1 kū"lō"myā'; 2 cu̥"lō"myê', *n.* A town in Seine=et=Marne department, N. France.

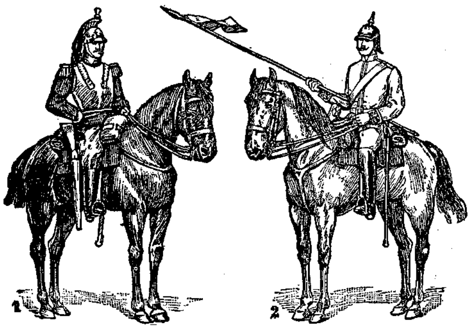
court martial. A court of military or naval officers convened to try offenses against military or naval law.—**drumhead court martial,** a court martial called for summary trial of a military offense committed on the line of march.

Crad'ock, 1 krad'ek; 2 crăd'ŏk, **Sir Christopher** (1862–1914). A British rear=admiral; went down with his flagship, the "Good Hope," in the battle off Coronel.

Cra"onne', 1 krɑ"ēn'; 2 crä"ôn', *n.* A small town in Aisne department, N. France.

cruis'er, 1 krūz'ər; 2 cru̥ṣ'ẽr, *n.* A war=vessel that cruises in search of an enemy's ships or to protect the commerce of its own country. Cruisers are classed, according to their uses, as **auxiliary cruiser, battle c., scout c.;** or their protection or armament, as **armored cruiser, light c., protected c.**

cui"ras-sier', 1 kwī"rə-sīr'; 2 cwī"ra-sēr', *n.* A mounted soldier wearing a cuirass; by extension, any soldier of the heavy cavalry.



Cuirassiers.
1. French. 2. German.

Cux'ha"ven, 1 kūks'hɑ"fen; 2 cu̥ks'hä"fĕn, *n.* A fortified seaport in N. Germany, at the mouth of the Elbe; German naval base; bombarded by British seaplanes, 1914.

Cy'prus, 1 sɑi'prʋs; 2 çȳ'prŭs, *n.* A British island in the Mediterranean sea, S. of Asia Minor; annexed, Nov. 5, 1914.

Czer'no-witz, 1 cher'no-vits; 2 chĕr'no-vits, *n.* A town, capital of Bukowina province, E. Austria.

D

Dal-ma'ti-a, 1 dal-mē'shɪ-ə; 2 dăl-mā'shi-a, *n.* An Austrian province on the E. shore of the Adriatic sea.

Dan'zig, 1 dɑn'tsiʜ; 2 dän'tsĭʜ, *n.* A government and seaport city in West Prussia province, Prussia.

Dar"da-nelles', 1 dɑr"də-nelz'; 2 där"da-nĕlṣ', *n.* A fortified strait connecting the Sea of Marmora with the Ægean sea; shelled by British and French warships, 1914–1915.

dart, *n.* [Recent.] A missile designed to be dropped from aeroplanes or other aircraft and consisting of a grooved steel shaft about 6 inches long pointed at the heavier end. **aircraft arrow‡; flèche‡** [F.].

declaration of London. An international agreement of 71 articles between the great powers regulating blockades, contraband, neutrals, resistance to search, and compensation, signed at London, Feb. 26, 1909, but rejected by the House of Lords, Dec., 1911; not ratified by Germany or the United States.

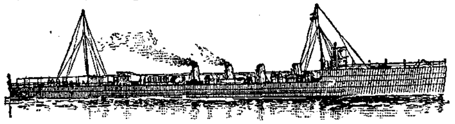
Del"cas"se', 1 del"kɑ"sē'; 2 dĕl"cä"se̱', **Théophile** (1852–). A French statesman; minister for foreign affairs.

dé"marche', 1 dē"mɑrsh'; 2 de̱"märçh', *n.* **1.** Change in method of action. **2.** Manner of procedure; step; walk. [F.]

Dern'burg, 1 dern'burg; 2 dĕrn'bu̥rg, **Bernhard W. G.** (1864–). A German statesman; publicist.

de-sert'er, *n.* A soldier or sailor who absconds from the service.

de-stroy'er, *n.* A war=vessel of the torpedo=boat class, 300 to 1,800 tons, and speed of 25 to 36 knots.



U. S. Torpedo=boat Destroyer "Preston."

Di"jon', 1 dī"ʒēn'; 2 dī"zhôn', *n.* A town in E. France.

Di"nant', 1 dī"nɑn'; 2 dī"näṅ', *n.* A town in Namur province, S. Belgium.

dir'i-gi-ble, 1 dir'ɪ-jɪ-bl; 2 dĭr"i-ġi-bl, *n.* A balloon, fitted with a motor=apparatus and usually cigar=shaped, the course and speed of which may be controlled by the aeronaut. Compare ZEPPELIN.

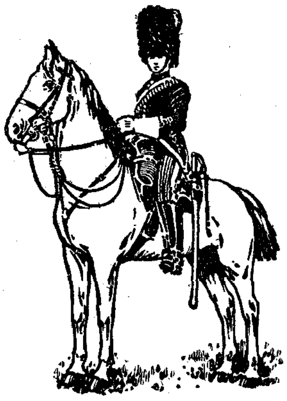
di-vi'sion, *n.* A part of an army consisting of two or more brigades commanded by a general officer.

Dix"mude', 1 dīs"[*or* dī"]müd'; 2 dīs"[*or* dī"]müd', *n.* A town in West Flanders province, Belgium; entered by Germans, Nov. 11, 1914.

dra-goon', 1 drə-gūn'; 2 dra-ḡōōn', *n.* In the British army, a cavalryman: originally, a soldier furnished with a carbine, who served on horseback or on foot as occasion required.

dread'nought", 1 dred'nēt"; 2 drĕd'nôt", *n.* One of a type of modern battle=ship of high speed, large tonnage, and heavy armament. —**su'per=dread"nought,** *n.* One of a type of modern battle=ship exceeding the dreadnoughts in size, speed, and armament.

Dri'na, 1 drī'nɑ; 2 drī'nä, *n.* A river in Bosnia; flows into the Save.



Trooper of 2d Dragoons (Royal Scots Greys).

Du'ma, 1 dū'mɑ; 2 du̥'mä, *n.* The elective state council of Russia. **Dou'ma‡.**

dum'dum bul'let, 1 dʋm'dʋm; 2 dŭm'dŭm. A partially steel=cased bullet, the soft core of which expands, aggravating the injury of a wound.

Du-na'jec, 1 dū-nɑ'yet; 2 du̥-nä'yĕt, *n.* A river in Galicia, Austria=Hungary; a tributary of the Vistula.

Dun'kirk, 1 dʋn'kūrk; 2 dŭn'kĩrk, *n.* A fortified seacoast town in N. France; bombarded by German aeroplanes, Dec. 30, 1914, Jan. 10, 1915.

Du-raz'zo, 1 dū-rɑd'zo; 2 du̥-räd'zo, *n.* A seaport city, capital of Albania; bombarded by allied British and French fleets, 1914.

dy'na-mite, *n.* An explosive composed of nitroglycerin held in an absorbent (usually a nitrate mixture) called the dope, invented in 1866 by Alfred Nobel.

Dy'now, 1 dī'nev; 2 dȳ'nŏv, *n.* A town in N. Galicia, Austria=Hungary.

E

Ee-cloo', 1 ā-klō'; 2 ê-clō', *n.* A town in East Flanders province, Belgium.

E'gypt, 1 ī'jɪpt; 2 ē'ġypt, *n.* A country in N. E. Africa; declared British protectorate, Dec. 17, 1914.

El'sass=Loth'ring-en, 1 el'sɑs=lōt'riŋ-en; 2 ĕl'säs=lōt'rĭng-ĕn, *n.* [G.] Same as ALSACE=LORRAINE.

Em'den, 1 em'den; 2 ĕm'dĕn, *n.* **1.** A fortified seaport town in N. Hanover province, Prussia. **2.** A German cruiser which, after having captured or sunk 2 war=ships and 20 merchantmen (nearly all British) in the Indian Ocean, was driven ashore and burned on the Keeling Islands by the Australian cruiser "Sydney," Nov. 10, 1914.

en"fi-lade', 1 en"fɪ-lēd'; 2 ĕn"fi-lād', *n.* **I.** *v.* To rake lengthwise with shot or missiles. **II.** *n.* A fire that may rake lengthwise a line of troops or works.

en"gi-neer', *n.* A member of the division of an army which constructs forts and bridges, clears roads, etc.

En'glish Chan'nel. A strait between England and France, 21 to 150 m. wide.

en-list'. I. *vt.* To engage and place upon the lists for service, as in the army or navy. **II.** *vi.* To enter voluntarily the military or naval service.—**en-list'ment,** *n.*

en'sign, 1 en'sɑin; 2 ĕn'sīn, *n.* A national standard or naval flag.

en"tente', 1 ɑṅ"tɑṅt'; 2 äṅ"täṅt', *n.* An understanding. [F.] —**en"tente cor"di-ale',** cordial understanding; in politics, friendliness between governments.—**triple entente,** a friendly understanding between three governments, as that arranged between Great Britain, France, and Russia in 1907 and 1908.

en-trench', *v.* To protect, as by a trench; to make a trench or trenches in or on.—**en-trench'ment,** *n.* A breastwork or parapet of earth, properly one with a ditch; any defense or protection.

E"per"nay', 1 ē"pār"nā'; 2 e̱"pêr"nâ', *n.* A town in W. Marne department, France.

es-carp'ment, 1 es-kɑrp'ment *or* -mənt; 2 ĕs-cärp'ment, *n.* Ground cut away so as to slope precipitously about a fortification.

es'pi-o-nage, 1 es'pɪ-o-nɪj; 2 ĕs'pi-o-naġ, *n.* The act or practise of spying.

Es"taires', 1 ās"tār'; 2 ês"târ', *n.* A town in Nord department, N. France, W. of Lille.

e-vac'u-ate, 1 ɪ-vak'yu-ēt; 2 e-văc'yu̥-āt, *v.* To abandon possession of by withdrawing from, as a fortress.—**e-vac"u-a'tion,** *n.*

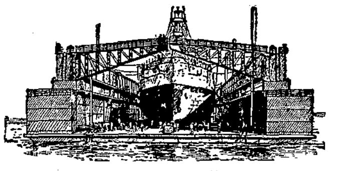
ex"tra-ter"ri-to"ri-al'i-ty, 1 eks"trə-ter"ɪ-tō"rɪ-al'ɪ-tɪ; 2 ĕks"-tra-tĕr"i-tō"ri-ăl'i-ty, *n.* The state or privilege of freedom from (local) territorial jurisdiction, accorded to foreign sovereigns, diplomatic representatives, etc.

F

Fal'ken-hayn, 1 fɑl'ken-hēn; 2 fäl'ken-hān, **Erich von** (1861–). German Chief of Staff, 1914.

Falk'land Is'lands. A group of British islands in the S. Atlantic ocean, off which a British fleet under Rear=Admiral Sturdee defeated a German fleet under von Spee, Dec. 8, 1914.

fire'=con-trol", 1 fɑir'=ken-trōl"; 2 fīr'=cŏn-trōl", *n.* A system for regulating and controlling the fire of guns of a war=vessel, fortification, etc.

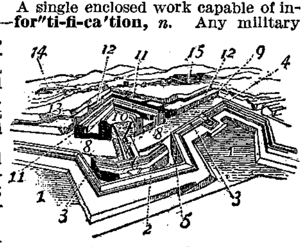


Floating Dry Dock "Dewey."

floating dock. A platform between two enclosed compartments, upon which a ship is lifted from the water for repairs, etc., by forcing the water from the compartments by means of compressed air.

for'age, 1 fer'ɪj; 2 fŏr'aġ, *n.* **1.** Food suitable for horses. **2.** Provisions captured or seized by an army.

fort, 1 fērt; 2 fôrt, *n.* A single enclosed work capable of independent defense.—**for"ti-fi-ca'tion,** *n.* Any military defensive work, especially one having a ditch and a parapet; a fortified place.—**for'tress,** *n.* A large permanent fort or a fortified place.



Bird's=eye View of Modern System of Fortification.

1. Bastion. 2. Curtain. 3. Parapet. 4. Embrasure. 5. Scarp. 6. Tenail. 7. Caponiere. 8. Foss or ditch. 9. Counterscarp. 10. Reduit or redout. 11. Ravelin. 12. Covered way. 13. Glacis. 14. Redan. 15. Redout.

Fran'cis Fer'di-nand (1863–1914). Archduke of Austria; assassinated at Serajevo, June 28.

franc'=ti"reur', 1 frɑṅ'=tī"rūr'; 2 fräṅ'=tī"rûr', *n.* [FRANCS'=TI"REURS', *pl.*] A French sharpshooter or one of a company of guerrillas.

French, Sir John (1852-). A British general; commanding British forces against Germans in European war, 1914–1915.

Fresnes, 1 frān; 2 frên, *n.* A town in Nord department, N. France.

G

Ga-li'ci-a, 1 gə-lish'ɪ-ə; 2 ḡa-lish'i-a, *n.* A Polish province in N. E. Austria; capital, Lemberg; entered by Russians, 1914.

Gal"lie"ni', 1 gal"yā"nī'; 2 ḡăl"yê"nī', **Joseph** (1849–). A French general and author; in command of a part of French forces against Germans, 1914–1915.

Geneva convention. A convention entered into between the principal European powers in 1864 and 1865, providing for a more humane treatment of sick and wounded soldiers in time of war, and for the protection of surgeons, nurses, and the ambulance service.

Ghent, 1 gent; 2 ḡĕnt, *n.* An ancient city, capital of East Flanders province, Belgium; entered by Germans, 1914.

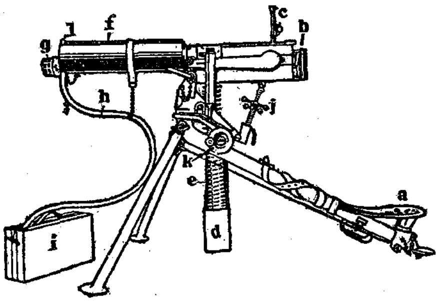
gla'cis, 1 glē'sɪs; 2 ḡlā'çis, *n.* An easy slope of earth in front of a fortification which is covered by all the guns on that side of the fort.

Goltz, 1 gōlts; 2 ḡōlts, **Kolmar, Baron von der** (1843–). A German field=marshal.

Göt'ting-en, 1 gūt'ɪŋ-en; 2 ḡût'ing-en, *n.* A town in Hanover province, Prussia.

Grey, 1 grē; 2 ḡre̱, **Sir Edward** (1862–), a British statesman; Foreign Secretary since 1905.

gun, 1 gʋn; 2 ḡŭn, *n.* A metal tube for firing projectiles by the force of gunpowder or other explosives. Guns are named from their makers, as **Armstrong gun, Maxim gun, Krupp gun;** from their place of manufacture, as **Le Creusot gun, Woolwich gun;** from their use, as **siege=gun, field=gun;** from special characteristics, as **machine gun, magazine gun;** or from their caliber, as **6=inch gun, 12=inch gun, 15=inch gun.** Compare HOWITZER. In military usage a gun is a piece of ordnance, and all portable firearms are called **small arms.**—**disappearing gun,** a rifled cannon mounted on a disappearing carriage. See CARRIAGE.—**rapid=fire gun,** a breech=loading gun of 1½ to 8 in. caliber, with metallic ammunition.—**75=millimeter gun,** a gun of 75 mm. caliber, used by the French in the European war of 1914–1915.



Maxim Rapid=fire Gun, U. S. Army Type.

a, seat; *b*, handle=block; *c*, rear sight; *d*, ammunition=box; *e*, ammunition=belt; *f*, water=jacket; *g*, nozle; *h*, steam=condensing tube; *i*, water=box; *j*, elevating=mechanism; *k*, traversing=mechanism; *l*, front sight.

gun'boat", 1 gʋn'bōt"; 2 ḡŭn'bōt", *n.* A war=ship of small size and light draft, carrying heavy guns.

gun'pow"der, 1 gʋn'pɑu"dər; 2 ḡŭn'pow"dẽr, *n.* An explosive mixture of niter, charcoal, and sulfur.—**smokeless gunpowder,** a powder used as a propellant in guns and which makes very little smoke when exploded. It is a colloidized and indurated cellulose nitrate.

Gur'kha, 1 gūr'kə; 2 ḡu̥r'ka, *n.* One of a famous fighting race of Hindu descent in Nepal, India; not subject to Great Britain.

H

Ha'ders-le"ben, 1 hɑ'dərs-lē"ben; hä'dẽrs-le̱"ben, *n.* A seaport town of Schleswig province, N. Prussia.

Hague, 1 hēg; 2 hāḡ, **The.** A city in South Holland province, capital of the Netherlands. —**the Hague Tribunal,** officially, *The Permanent Court of Arbitration*, a court for the settlement of international disputes; established 1899.

Hai"naut', 1 ā"nō'; 2 â"nō', *n.* A province in S. Belgium; capital, Mons.

Hal'dane, 1 hal'dēn; 2 hăl'dān, **Viscount** (1856–), Richard Burdon Haldane, a British statesman; Secretary for War 1905–1912; Lord High Chancellor 1912–

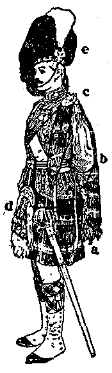
Ha'licz, 1 hɑ'lich; 2 hä'lich, *n.* A town in S. Galicia, on the Dniester.

Ha'nau, 1 hɑ'nɑu; 2 hä'nou, *n.* A town in Hesse=Nassau province, Prussia, western central Germany.

hand'=gre-nade", *n.* An explosive shell designed to be thrown by hand, and which explodes on impact.

han'gar", 1 haŋ'gɑr" *or* (*F.*) ɑṅ"gɑr'; 2 hăn̠'ḡär" *or* (*F.*) äṅ"ḡär', *n.* A shed in which aeroplanes or balloons are stored.

Har'tle-pool, 1 hɑr'tl-pūl; 2 här'tl-pōōl, *n.* A seaport of N. E. England; bombarded by a German squadron, Dec. 16, 1914.



An Officer of the Gordon Highlanders.

a, kilt; *b*, plaid; *c*, brooch; *d*, sporran; *e*, feather bonnet.

Ha'vre, 1 hɑ'vər; 2 hä'vẽr, *n.* A seaport city in Seine=Inférieure department, N. France: part of this city served as temporary capital of Belgium, 1914–1915.

Hel'go-land, 1 hel'go-lɑnt; 2 hĕl'ḡo-länt, *n.* A fortified island in the North Sea near the mouth of the Elbe; ceded to Germany by Great Britain, 1890; scene of German naval defeat, Aug. 28, 1914.

High'land-er, 1 hɑi'lənd-ər; 2 hī'land-ẽr, *n.* A native of the Scottish highlands; one of the soldiers in a Scottish kilted regiment, as the **Black Watch Royal Highlanders, Cameron H., Gordon H.**

Hin'den-berg, 1 hin'den-berʜ; 2 hĭn'dĕn-bĕrʜ, **Paul von Beneckendorff und von.** A German general; commanded forces against Russia, 1914-1915.

Ho'hen-zol"lern, 1 hō'en-tsol"ərn; 2 hō'ĕn-tsol"ẽrn, *n.* A princely family of Germany from which sprang the Prussian kings since 1701 and the German emperors since 1871.

Hook of Hol'land. A headland of W. Holland, off which German submarines sank the British cruisers "Aboukir," "Cressy," and "Hogue," Sept. 22, 1914.

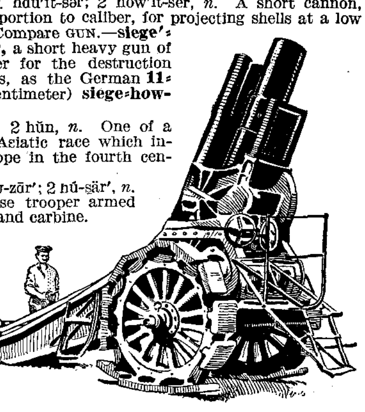
Höt'zen-dorf, 1 hūt'sen-dērf; 2 hût'sen-dôrf, **Baron Conrad von.** Chief of staff of the Austrian forces, 1914–1915.

how'it-zer, 1 hɑu'ɪt-sər; 2 how'it-sẽr, *n.* A short cannon, light in proportion to caliber, for projecting shells at a low elevation. Compare GUN.—**siege'=how"it-zer,** a short heavy gun of large caliber for the destruction of fortresses, as the German **11=inch** (28=centimeter) **siege=howitzer.**

Hun, 1 hʋn; 2 hŭn, *n.* One of a barbarous Asiatic race which invaded Europe in the fourth century.

hus-sar', 1 hʋ-zɑr'; 2 hŭ-ṣär', *n.* A light=horse trooper armed with saber and carbine.

Hu"y', 1 ü"ī'; 2 ü"ī', *n.* A fortified town in E. Belgium; entered by Germans, 1914.



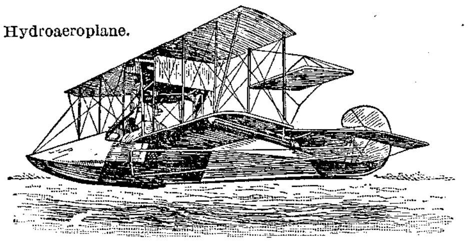
German 11=inch (28=centimeter) Siege=howitzer.

hy″dro-a′er-o-plane, 1 hai″dro-ē′ər-o-plēn; 2 hȳ″dro-ā′ĕr-o-plān, *n.* An aeroplane so constructed as to be capable of alighting or traveling upon, traveling over, or rising from the water.

I

In′fan-try, *n.* Foot=soldiery equipped with small arms: one of the three main branches of an army; cavalry and artillery being the other two.—**mounted infantry,** infantry mounted on horseback for purposes of rapid movement, but dismounting when in action; much employed in present operations in Europe.

In-tern′, 1 in-tūrn′; 2 ĭn-tẽrn′, *vt.* To shut within a particular place; oblige to remain in any place without permission to leave. Troops of belligerents coming into neutral territory are compelled to disarm and to remain there until the war ends. This applies also to war=ships staying at neutral ports beyond the time required for coaling or making indispensable repairs.


Hydroaeroplane.

Iron Cross. A Prussian order conferred for distinguished services in war: instituted in 1814 by Frederick William III. and revived in 1870 by William I.

J

Ja-had, 1 jə-hād′; 2 ja-häd′, *n.* [Ar.] A religious war of Mohammedans against the enemies of their faith. **je-had′‡; holy war‡.**

Ja″ro-slaw′, 1 yā″ro-slāv′; 2 yä″ro-släv′, *n.* A town on the San river, N. Galicia.

Je′dar, 1 yē′dar; 2 ye̱′där, *n.* A river and district in N. W. Servia; Servians defeated Austrians, Aug. 17, 1914. **Ja′dar‡; Ya′dar‡.**

Jel′li-coe, 1 jel′ı-ko; 2 jĕl′i-co, **Sir John Rushworth** (1859–). A British vice=admiral in command of the home fleet, 1914–1915.

Joffre, 1 ʒōfr; 2 zhōfr, **Joseph** (1853–). A French general; conducted campaign against German invasion, 1914–1915.

K

Kai′ser, 1 kai′zər; 2 kī′ṣẽr, *n.* The title of the German emperors since 1871.—**Kaiser Wilhelm Canal,** a canal cut through the province of Holstein, Prussia; 61 m. long from the North Sea to the Baltic. **Kiel Canal‡.**

Karls′ru-he, 1 kārls′rū-ə; 2 kärls′ru̥-e, *n.* **1.** A city, capital of Baden, S. E. Germany. **2.** A German protected cruiser and commerce=destroyer active in mid=Atlantic, 1914–1915.

Keel′ing Is′lands, 1 kīl′ıŋ; 2 kēl′ing. A group of British islands in the Indian ocean, S. W. of Java. See Emden.

kep′i, 1 kep′ı; 2 kĕp′i, *n.* [F.] A flat=topped military cap with horizontal vizor, as worn by the French army.

kha′ki, 1 kā′kı; 2 kä′ki, *n.* [Anglo=Ind.] A light drab or greenish=brown material used for officers' and soldiers' uniforms. **Kha′kee‡.**

Khe-dive′, 1 kē-dīv′; 2 ke-dīv′, *n.* The title of the Turkish Viceroys of Egypt from 1867 to 1915, when the Khedive Abbas Hilmi was deposed by the British and a sultan installed in his place. See Egypt.

Ki-ao″chow′, 1 kı-au″chau′; 2 ki-ou″chow′, *n.* A former German protectorate on the coast of China; also, its capital, a seaport; surrendered to British and Japanese allies, after siege, Nov. 7, 1914.

Kiel, 1 kīl; 2 kēl, *n.* A fortified seaport at the western end of the Kaiser Wilhelm Canal, in Holstein province, N. Prussia.

Kiel′ce, 1 kyel′tse; 2 kyĕl′tsĕ, *n.* A city in S. Russian Poland, capital of a government of the same name.

Kitch′en-er, 1 kich′en-ər; 2 kĭch′ĕn-ẽr, **of Khartum, Earl** (1850–). A British general and administrator in India and Egypt; Secretary of State for War, 1914.

Kluck, 1 klūk; 2 klu̥k, **Alexander H. R. von** (1846–). A German general; fought against French, 1914–1915.

Kö′nigs-berg, 1 kū′nıHs-berH; 2 kû′nĭHs-bĕrH, *n.* A fortified seaport in East Prussia province, N. E. Germany; menaced by Russian forces, Feb. 1, 1915.

Kra′kow, 1 krā′kau; 2 krä′kow, *n.* An ancient city in W. Galicia; shelled by Russians, 1914.

Krupp Iron Works. A plant for the manufacture of guns, armor=plate, and other munitions of war, at Essen, W. Prussia.

kul-tur′, 1 kul-tūr′; 2 ku̥l-tu̥r′, *n.* [G.] Progress, advancement, and achievement in all forms of theory and practise, whether political, economic, scientific, social, or artistic, including the processes involved and the results attained, both mental and material; civilization.

L

La Bas″sée′, 1 la ba″sē′; 2 lä bä″se̱′. A town in W. Nord department, N. France; destroyed in action between German and allied British and French forces, 1914.

La Fère, 1 la fār; 2 lä fêr. A town in Aisne department, N. France; partly destroyed in action between German and French forces, Sept., 1914.

lais″sez′=pas″ser′, 1 lē″sē′=pasē′; 2 lā″se̱″=pä″se̱′, *n.* [F.] A permit; pass.

Lan′cut, 1 lān′tsūt; 2 län′çu̥t″, *n.* A town in N. Galicia; taken by Russians, 1914.

Lan′gres, 1 lāṅ′gr; 2 läṅ′gr, *n.* A fortified town in Haute=Marne department, E. France.

La″on′, 1 la″ēṅ′; 2 lä″ôṅ′, *n.* A town, capital of Aisne department, N. France; occupied by Germans, 1914.

La″ven″tie′, 1 la″vaṅ″tī′; 2 lä″väṅ″tē′, *n.* A town in Pas=de=Calais department, N. France; scene of severe fighting in European war, 1914.

Le Creu″sot′, 1 krū″sō′; 2 crû″sō′, *n.* A town in central France, noted for the manufacture of the Le Creusot gun.

Legion of Honor. [F.] An order of merit instituted by Napoleon Bonaparte, in 1802, as a reward for civil and military services.

Leip′zig 1 laip′sıH; 2 līp′sĭH, *n.* **1.** A division of Saxony kingdom, Germany; 1,378 sq. m. **2.** Its capital; a historic manufacturing and commercial city; scene of "the battle of the nations" and victory of the Allies over the French, Oct. 16–19, 1813.

Lem′berg, 1 lem′berH; 2 lĕm′bĕrH, *n.* A fortified city, capital of Galicia, Austria; occupied by Russians, Sept. 3, 1914, after defeat of Germans and Austrians.

Lens, 1 lāṅ; 2 läṅ, *n.* A mining town in Pas=de=Calais department, N. France; occupied by Germans, 1914.

Le Prê′tre, 1 lə prā′tr; 2 le prê′tr. A wooded region in the Argonne, France; scene of severe fighting between French and Germans, 1914–1915.

lev′y, 1 lev′ı; 2 lĕv′y, *n.* The act of collecting compulsorily, or the money, goods, etc., so collected.—**war′=lev″y,** *n.* A levy made on a country by invaders.

Le-zajsk′, 1 lē-ʒaisk′; 2 le̱-zhīsk′, *n.* A town in N. Galicia, Austria; occupied by Russia, 1914.

Li″ége′, 1 lī″ēʒ′; 2 lī″e̱zh′, *n.* A fortified city in E. Belgium; taken, after siege, by Germans, Aug. 7, 1914.

Li″gny′, 1 lī″nyī′; 2 lī″nyī′, *n.* A village in Namur province, S. Belgium.

Lille, 1 līl; 2 līl, *n.* A city, capital of Nord department, N. France; entered by Germans, 1914.

Lodz, 1 lōdz; 2 lōdz, *n.* A town in W. Russian Poland; severe fighting between Germans and Russians, 1914–1915, but occupied by Germans, Dec. 6, 1914.

Long″wy′, 1 lēṅ″vī′; 2 lôṅ″vȳ′, *n.* A fortified frontier town in N. E. France; entered by Germans, August 26, 1914.

Lou″vain′, 1 lū″vaṅ′; 2 lu̥″väṅ′, *n.* An ancient town near Brussels, Belgium; partly burned by Germans, Aug. 29, 1914, in reprisal for alleged attacks upon their troops by civilians.

Lu″né″ville′, 1 lü″nē″vīl′; 2 lü″ne̱″vīl′, *n.* An ancient town in N. E. France; scene of severe fighting between French and Germans, 1914.

Lux′em-burg, 1 luks′em-būrg; 2 lŭks′ĕm-bûrg, *n.* A grand duchy between Belgium, France, and Germany; neutral territory; entered by Germany during her invasion of France, 1914–1915.

lyd′dite, 1 lid′ait; 2 lȳd′īt, *n.* An explosive used by the British forces and consisting of a composition of picric acid.

Lys, 1 līs; 2 lȳs, *n.* A river in N. France and Belgium; scene of severe fighting in European war, 1914–1915.

M

Mainz, 1 maints; 2 mīnts, *n.* A city, capital of Rhein Hessen province, cent. Germany; imperial fortress. **Ma″yence′‡.**

Ma″lines′, 1 ma″līn′; 2 mä″līn′, *n.* A commercial city in N. Belgium; partly destroyed by the Germans in reprisal for alleged civilian attacks, 1914. **Mech′lin‡.**

Marne, 1 mārn; 2 märn, *n.* A river in N. France, tributary of the Seine; scene of German reverse, Sept. 5–12, 1914.

Mau″beuge′, 1 mo″būʒ′; 2 mo″bûzh′, *n.* A town in Nord department, N. France; surrendered to Germans after siege, Aug. 7, 1914.

mel′i-nite, 1 mel′ı-nait; 2 mĕl′i-nīt, *n.* A high explosive used by the French forces of which the base is picric acid.

Meuse, 1 miūz *or* mūz; 2 mūṣ *or* mûṣ, *n.* A river in E. France and Belgium; scene of severe fighting between Germans and French and Germans and Belgians, 1914–1915.

Mé″zières′, 1 mē″zyār′; 2 me̱″zyêr′, *n.* A fortified town in Ardennes department, N. France; entered by Germans, 1914.

Mille″rand′, 1 mīl″rāṅ′; 2 mīl″räṅ′, **Alexandre** (1859–). French Minister for War, 1914–1915.

mine, *n.* *Mil.* A cavity containing an explosive charge, as for blowing up a fort; also, a case containing such a charge floating on or near, or anchored beneath, the surface of the water, to destroy an enemy's vessel.—**mine′=lay″er, m.=sweeper,** *n.* A ship with an apparatus for laying or displacing mines.—**submarine contact=m.,** a metal case, containing an explosive charge and detonating apparatus, anchored by weights at some distance below the surface of the water.

mi″trail″lleuse′, 1 mī″tra″yūz′; 2 mī″trä″yûṣ′, *n.* [F.] A breech=loading machine=gun of several grouped barrels meant to be fired together or in succession.

Mla′wa, 1 mlā′va; 2 mlä′vä, *n.* A town in N. Russian Poland.

mon′o-plane, 1 mēn′o-plēn; 2 mŏn′o-plān, *n.* A form of aeroplane having but one supporting plane.

Mons, 1 mēṅs; 2 môṅs, *n.* A city, capital of Hainaut province, Belgium; scene of British reverse, Aug. 23–24, 1914.

Mont″di″di″er′, 1 mēṅ″dī″dī″ā′; 2 môṅ″dī″dī″ê′, *n.* A town in Somme department, N. France.

Mont″fau″çon′, 1 mēṅ″fō″sēṅ′; 2 môṅ″fō″çôṅ′, *n.* A town in Meuse department, N. E. France; scene of severe fighting between French and Germans, 1914.

mor′tar, *n.* A short piece of ordnance with a large bore for firing large=caliber shells at great angles of elevation (45° or more) so as to drop upon the object aimed at.

Mül′hau-sen, 1 mül′hau-zen; 2 mül′hou-ṣĕn, *n.* A town in S. Alsace, Germany; entered by French invaders, 1914–1915.

N

Na″mur′, 1 na″mür′; 2 nä″mür′, *n.* A fortified city in S. W. Belgium; taken by Germans, Aug. 23, 1914.

neu-tral′i-ty, 1 niu-tral′ı-tı; 2 nū-trăl′i-ty, *n.* The state of a nation which takes no part in a war between two or more other nations, but continues friendly relations with the belligerents. Neutral states may not lend money to either side, guarantee a loan, or allow the passage of belligerent troops through their borders.

Nich′o-las, 1 nik′o-ləs; 2 nĭc′o-las, **Grand Duke** (1856–). Russian commander=in=chief in European War, 1914–1915.

Nietzsch′e, 1 nīch′ə; 2 nēch′e, **Friedrich Wilhelm** (1844–1900). A German philosopher; died insane.—**Nietzsch′e-an. I.** *a.* Of or pertaining to F. W. Nietzsche and his teachings. **II.** *n.* A supporter of Nietzsche or of his philosophy.

Ni″eu″port′, 1 nī″ū″pōr′; 2 nī″û″pōr′, *n.* A town in West Flanders, Belgium; damaged during severe fighting between Belgians and Germans, 1914–1915.

Nish, 1 nīsh; 2 nīsh, *n.* A fortified city in S. Servia; temporary capital during Austrian invasion, 1914.

non=com′ba-tant, *n.* **1.** One attached to the army or navy but having duties other than that of fighting, as a chaplain or surgeon. **2.** One not enrolled in the army or navy.

No″vo-geor″gi-evsk′, 1 nō″vo-jēr″ji-efsk′; 2 nō″vo-ġôr″ġĭ-ĕfsk′, *n.* A fortress town in N. Russian Poland, at the junction of the Bug with the Vistula.

O

ob-serv′er, *n.* *Aero.* The person who accompanies the pilot of an aeroplane for the purpose of making observations, taking notes of the enemy's positions, etc.

O-des′sa, 1 *o-des′ə*; 2 *o-dĕs′a, n. A seaport in* S. Russia, *on* the Black Sea; shelled by Turkish navy, 1914.

Oise, 1 wāz; 2 wäṣ, *n.* **1.** A department in N. France. **2.** A river in N. France and Belgium; scene of many severe encounters in European War, 1914–1915.

or′der, *n.* An honor or dignity conferred by a sovereign or government; also, the insignia of such honor.—**Distinguished Service Order (D. S. O.),** a British order founded in 1886 by Queen Victoria and awarded to military officers. —**O. of Merit,** a British order founded in 1902 by King Edward VII., for naval and military officers.

ord′nance, *n.* A general name for all weapons of war; especially, artillery.

Os-tend′, 1 es-tend′; 2 ŏs-tĕnd′, *n.* A seaport in West Flanders province, Belgium; *entered by Germans, 1914;* subsequently shelled by British war=ships and aircraft.

O-tran′to, 1 o-trān′to; 2 o-trän′to, **Strait of.** A strait between the Adriatic and the Mediterranean seas.

Ourcq, 1 ūrk; 2 u̥rk, *n.* A river in Aisne department, N. France.

P

pac′i-fist, 1 pas′ı-fist; 2 păç′i-fist, *n.* [Recent.] One who advocates a policy of peace, as opposed to militarism. **pa-cif′i-cist‡.—pac′i-fism,** *n.* **pa-cif′i-cism‡.**

pa′per, *n.* A formal statement issued by a government relative to certain diplomatic negotiations or political moves. Such statements were issued in 1914 by the belligerent governments, and known as the **White p.** (British, German), **Orange p.** (Russian), **Yellow p.** (French), **Gray p.** (Belgian), and **Red p.** (Austrian), from the color of the covers.

par′ley, 1 pār′lı; 2 pär′ly, *n.* An oral conference, as with an enemy on the battle=field; a discussion of terms.

Pau, 1 pō; 2 pō, **Paul Mary Cæsar Gerald** (1848–). A French general in the war of 1914–1915.

per′i-scope, 1 per′ı-skōp; 2 pĕr′i-scōp, *n.* An instrument consisting of a revolving prism capable of reflecting the rays from any part of the horizon down a vertical tube: used for the guidance of submarine boats.

Pe′tro-grad, 1 pē′tro-grad; 2 pe̱′tro-gräd, *n.* A city at E. end of Gulf of Finland; capital of Russia; name changed from St. Petersburg, Sept. 1, 1914.

pe-trol′, 1 pı-trel′; 2 pe-trŏl′, *n.* Gasoline.

pi′lot, *n.* *Aero.* One who controls the operation of a flying=machine, balloon, etc., as distinguished from a passenger.

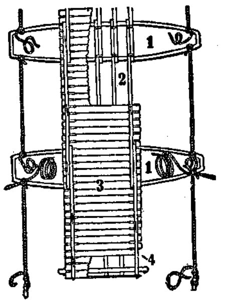
piou″=piou′, 1 piū″=piū′; 2 pū″=pū′, *n.* [F.] A French soldier of the line: popular name.

pis′tol, *n.* A small firearm having a curved stock or butt to fit the hand and a short barrel. The form now chiefly used is the revolver.—**automatic pistol,** a pistol so constructed that after the first shot is fired the others are discharged by automatic mechanism, if the trigger be held.

Poin′ca″ré′, 1 pwaṅ″ka″rē′; 2 pwăṅ″ca-re̱′, **Raymond** (1860–). A French statesman; President of France, 1913.

Pont″=à=Mous″son′, 1 pēṅt″=ā=mū″sēṅ′; 2 pôṅt″=ä=mu̥″sôṅ′, *n.*, A town in N. E. France; scene of much severe fighting between French and Germans, 1914–1915.

pon-toon′, 1 pen-tūn′; 2 pŏn-tōōn′, *n.* *Mil.* A flat=bottomed boat, air=tight cylinder, or the like, used in the construction of floating bridges, to support the roadway; also, a bridge so supported.—**pontoon bridge,** a bridge supported on pontoons.—**pon-toon′=train″,** *n.* The carriages conveying materials for pontoon bridges.



Pontoon Bridge, Showing Method of Construction.

1. Pontoons. 2. Balks.
3. Cresses. 4. Ribbon.

pour″par″ler′, 1 pūr″par″lā′; 2 pu̥r″pär″lê′, *n.* [F.] A preliminary conference or consultation.

prisoner of war. *Internat. Law.* A combatant or person in arms taken by the enemy by capture or surrender during a time of war. By extension, any one (1) attached to a hostile army for active aid; (2) eligible for military service but prevented from serving through detention by an opposing belligerent.

prize, *n.* *Internat. Law.* Property, as a vessel and cargo, captured by a belligerent at sea in conformity with the laws of war.—**prize′=court″,** *n.* A court which decides upon the legality of the capture of a prize and determines whether the vessel shall be condemned or released.

pro-jec′tile, 1 pro-jek′tıl; 2 pro-jĕc′til, *n.* A missile (commonly elongated) for discharge from a gun or cannon. See illustration below.

Przas′nysz, 1 pshās′nish; 2 pshäs′nȳsh, *n.* A fortified town in N. Russian Poland; captured by Germans, Feb. 24, 1915.

Prze′mysl, 1 pshe′mishl; 2 pshĕ′mȳshl, *n.* A fortified town in central Galicia; besieged by Russia, 1914–1915.

Put′nik, 1 pūt′nik; 2 pu̥t′nĭk, **Radomir.** A Servian general; defeated Austrians at Jedar, Aug. 17–21, and Maijen Heights, Dec. 3–7, 1914.

R

Ra′dom, 1 rā′dom; 2 rä′dom, *n.* A city in S. Russian Poland; S. of Warsaw.

Ram″ber″vil″lers′, 1 raṅ″bār″vī″yē′; 2 räṅ″bêr″vī″ye̱′, *n.* A town in Vosges department, N. E. France.

range′=find″er, *n.* An instrument for determining the distance and position of an object to be fired at, as a vessel at sea.

Ra″on′ l′É″tape′, 1 ra″ēṅ′ lē″tāp′; 2 rä″ôṅ′ le̱″täp′. A town in the Vosges department, N. E. France.

Red Cross Society. A society for the succor of the sick and wounded in war, formed in accordance with the international convention signed at Geneva in 1864, the members wearing a red cross on a white ground as a badge of neutrality.

Reichs′land″, 1 raiHs′lānt″; 2 rīHs′länt″, *n.* Literally, crown=land; the territory of Alsace=Lorraine.

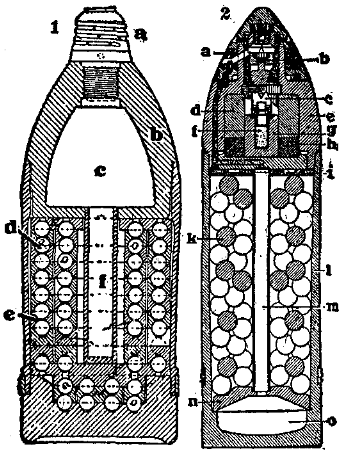
Reichs′rath″, 1 raiHs′rāt″; 2 rīHs′rät″, *n.* The parliament of the Austrian Empire excluding Hungary.

Reichs′tag″, 1 raiHs′tāH″; 2 rīHs′täH″, *n.* An Imperial diet in Europe, as of the German Empire.

Reims, 1 rīmz *or* (*F.*) raṅs; 2 rēmṣ *or* (*F.*) räṅs, *n.* An ancient city in Marne department, N. France; famous cathedral damaged by German shells, Sept. 20, 1914.

Re″vi″gny′, 1 rā″vī″nyī′; 2 rê″vī″nyī′, *n.* A town in Meuse department, N. E. France.

re-volv′er, *n.* A pistol having a breech=loading chambered cylinder so arranged that the cocking of the hammer, or moving of the trigger, in its return motion, revolves it and brings the next cartridge in line for firing.



Projectiles of the Shrapnel Type.

1. United States Army projectile: *a*, fuse; *b*, shell part; *c*, powder=chamber; *d*, bullets; *e*, separator; *f*, powder=tube; 2. Ehrhardt=van Essen projectile: *a*, time=fuse; *b*, safety=device; *c*, percussion=fuse; *d*, bursting=charge; *e*, shell part; *f*, detonator; *g*, primer=charge; *h*, smoke=producer; *i*, front diaphragm; *k*, bullets; *l*, shrapnel part; *m*, center tube; *n*, rear diaphragm; *o*, base chamber.

ri′fle, 1 rai′fl; 2 rī′fl, *n.* A firearm having spiral grooves within the bore for imparting rotation to the projectile and increasing the accuracy of the weapon.—**breech=loading rifle,** a rifle that loads at the breech instead of at the muzzle.—**magazine rifle,** a rifle having a chamber containing extra cartridges which are brought one by one into position for firing. See illustration on next page. **repeating rifle‡.** —**ri′fle=pit″,** *n.* A trench usually about 3 feet deep, the earth for which is thrown up in front to afford protection: a defense for riflemen or skirmishers.

Rou″baix′, 1 rū″bā′; 2 ru̥″bâ′, *n.* A town in Nord department, N. France.

Rou″lers′, 1 rū″lē′; 2 ru̥″le̱′, *n.* A town in central West Flanders province, Belgium.

S

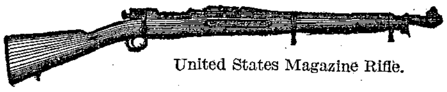
Saar′brück, 1 zār′brük; 2 ṣär′brük, *n.* A town in Rhine province, Prussia, Germany; taken by Napoleon III., and retaken by William I., Aug., 1870.

Saint″=Di″ê′, 1 saṅ″=dī″ē′; 2 săṅ″=dī″e̱′, *n.* A town in Vosges department, N. E. France.

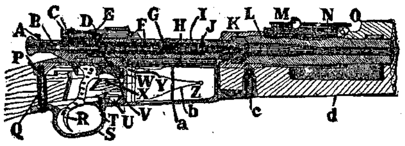
Saint″=O″mer′, 1 saṅt″=ō″mār′; 2 săṅt″=ō″mêr′, *n.* A town in Pas=de=Calais province, N. France.

Saint Pe′ters-burg. See PETROGRAD.

Saint″=Quen″tin′, 1 saṅ″=kaṅ″taṅ′; 2 săṅ″=kăṅ″tăṅ′, *n.* A town in Aisne department, N. France; scene of severe fighting between French and Germans in 1914.



United States Magazine Rifle.



Mechanism of United States Magazine Rifle.

A, cocking=piece; *B*, firing=pin; *C*, safety=lock thumb=piece; *D*, sleeve; *E*, safety lock=spindle; *F*, mainspring; *G*, firing=pin sleeve; *H*, follower; *I*, bolt; *J*, striker; *K*, receiver; *L*, barrel; *M*, movable base; *N*, leaf; *O*, handguard; *P*, guard=screw; *Q*, guard=screw bushing; *R*, trigger; *S*, guard; *T*, floor=plate catch=spring; *U*, floor=plate catch; *V*, sear=spring; *W*, sear; *X*, stock=screw; *Y*, bolt stop=spring; *Z*, magazine; *a*, floor=plate; *b*, magazine=spring; *c*, guard=screw, front; *d*, stock.

Sam′bre, 1 sāṅ′br; 2 säṅ′br, *n.* A river in Aisne department, N. France; scene of severe fighting between French and Germans, 1914.

San, 1 sān; 2 sän, *n.* A river in Galicia; scene of severe fighting between the Russians and Austrians, 1914–1915.

sap, *n.* *Mil.* A deep narrow ditch run at an angle toward an enemy's works, the head of which is protected by a mound of earth, known as the **sap′head″.**—**sap′per,** *n.* A soldier employed in making saps or trenches.

Save, 1 sāv; 2 säv, *n.* A river in Bosnia, Servia, and Austria; severe fighting between Servians and Austrians, 1914.

Scar′bor-ough, 1 skār′bro; 2 scär′bro, *n.* A seaport and watering=place of N. E. England; bombarded by a German squadron, Dec. 16, 1914.

scout, *n.* A person sent out to observe and to get information regarding the movements, strength, position, etc., of an enemy in war: applied in the same sense to a war=vessel.—**cycle scout,** a scout mounted on a bicycle or a motor=cycle.—**air′=scout″,** *n.* An observer in a war=aeroplane.

sea′plane, *n.* A hydroaeroplane specially designed for use at sea.

search′=light″, *n.* A powerful electric arc=light set in a reflector, and so mounted that a beam of intensely brilliant light may be thrown in any direction for search or signaling.

Seine, 1 sān; 2 sên, *n.* A river in N. W. France which flows through Paris.

Sen″lis′, 1 saṅ″lī′; 2 säṅ″lī′, *n.* A town in Oise department, N. France; 30 miles from Paris; reached by German army, Sept. 2, 1914.

Se″ra-je′vo, 1 sā″ra-yē′vo; 2 sä″rä-ye̱′vo, *n.* A city, capital of Bosnia.

Serb, 1 sūrb; 2 sẽrb, *n.* A native of Servia, or of Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Croatia.

sharp′shoot″er, *n.* One skilled with the rifle; a marksman.

shell, *n.* A hollow metallic projectile for cannon filled with an explosive, which is fired either by a time=fuse or by impact; also, a metallic or paper cartridge=case for breech=loading small arms. See PROJECTILE.—**armor=piercing shell,** a shell made of a special steel, with a hard=tempered point, especially designed to pierce through armor.

shel′ter=trench″es, *n. pl.* Trenches facing the enemy's lines and roughly roofed over so as to protect the men from shrapnel and the weather.

shield, *n.* In modern gunnery, a screen of steel protecting guns and the men who serve them.

shot, *n.* **1.** A missile, as a ball of iron, or a bullet, or pellet of lead, to be discharged from a firearm; also, such bullets or pellets collectively. **2.** The act of shooting; the discharge of a missile from a firearm.—**blank shot,** a discharge of a firearm loaded merely with powder without a projectile.—**solid shot,** a cannon=ball as distinguished from a shell or explosive projectile.

shrap′nel, 1 shrap′nel; 2 shrăp′nĕl, *n.* A shell filled with bullets and having a bursting=charge to explode it at any given point in its flight. See illus. under PROJECTILE.

sight, *n.* A device, as a point, ring, or perforated piece, attached to the front or rear of a gun to enable one to point it with accuracy.

Sikh, 1 sīk; 2 sĭk, *n.* One of a religious and military sect founded in British India early in the 16th century.

Si-le′si-a, 1 sı-lī′shı-ə *or* -shə; 2 si-lē′shi-a *or* -sha, *n.* **1.** A province in S. E. Prussia; capital, Breslau. **2.** A crownland and duchy in N. Austria.

Skup′shti-na, 1 skup′shti-na; 2 sku̥p′shtĭ-nä, *n.* [Serv.] **1.** The Servian parliament. **2.** The Montenegrin national assembly.

snipe, *vt.* To shoot at (members of the enemy's troops) at long range and usually from ambush.—**snip′er,** *n.*

Sois″sons′, 1 swa″sōṅ′; 2 swä″sôṅ′, *n.* A fortified city in Aisne department, N. France; severe fighting between French and Germans, 1914–1915.

Somme, 1 sōm; 2 sŏm, *n.* A river in N. France.

Spee, 1 spē; 2 spe̱, **Graf von** (1861–1914). A German rear=admiral; went down with his flagship, the Scharnhorst, in the battle off the Falkland Islands.

spy, *n.* [SPIES, 1 spaiz; 2 spīṣ, *pl.*] **1.** A person who, acting clandestinely, or on false pretenses, obtains, or seeks to obtain, information in the zone of operations of a belligerent with the intention of communicating it to the hostile party. By the law of war, a spy is liable, if caught, to the penalty of death.

Soldiers not in disguise, who have penetrated into the zone of operations of a hostile army to obtain information, are not considered *spies*. Similarly . . . soldiers or civilians, carrying out their mission openly, charged with the delivery of despatches destined either for their own army or for that of the enemy: . . . likewise individuals sent in balloons to deliver despatches, and generally to maintain communication between the various parts of an army or a territory. *The Hague War=Regulations*, Art. 29.

A *spy* taken in the act cannot be punished without previous trial, and a *spy* who, after rejoining the army to which he belongs, is subsequently captured by the enemy, is a prisoner of war, and not punishable for his previous acts of espionage. *The Hague War=Regulations*, Arts. 30 and 31.

The *scout* and the *spy* are both employed to obtain information of the numbers, movements, etc., of an enemy. The *scout* lurks on the outskirts of the hostile army with such concealment as the case admits of, but without disguise; a *spy* enters in disguise within the enemy's lines. A *scout*, if captured, has the rights of a prisoner of war; a *spy* is held to have forfeited all rights, and is liable, in case of capture, to capital punishment. An *emissary* is rather political than military; rather sent to influence opponents secretly than to bring information concerning them; so far as he does the latter, he is not only an *emissary*, but a *spy*.

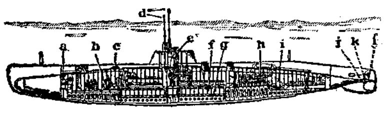
2. A person who in time of peace secretly tries to obtain information about the forces, armaments, fortifications, or defenses of a country in order to supply it to another country.

Stet′tin, 1 stet′ın *or* (*G.*) shte-tīn′; 2 stĕt′in *or* (*G.*) shtĕ-tīn′, *n.* A seaport town, capital of Pomerania province, Prussia.

Stor′thing″, 1 stēr′tiŋ″; 2 stôr′tĭng″, *n.* The Norwegian parliament.

Stur′dee, 1 stūr′dı; 2 stûr′de, **Frederick C. D.** (1859–). A British rear=admiral; victor of the battle off the Falkland Islands. See FALKLAND ISLANDS.

submarine boat. A boat that may be submerged by letting water into its tanks, or by horizontal rudders, and then propelled under water, for the purpose of firing torpedoes, etc. Existing types of submarines are small, from 250 to 600 tons, with a relatively small cruising radius. The United States now has building several of 1,200 tons displacement with a cruising radius of 3,500 miles, and a speed of 21 knots on the surface and 16 knots under the surface, and it is claimed that the German submarines of the U-21 type are equally powerful. **sub′ma-rine‡.**—**submarine gun,** a gun for firing a torpedo or other projectile from a port below the surface of the water.



Electric Submarine.

a, torpedo=tubes; *b*, galley and living=compartment; *c*, torpedo=hatch; *d*, periscopes; *e*, conning=tower; *f*, storage=batteries; *g*, main ballast=tank; *h*, engines; *i*, main motor; *j*, propellers; *k*, diving=rudder; *l*, steering=rudder.

sub-merg′i-ble, 1 sub-mūrj′ı-bl; 2 sŭb-mẽrġ′i-bl, *n.* A submarine boat proper; one capable of complete submersion.

sub-mers′i-ble, 1 sub-mūrs′ı-bl; 2 sŭb-mẽrs′i-bl, *n.* A submarine boat capable of partial submersion.

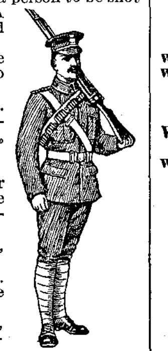
Suez Canal, 1 sū-ez′; 2 su̥-ĕz′. A canal across the Isthmus of Suez, Egypt, 100 m. from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean; controlled by Great Britain, open in war and peace to all vessels without distinction of flag, on payment of tolls.

sul′tan, *n.* A Mohammedan sovereign ruler, specifically the sovereign of Turkey and (since 1915) the nominal ruler of Egypt under British control.

T

Tan′nen-berg, 1 tān′en-berн; 2 tän′ĕn-bĕrн, *n.* A village in East Prussia province, Prussia; Germans defeated Russians, Aug. 26–29, 1914.

tar′get, 1 tār′get; 2 tär′ġĕt, *n.* A mark or a person to be shot at.



Private in Territorial Army.

Tar′now, 1 tār′nov; 2 tär′nov, *n.* A town in W. Galicia, Austria; entered by the Russians, December, 1914.

tau′be, 1 tau′bə; 2 tou′be, *n.* A monoplane of a type used by the German army: so called from the inventor.

Ter″monde′, 1 tār″mēṅd′; 2 têr″môṅd′, *n.* A town in East Flanders, central Belgium; heroically, but unsuccessfully, defended against bombardment by the Germans, Sept. 18, 1914.

ter″ri-to′ri-al, *n.* [Gt. Brit.] A member of the territorial army formed for home defense from the militia, upon its reorganization.

Thann, 1 tān; 2 tän, *n.* A town in S. Alsace, Germany.

Thi″au″court′, 1 tī″ō″kūr′; 2 tī″ō″cu̥r′, *n.* A small town in N. E. France on the Lorraine border.

Thion″ville′, 1 tyēṅ″vīl′; 2 tyôṅ″vīl′, *n.* A fortified town in N. Alsace=Lorraine.

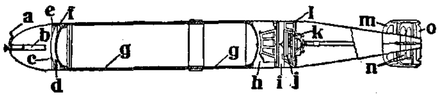
Thorn, 1 tērn; 2 tôrn, *n.* A fortified town in S. West Prussia province, Prussia.

Thou″rout′, 1 tū″rū′; 2 tu̥″ru̥′, *n.* A town in West Flanders province, Belgium.

Til′sit, 1 til′sıt; 2 tĭl′sit, *n.* A town in East Prussia province, Germany; threatened by Russian forces, 1915.

Tirle″mont′, 1 tīrl″mēṅ′; 2 tĭrl″môṅ′, *n.* A town in E. Brabant province, Belgium.

Tir′pitz, 1 tir′pits; 2 tĭr′pĭts, **Alfred P. Frederich von** (1849–). Grand Admiral of the German navy.



Bliss=Leavitt Torpedo with War=head.

a, tripping=lever; *b*, primer=case; *c*, moisture=top; *d*, bulkhead; *e*, joint=ring; *f*, buoyancy=chamber; *g*, *g*, air=flask; *h*, immersion=chamber; *i*, valve=gear compartment; *j*, turbines; *k*, gear=train; *l*, engine=cage; *m*, tail; *n*, propellers; *o*, rudder.

Tis′za, 1 tī′sə; 2 tĭ′sa̱, **Stephen** (1865–). A Hungarian statesman; Premier of Hungary.

To′ma-szow, 1 tō′ma-shov; 2 tō′mä-shov, *n.* A town in W. Russian Poland, on the river Pilica.

Tom′my At′kins. [Slang, Eng.] A British soldier of the regular army.

tor-pe′do, 1 tər-pī′do; 2 tŏr-pē′do, *n.* **1.** A cigar=shaped boat, float, or projectile for carrying a powerful detonating charge under water to a hostile vessel. **2.** A submarine mine intended for the destruction of an enemy's vessels: usually placed in harbor=channels.—**tor-pe′do=boat″,** *n.* A small swift steamer fitted with apparatus for the firing of torpedoes.—**torpedo=boat destroyer,** a high=speed war=vessel of the torpedo=boat class, originally designed to destroy torpedo=boats but now used as a torpedo=boat of greater efficiency. See illus. at DESTROYER. **de-stroy′er‡.**—**tor-pe′do=tube″,** *n.* A tube, as in a torpedo=boat, from which torpedoes are launched.

Toul, 1 tūl; 2 tu̥l, *n.* A fortified town and fortress in Meurthe=et=Moselle province, N. E. France.

Treitsch′ke, 1 traich′kə; 2 trīch′ke, **Heinrich** (1834–1896). A German historian and political writer.

Tri-este′, 1 trī-est′; 2 trī-ĕst′, *n.* A seaport city of Austria on the N. E. shore of the Adriatic.

tri″ni-tro-tol′u-ene, 1 trai″nai-tro-tel′yu-īn; 2 trī″nī-tro-tŏl′yu̥-ēn, *n.* A fulminate formed of a nitro=substitution compound.

tri′plane, 1 trai′plēn; 2 trī′plān, *n.* An aeroplane consisting of three supporting planes, one above the other.

troop′er, 1 trūp′ər; 2 trōōp′ẽr, *n.* A private soldier in a cavalry regiment. See illus. under DRAGOON.

Troyes, 1 trwā; 2 trwä, *n.* A town in Aube department, N. E. France.

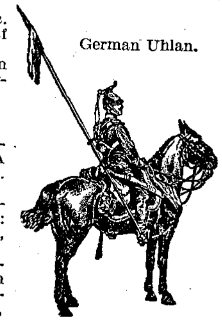
Tsing″tau′, 1 tsiŋ″tau′; 2 tsĭng″tou′, *n.* A German seaport city in Kiaochow; surrendered to Japanese and British, Nov. 6, 1914.

Tur′co, 1 tūr′ko; 2 tür′co, *n.* An Algerian light=infantryman serving in the French army.

tur′pin-ite, 1 tūr′pin-ait; 2 tûr′pĭn-īt, *n.* A high explosive which owes its power to picric acid: invented in 1893 by a French chemist, Eugene Turpin.

U

uh′lan, 1 ū′lən *or* yū′lən; 2 u̥′lan *or* yu̥′lan, *n.* A cavalryman and lancer, chiefly employed in reconnoitering, skirmishing, and outpost duty.



German Uhlan.

u-kase′, 1 yu-kēs′; 2 yu̥-kās′, *n.* [Rus.] An edict or decree of the Russian government.

Ulm, 1 ulm; 2 u̥lm, *n.* A town in Wurttemberg, S. W. Germany.

V

Va″len″ciennes′, 1 va″laṅ″syen′; 2 vä″lăṅ″çyĕn′, *n.* A city in Nord department, N. France.

Val′je-vo, 1 vāl′yē-vō; 2 väl′ye̱-vō, *n.* A city in N. W. Servia: Austrians defeated Servians, November, 1914.

Ver″dun′, 1 vār″duṅ′; 2 vêr″dŭṅ′, *n.* A city and fortress in N. E. France; scene of vigorous but indecisive fighting, November–December, 1914.

Ver″viers′, 1 vār″vyē′; 2 vêr″vye̱′, *n.* A town in Liége province, E. Belgium.

Ver″vins′, 1 vār″vaṅ′; 2 vêr″văṅ′, *n.* A town in Aisne department, N. France.

Victoria cross. A Maltese cross of bronze, charged with the imperial crown and crest, with the words "For Valour" on a scroll: instituted by Queen Victoria in 1856.

Vis′tu-la, 1 vis′chu-[*or* -tiu-]lə; 2 vĭs′chu̥-[*or* -tū-]la, *n.* A river in central western Europe; scene of severe fighting between Russians and allied Germans and Austrians, 1914–1915.

Vi″vi″a″ni′, 1 vī″vī″a″nī′; 2 vī″vī″ä″nī′, **René Raphael** (1863–). A French statesman; premier of France, 1914.

vod′ka, 1 ved′kə; 2 vŏd′ka, *n.* [Rus.] A liquor, government monopoly, made in Russia from rye, or sometimes from barley or potatoes: prohibited in Russia at beginning of present war.

Vosges, 1 vōʒ; 2 vōzh, *n.* A mountain chain between N. E. France and Alsace, Germany; scene of much fighting between French and Germans, 1914–1915.

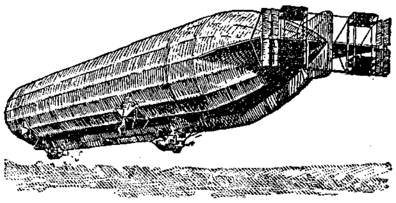
W

war′=lev″y, *n.* See LEVY.

war′=tax″, *n.* [U. S.] **1.** A special tax on bankers, brokers, theaters, and tobacco, effective Nov. 1, 1914. **2.** A stamp=tax on bonds, deeds, telephone messages, telegrams, bills of lading, tickets, parlor=car seats, etc., effective Dec. 1, 1914.

Wies-ba′den, 1 vīs-bā′den; 2 vēs-bä′dĕn, *n.* A city, capital of Hesse=Nassau province, central S. Prussia.

wig′wag″, 1 wig′wag″; 2 wĭg′wăg″. **I.** *v.* To communicate (a message) as by signal=flags or torches. **II.** *n.* **1.** The act or art of signaling with flags, lights, etc., or the message so sent. **2.** The instrument used in sending the messages.



Zeppelin Dirigible.

Wo″ëvre′, 1 wo″ā′vr; 2 wo″ê′vr, *n.* A wooded and rocky region in N. E. France, on the Alsatian border; scene of much severe fighting, 1914–1915.

Y

Yar′mouth, 1 yār′məth; 2 yär′muth, *n.* A seaport of eastern England, N. E. of London; bombarded by German aircraft, Jan. 20, 1915. **Great Yarmouth‡.**

Y′pres, 1 ī′pr; 2 ȳ′pr, *n.* A town in S. West Flanders province, Belgium; wrecked during severe fighting between Germans and allied British, French, and Belgians, 1914–1915.

Y′ser, 1 ī′sr; 2 ȳ′sr, *n.* A river in W. West Flanders province, Belgium.—**Yser canal.** A canal in W. West Flanders province, Belgium. The river and canal were held by the allied British and Belgians against German attack, 1914–1915.

Z

Zee″brugge′, 1 zē″brūʒ′; 2 ze̱″bru̥zh′, *n.* A seaport of N. Belgium; taken by Germans, 1914, and used as a submarine base; frequently bombarded by British war=ships and aircraft, 1914–1915.

Zep″pe-lin′, 1 tsep″ə-līn′; 2 tsĕp″e-lĭn′, *n.* **1. Ferdinand A. H., Count von** (1838–), a German general; aeronaut and air=ship builder. **2.** One of several types of dirigible balloon named after Count von Zeppelin.

Zou-ave′, 1 zu-āv′; 2 zu̥-äv′, *n.* **1.** A light=armed French infantryman who wears an Oriental uniform. **2.** [z-] [U. S.] In the Civil War, a member of one of certain Union volunteer regiments.

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